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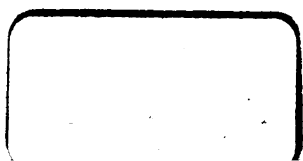
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INDEXED

THE

# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

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AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XLVIII.

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## CONTENTS.

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ARTICLE	PAGE
I. ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM . . . . .	341
Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome; being Notes of Conversations held with certain Jesuits on the Subject of Religion in the City of Rome. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour.	
II. BROWNING'S POEMS . . . . .	361
Poems. By Robert Browning.	
III. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY . . . . .	373
IV. THE FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE SCRIPTURES . . . . .	390
A Course of Lectures on the Figurative Language of the Holy Scripture, and the Interpretation of it from the Scripture itself. Delivered in the Parish Church of Nayland, in Suffolk, in the Year 1786. By Wil- liam Jones.	
V. MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY . . . . .	411
Die Kirchengeschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts aus dem Standpunkte des Evangelischen Protestantismus betrachtet in einer Reihe von Vorlesungen von Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. [The Church History of the Eigh- teenth and Nineteenth Centuries, considered from the Stand-point of Evangelical Protestantism, in a Course of Lectures, by Dr. K. R. Hagenbach.]	
VI. PAUL AT EPHESUS. IN A SET OF PICTURES . . . . .	434
VII. REFLECTIONS . . . . .	441
VIII. HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA . . . . .	444
De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Révolution Française. Par A. de Gerando.	
NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.	
Philo: an Evangeliad, . . . . .	499
Felton's Birds of Aristophanes, . . . . .	500
Champlin's Oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon, . . . . .	502
Moore's Horace, . . . . .	503
Osgood's Studies in Christian Biography, . . . . .	504

Merrick's Life and Religion of Mohammed, . . . . .	505
The Annual of Scientific Discovery, . . . . .	506
Tuckerman's Optimist, . . . . .	506
Bailey's Angel World, . . . . .	507
Carlyle's Latter-Day Pamphlets, . . . . .	507
Furness's Schiller's Song of the Bell, . . . . .	507
Walker's Reid's Intellectual Powers, . . . . .	508
Dr. Gannett's Sermon, — Dr. Barrett's Sermon, — Dr. Frothingham's Sermon, — Mr. Lunt's Lecture, — Re- port on Brown University, . . . . .	509
<b>INTELLIGENCE.</b>	
<i>Religious Intelligence.</i> — Ordination and Installation, . .	512
<b>INDEX,</b> . . . . .	513

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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JANUARY, 1850.

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ART. I.—THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.\*

THE progress of conquest has, within the last few years, brought the English into conflict with a people remarkable alike for its religious, social, and political history,—the Sikhs of Northern India. This nation is, comparatively, of recent origin. It dates back to the close of the fifteenth century. It traces its foundation to a Gooroo, or priest, named Nānuk, who, becoming dissatisfied both with the Hindoo and Mahometan beliefs and usages, rejected them all as unauthoritative, drew from Braminism, Buddhism, and Mahometanism whatever seemed to him of value, and elaborated the materials thus collected into an eclectic system of his own. He was a moral and religious reformer. He taught a pure theism, inculcated universal toleration, rejected all forms as immaterial, and taught that the Hindoo and the Mahometan worship were equally acceptable to God. He discouraged asceticism, and the Hindoo system of caste.

“God will not ask man of his birth,  
He will ask him what he has done.”

“Of the impure among the noblest,  
Heed not the injunction;  
Of one pure among the most despised,  
Nānuk will become the footstool.”

---

\* *A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej.* By JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM, Lieut. of Engineers and Captain in the Army of India. London: John Murray. 1849. 8vo.



He enjoined on his followers the practice of devotion, charity, and good works. His system was a kind of Oriental Quakerism, and it seemed as if its votaries must live at peace with all mankind.

His followers, called Sikhs, which word means *disciples*, were at first few in number, and constituted a religious body. It increased slowly, by the addition of converts, for a century, when it began to excite the jealousy of the Mahometan sovereigns at Delhi, and in attempts made by the latter to suppress them, the spiritual head of the Sikhs was put to death. This act of tyranny kindled the passion for revenge, and converted those who had been almost religious quietists into fanatical soldiers. The first step in the changes through which they passed led to the universal use of arms, and the adoption of a military system. The tenth and last Gooroo, Govind Singh, organized them into a political society, inspired them with the idea of social freedom and equality, and with the desire for a national existence and independence. This took place at the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

Under Govind Singh, the Sikhs became organized into a political and military commonwealth. The system of caste was entirely abolished, and converts from every faith were admitted on equal terms. Socially, all were regarded as standing on the same level. The usual forms of worship were laid aside, and, with the exception of the prohibition of the cow and of swine, all distinctions relating to food and liquors were removed. To give unity to the state, their leader adopted new modes of salutation, and introduced peculiar customs, by which his followers should be separated from the rest of the world. They were to be dressed in blue garments; a peculiar form of initiation was invented; the faithful were to worship the one invisible God, to hold in honor the memory of Nānuk and his successors, but to revere nothing visible except their sacred book. They were all to be called Singhs, or soldiers. Each one was a soldier "devoted to steel" from his birth or initiation. He was always to carry steel in some form about his person, should be ever waging war, while he should be held in special honor who fought in the van, and who, even when overcome, did not despair.

This commonwealth was of such a kind as to draw into it large numbers of the boldest and most adventurous spirits of the neighbouring states. After the death of Govind, there was no longer a visible, priestly head, but in place of it was substituted the idea of the Khalsa, or church, by which term they designated their commonwealth, and in which they arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of the Faithful. This blended religious and military organization was of a kind to call into action the strongest passions of human nature. Personal freedom was a right secured by religion. Each member of the Khalsa had an equal interest and pride in its growing power, and military skill and devotion became a prominent part of their religious duty. Buddhism and Braminism had both become inert by time. Their adherents no longer thought of making converts, and rested contented in a lethargic conservatism. Mahometanism, as a religion, had almost ceased to be aggressive. In the midst of these inert systems sprang up this new commonwealth, full of youthful blood, and with institutions suited to develop in the freest manner the individual energies of its members. Its numbers were not yet large, but they constituted an important power in Central Asia. The influence of the social freedom and equality enjoyed, it is said, may be seen even in the better developed forms and features of the Sikhs; and in war, although less amenable to discipline than the Hindoo, the self-relying enterprise of the individual soldier has more than compensated for all other deficiencies. Brave, vigorous, bred to war, the military passions exalted and directed by religious enthusiasm, as may well be conceived, they soon became troublesome to their neighbours. At the beginning of the present century their commonwealth had risen to its highest power, but had materially changed its form. Under Runjeet Singh this military democracy had become a military despotism. When Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Alexander Burnes, visited Lahore, about seventeen years ago, he found Runjeet Singh at the head of a large and disciplined army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and he speaks of it as a remarkable coincidence, that his dominions extended almost over the same regions as those occupied by Porus two thousand years ago, and that the troops

under his orders were, in number and comparative efficiency, very much the same as those with which Porus resisted the invasion of Alexander.

Since the death of Runjeet Singh, no one has been found competent to take his place as the head of the state. The Sikhs have been held together by a common reverence for the Khalsa, but the commonwealth has been split into factions under the leading of different chiefs, and the government and the army have looked on each other with mutual distrust. In this disordered state of things, with no central power competent to control the subordinate members of the state, the Sikhs were rapidly becoming a nation of banditti, whose incursions were the terror of all who possessed a different faith. Under these circumstances, it could scarcely fail that occasions would arise when they would come into collision with the English power.

The original seat of the Sikhs, their "mother earth," was between the Sutlej and the Ravee, in the neighbourhood of Lahore. Their sacred city was Amritsir. When the Mahometan persecution began, they were scattered abroad, and found protection along the mountains which bound the North of India. Under Runjeet Singh they had subjected to their dominion nearly the whole of the Punjaub, or the country watered by the five tributary branches of the Indus. In the mean while, the English power advanced so as to touch their southern boundary. The English had conquered the Goorkhas on the east, had subdued Scinde, and their battalions, crossing the Indus, had traversed Afghanistan in the midst of alternate victory and defeat; and thus, while English conquest seemed to be fast closing upon all the borders of the Sikh empire, the political and military agents of England were constantly interfering with its internal arrangements.

The Sikhs naturally became jealous of a power which seemed destined to be the master of Asia. Individual chiefs, in their marauding expeditions, paid little attention to the engagements entered into between the central government and the English. The English, accustomed to command, were hardly disposed to treat a semi-civilized race with much delicacy, and after a series of mutual misunderstandings and aggressions, a war sprang

up, which resulted in a succession of bloody battles along the Sutlej, and the final subjugation of the Sikhs. This singular empire has thus ceased to have an independent political existence, and the Punjaub is now embraced within the ever-enlarging circle of British sovereignty. The particulars of this history are, however, so recent, and have attracted public attention to such an extent, that we shall not dwell on a story with which our readers are familiar. Instead of occupying their time with discussions respecting a single event in the history of the East, we shall endeavour to give a general view of the growth of the British empire in India, of the various causes which have opened the way to English conquests, and of the results of English supremacy.

Almost within the memory of some now living, the world has witnessed the wonderful spectacle of a small company of British merchants — persons at home destitute of any special political weight or consideration — effecting conquests, and establishing and ruling as sovereigns, on the other side of the globe, an empire with which nothing in history can be compared in extent or apparent stability, save the conquests of Alexander, or the empire of Rome.

The East India Company was a joint-stock corporation for the purpose of carrying on trade with the East. Its affairs were managed in England by a body of directors, chosen by the proprietors. The interests of the company in India were under their control, and all officers, from the governor-general to the youngest writer, were appointed, and liable to be removed, by them. As a compensation for the hazards encountered, the company was invested with a monopoly of the Indian trade, and, to secure this monopoly, was also invested with sovereign power in India. No English ship, or English subject, could enter India except with its permission. It had authority to organize armies, to establish courts of justice, raise revenues, and exercise the power of life and death. It was almost independent of the British government till 1784, when, by Mr. Pitt's India Bill, a Board of Control was established. This board was to be appointed by and to belong to the British government. It was invested with authority to superintend and control the territorial and political affairs of the company, which

was thus brought into immediate connection with the British crown, and its political operations subjected to the supervision and control of the British ministry. Various changes were made on granting the present charter, in 1833. Its commercial functions were brought to a close, and the Indian trade thrown open to all Englishmen. The English government received all its real and personal property, and assumed its debts, paying, in the mean time, ten and a half per cent. on its capital, which is redeemable by Parliament after April, 1854, when the present charter expires. The home government still continues to be carried on, under the superintendence of the Board of Control, by twenty-four directors, elected by the proprietors. As a commercial body, the company has ceased to exist. Its nature being entirely changed, its functions are now purely political. It cannot trade, but takes an important part in the government of India.

The stockholders of this company have never much exceeded two thousand; and the capital stock on which dividends have been paid, at the largest, has been but £6,000,000. It has been subject in England to the unwise management which must always attend a company whose stockholders and directors are constantly changing, and whose agents and field of operations are distant by half the circumference of the globe from the centre where measures originate; and, besides this, it has had to encounter the hostility of the whole commercial class in England, formerly shut out by its monopoly from the Indian trade, while in India it has contended for existence, on a hundred bloody battle-fields, with the Dutch and French and the native monarchies of the East. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, it has expelled the Dutch; it has annihilated the power of the French in India; it has subdued one native kingdom after another; its factories have grown into states, and these states into a vast and consolidated empire; it has maintained a standing army larger than that of any European power, except Russia, and varying, at different times, from 150,000 to 280,000 men; it has conducted sieges not less dreadful than those which drenched the cities of Spain in blood in the Peninsular war; it has stormed imperial cities and fortresses almost beyond number; so incessant have been its wars, that for a hundred years scarcely a day has passed

in which the wild beasts of the jungles, or the alarmed inhabitants of the hills, have not fled before the thunder of English cannon; its bayonets have broken the power of the wild Mahratta cavalry, of the disciplined squadrons of Mysore, and of the fanatic courage of the Sikhs; it has subdued great and warlike kingdoms, and not only subdued them, but has deposed their sovereigns, appropriated their revenues, subverted institutions old as India itself, reconstructed its laws and jurisprudence, and over vast regions changed the very tenures by which the soil is held; its history is full of vast schemes, — to-day of conquest, to-morrow of social regeneration and improvement, — of skilful diplomacy, of heroic achievement, of desperate valor, making good all deficiencies of numbers and resources, and of names world-renowned in statesmanship and war and literature and religion. This company, in England, has been composed of merchants and others, who have lived quietly as good subjects and citizens, unknown and unheard of; yet they have appointed, and at their pleasure recalled, governors-general who have exercised in India a despotic authority over the fortunes of more than one hundred millions of people which the monarch of England dares not exercise in his island domain. Before its charter expired, in 1833, it had subdued nearly the whole peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the impassable snows of the Himalaya Mountains. And since then, the career of conquest has not paused. The cannon of England have burst open the mysterious gates of China; she is trying new experiments in civilization among the savages of Borneo; she has added the Punjaub to her empire, and a thousand miles west of the Indus, reversing the course of Alexander's conquests; penetrating among the wild and warlike tribes of Afghanistan, where he met the fiercest resistance, her unwearied battalions have reached the confines of Persia, and the echoes of her advancing drums have startled the sentinels who at night keep watch at the outposts of Russian power. The whole number of English in India has never, at any one time, been 100,000, and yet they control the destinies of a country containing a population as great as that which, in the reign of Claudius, according to the estimate of Gibbon, was included in the Roman empire.

How, with such limited numbers and means, such stu-

pendous revolutions and conquests have been effected, and with what results to the conquerors and to the conquered, are questions of constantly increasing interest.

Such an empire is not built up by accident. It is obvious that the English could never have extended their sovereignty over so vast a territory and so numerous a people, unless many favoring circumstances more powerful than either their arms or diplomacy had coöperated with them. These circumstances, which have opened the way to the advance of English power and contributed to its growth, are to be found, in great part, in the condition of India itself.

Six years after Cromwell became Lord Protector of England, Aurungzebe, in 1659, ascended the throne of the Great Mogul. After a reign of forty years, he died, eight years before the commencement of the reign of George I. From a line of conquerors, he received the empire of India in its most flourishing state, and this empire he had the ability to enlarge and to rule. His sway extended over the whole Indian peninsula; he drew from its inhabitants an annual revenue of £32,000,000; and though his reign was disturbed by revolts and internal wars, no one of the principal European monarchies was less vexed by internal commotions during the same period. If China be excepted, it was the largest, richest, and apparently most powerful empire then in the world. This was the empire of the Great Mogul. During this period, the English monarchy was almost shut up within its narrow islands. Wasted by civil wars, its sovereigns deposed and reinstalled, revolution following revolution, England, Scotland, and Ireland contending, not to sustain, but to destroy each other, the population comparatively small, Britain was known in India only by a few merchants, humbling themselves before the native princes, and competing with the Dutch and French in their efforts to secure possession of a slender traffic. Placed on the opposite sides of the globe, it seemed as if these two powers could never approach each other. Since then, that vast Indian empire has been dissolved, the descendant of Aurungzebe, stripped of all power, has been reduced to the condition of a pensioner on English bounty, while a company of British merchants has gained possession of the sceptre of the Great Mogul, and with a

firmer hand than his has ruled over a larger empire than that which acknowledged his authority. No tale of Eastern magic describes a change so vast and incredible as this. It is manifest that no such revolutions could have been brought about, unless there had been in this Indian empire, notwithstanding its superficial appearance of strength, internal weakness, division, and all the elements of change.

What, then, were the circumstances in Indian society and civilization which laid that country open to the aggression and growth of English power?

The first cause is to be found in the character of the population. The inhabitants are a heterogeneous aggregation of different races and religions, shut up within the same boundaries, but never, like the Saxons and Normans in England, blended together. Since the earliest history, the Hindoos have formed the basis of the population, but they were not apparently the original inhabitants. In the mountains and forests of Southern India, as if washed up thither by some vast inundation of conquest, tribes still remain alien from the Hindoo race in language, in religion, in manners, customs, and appearance. These are apparently the relics of the primeval race; while the Hindoos, like the Europeans in America, seem to have spread themselves over the peninsula, and to have been the conquerors and sometimes exterminators of the aborigines.

But they, in turn, were conquered. The Mahometans, whose victorious cavalry, in a brief time after their prophet's death, had swum the Nile and the Niger and lighted their baleful watch-fires on all the hills of Spain, had advanced still more rapidly towards the East. Among the mountains of Afghanistan they established an empire which rivalled that of Bagdad. From Ghizni, its capital, proceeded the Mahometan conquerors of India. Their armies first crossed the Indus about the year 1000, and for four hundred years they were masters of Hindostan. Conquest opened the way, and multitudes of the Afghan tribes seized the opportunity to leave their poverty, their deserts, and their mountains, to settle in the mild and fertile valleys of the Hindoo. About 1400, there was another change. Tamerlane invaded India with the Mongols. He and his followers subverted the



Afghan power, and established at Delhi the Mogul dynasty, which, till the conquests of the English, was the head of India. The Mongols, like the Afghans, were Mahometans, and under their rule the tribes of Central Asia swarmed into India, till in some parts the Mahometan population almost equals the Hindoo, and in all parts forms an important portion of the inhabitants.

Nor were strangers led in only by conquerors; they were driven in by fear of conquest. When the mighty stream of war and rapine under Genghis Khan, beginning at the Wall of China, rolled westward towards Europe, it passed by, indeed, the peninsula of India, leaving it on the south; but tribes and nations fled before the merciless invader to find refuge in Hindostan. On the west, — an event which has furnished the theme for one of the most brilliant poems of the time, — the exterminating bigotry of the Arabs expelled almost the entire race of the ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, the Guebres, from their native seats. Those who were not destroyed fled eastward. Many of them took refuge in India; and in all the cities of the peninsula their descendants, faithful because the children of the persecuted, with the rising and setting sun,

“at morn and even,  
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place,  
Among the living lights of heaven.”

As if all nations might be represented, on the coast of Malabar Jews are found, whose existence there dates back to the times of the first dispersion and the Babylonish captivity. And when the Europeans first penetrated among the mountains of Travancore, at evening they heard the sound of bells like those in the villages of their own land, and they found there large communities of Syrian Christians, still speaking the language of Syria, and possessing the Syriac version of the Scriptures. In addition to this, differences of climate, government, and territory create the same diversities of character as among the different nations of Europe. These different races of men, to a great extent, retain their native languages, their customs, and their religions.

Thus the population has no unity. It is made up of the *débris* of successive conquests, mingling together but never uniting, an aggregation but not a growth, with no

common sympathies and common bonds. Thus thrown together, not even understanding each other's languages, like the ignorant everywhere, they look with horror and disgust on every difference of custom or faith.

It is an important consideration, that religion, which unites the nations of Christendom, divides the population of India with worse than national divisions. The sects of Christendom, whatever their creed, are still the sects of one religion. They all worship the same God, and look to him as the equal and impartial ruler and judge of all men. This great truth is a bond of union which cannot be broken. But the people of India worship different gods. The Hindoo selects the object of his special adoration from a grim pantheon of divinities; the Mahometan calls on Allah, the One and Alone; the Parsee worships the sacred fire. Their gods look on each other with immortal hate, and the mutual hate of their worshippers on earth becomes a sacred and religious duty. Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Hindoos, Mahometans, — they are separated by barriers, to pass over which draws on them the vengeance of Heaven.

And the evil has been exasperated by the nature of the government. The Indian governments have not only been despotisms, but the despotisms of conquerors over a conquered race. The Hindoo was excluded as far as might be from all offices of power and profit. Mahometan princes sat in the thrones of India, Mahometans filled the courts, Mahometan generals led the armies. The Hindoo saw in the Mahometan a conqueror, the Mahometan saw in the Hindoo a slave; and the only bond between the two was that of fear and power.

Then for ages the great mass of the people knew the government only in its oppressions. India furnished the constant example of a magnificent and luxurious court and a starving people. The taxes have been raised chiefly from land, and, under the Mahometan rulers, the tax amounted, according to circumstances, from one fourth to more than one half of the whole annual products of the soil. This has kept the people on the brink of starvation, hopeless of rising above penury, and perishing of famine, when harvests were unfavorable, sometimes by millions in single years. The question between the rulers and the ruled has been, how much the first could

extort by means of the armed tax-gatherer, and how much the second could conceal from his practised eye. The relation between government and people has been that of oppressor and oppressed, of tyrant and victim. The people have had no affection for the government, and oppression has made them hopeless of improvement. So much has this been the case, that the great body of them have taken no interest in the change of rulers. They have submitted to the new as to the old, and have hardly known who the rulers were. They have expected nothing better from any government, and, excepting starvation, nothing worse could befall them than what they have been accustomed to bear.

The institution of caste has been a still more disastrous source of internal division and weakness. It is the theory of Mill that it was, at the outset, a wise and useful institution, — the first step from barbarism towards civilization, — the first rude attempt at division of labor enforced on an ignorant people by religious authority. But if this theory be correct, the legislator, in great part, defeated his own purpose by annexing to the division of labor established, the condition that all employments should be hereditary, thus precluding that freedom of choice and industrial enterprise and ever-enlarging variety of occupations needful to meet the ever-enlarging wants of a progressive state of society.

This institution divides the Hindoos by impassable gulfs. The different castes cannot intermarry, and can hardly have intercourse with each other without constant danger of degradation. One of an inferior caste must not, under severe penalties, dispute a Bramin, while if he listens to reproaches against him, he exposes himself to having melted lead poured into his ears. The religious penance for killing a Sudra is the same as for killing a cat. The noble of Malabar may slay a Pariah if he touch him, and the poor outcast cries out, in warning, as he sees one approach, and flees from his path.

Nor is the distinction merely artificial. The different castes are supposed to have a different origin. While the Bramin issued, in the creation, from the mouth of Brama, the Sudra drew his ignobler origin from his foot. They do not possess a common nature; and while the Bramin claims, because of his higher birth, almost divine

honors, the Sudra, from a supposed inferiority of nature, acquiesces in an almost brutal degradation. Such a system not only checked the freedom and expansiveness of the individual mind, and created hereditary divisions in the state, but, in former times, before the arrangements of caste were broken in upon, must have interfered with the military defence of the country, not only by throwing it upon a single class, but also by excluding all others from this duty.

Thus Indian society is seamed and split apart in every direction; and religion, which should have allayed these evils, has exasperated them all. The great bond of union which binds a people together, and gives it its best strength, is the practice of justice and truth. Take these away and men cease to trust each other and cease to be worthy of trust; society loses its cohesive principle; it crumbles apart of itself, like quicksilver thrown on a marble slab, and where there is no union, numbers cease to give strength. Religion is to so great an extent the corner and the keystone of the power of Christian nations, because its whole influence tends to secure the practice of morality. It allies justice with God, and enforces the practice of virtue by all man's hopes of heaven and fears of a judgment to come.

The peculiarity of the Hindoo religion, so far as its bearing on national strength is concerned, is the great extent to which it is practically divorced from morals. The Hindoo's justice and truth and mercy are not enforced by his fear of the gods. His religious hopes are to such a subordinate degree dependent on his personal virtues, and so much dependent on ceremonies, sacrifices, faith, and costly and painful penances, that it is scarcely too much to say that they do little to support the practice of duty, while in a thousand ways they drag down, corrupt, and degrade the moral sentiments. The Hindoo's faith teaches him to shrink with horror from killing a cow, but does not prevent him from looking with composure on the murder of a man. He trembles before his gods as if his doom were sealed, if he violate a law of caste, but no religious oath can be discovered which is sufficient to restrain him from perjury in a court of justice. Penance is the great power in the popular faith of the Hindoo. Penance raises one to the rank of the gods;

it can burst open the gates of heaven. No matter how black the vices with which one may be stained, if he will but endure penances sufficiently terrible, he may shake the heavens and subvert the power of the gods. Indra has had to contend for his throne, and the terrible Judge of the dead has trembled at the penances of a mortal. It is on this idea that the "Curse of Kehama" is founded. The worst crimes have found shelter under one form or another of the popular superstition. The Thugs carried on the trade of murder almost as a sacred profession, and the gang robbers, who laid waste often the fairest portions of India, before setting out on their expeditions of ravage and blood, with dark incantations invoked the aid of Kallee. And even when, as seems in recent times to have been the case, the estimate placed on the value of ritual observances has somewhat fallen off, it has been to be superseded by a similar confidence in the efficacy of faith in some particular god as a means of obtaining what formerly was wrested from the higher powers by penance and sacrifice. In many points, doubtless, the requirements of religion are in harmony with those of morality, and often give them more or less of encouragement or support; but that was not their primary object, nor is it their prevailing tendency. Any elevated virtue in men would raise them in character above their gods; and this alone is sufficient to show the depressing influence which the Hindoo faith must, on the whole, have on morals.

As a necessary consequence, religion, which should have counterbalanced the evil tendencies of selfish passions and interests, in Hindostan, by degrading the moral sentiments of the people, led to the destruction of confidence between man and man, loosened the bonds of society, and struck it with palsy in the very sources of its strength, till it became like one of those vast trees found in Indian forests, whose branches stretch up to the sky and seem able to defy the tempest, but which, when the axe strikes the trunk, are found decayed at the centre, the whole heart become dust, and hardly enough of an outward shell remaining to support the weight above.

These were some of the more important causes of the internal weakness of the Mogul empire. They opened the way for conquest; and, as with the dikes of Holland, it needed little more than that a breach should be made

in the outward defences, for the whole country to be overwhelmed.

But in accounting for the growth of the East India Company's power, peculiar advantages of its own must not be overlooked. Among its means of success was the superiority of European troops to those of India in arms and discipline, and in knowledge of the art of war. Besides this, they possessed qualities in former years almost unknown to the armies of the East, — that sense of honor and that fidelity to one's standard which lie at the foundation of all discipline, which enable the different parts of an army to rely on each other, secure the general against treachery, and even when defeated enable him, out of the fragments which are left, to reconstruct new armies. But these things alone would have availed little. Not less important have been the moral stand which its government, when compared with the native governments, has gained, and its character for good faith and fidelity to its engagements. In a country like India, where the words honor and good faith are almost vacant of meaning when applied to affairs of state, the possession of these qualities in a comparative degree has been to the East India Company of more worth than fleets and armies. It has caused the native princes to trust its officers and agents when they would not trust each other, and thus given to the company a permanent hold on their hopes and fears. In addition to this, there are always in India multitudes of disbanded soldiers, or members of the warlike class or tribes, who look to war for support, and are ready to enlist under the banner of the highest bidder. The regularity of the company's pay, so unlike that of the native princes, has enabled it to keep up permanent armies, of any size that might be wished, of these troops, which, under the name of Sepoys and led and disciplined by English officers, have exhibited a gallantry not inferior to that of Europeans. The great bulk of the armies of the East India Company has been made up in this way; and the wonderful spectacle is exhibited of the natives of a country, hired by the revenue of the country, made use of as the means of subjugating the land of their birth. How this could have been may be understood from a survey of the condition of the native powers in themselves and with respect to each other.

When the English first entered on the theatre of the East, the whole of India was nominally included within the empire of the Great Mogul, whose capital was Delhi. But India was too large to come under the immediate personal government of one man. Therefore viceroys under different names, such as Soubahdar, Nabob, Rajah, were appointed over the different provinces. These provinces were some of them of the size of kingdoms,—Bengal, for example, being larger than the whole of Great Britain. So long as an able emperor sat on the throne of Delhi, the governors of provinces were held in comparative subjection. But the ascent of a weak monarch to the throne was almost invariably a signal for them to attempt to cast off his authority and establish an independent power of their own. Thus India was perpetually racked with contests between the Great Mogul and his rebellious viceroys. Many of the latter had come to be in fact, though not in name, independent princes; and in their courts and states similar scenes were, on a smaller scale, enacted over again. In the East the sceptre is hereditary in families, but does not, as in Europe, descend by a fixed law to any particular individual. Hence, on the death of any native prince, his sons, brothers, and perhaps more distant kindred, started forth as rivals for the succession, and their rivalry was brought to a close only by the prison or the sword. In a country so divided and convulsed, so split up with factions and civil wars, there could never be wanting opportunity for a third power, that wished it, to enter in and take part in the contest of the time, and, if its aid was needed, secure to itself a large part of the advantages of success. The East India Company, with its small but disciplined body of European soldiers and officers, their skill in the art of war, their habit of acting in concert and ability to rely on each other, and their various military resources, held this relation of a third power to the conflicting Rajahs and Nabobs of India.

Even while the affairs of the company were confined to the commercial operations of a few trading-factories on the coast, it had a deep interest in all the questions which disturbed the peace and order of the states with which it was connected. It was because of this,—in order to maintain its rights and even its existence,—that it at

first was led to take part in the quarrels of the native powers. And the same reasons which caused the company at first to protect its interests by the sword, made it necessary, as was thought, for it to go on as it had begun, or else to sacrifice its rights, and even to surrender its foothold in India. In this way its commercial interests became dependent on its political relations, and very soon its commercial character was lost in a new and different one, and the company became a political power. As soon as this was the case, it grew even more sensitive than before to the hostile or friendly dispositions of the native powers. It was scarcely able to be neutral in the contests between neighbouring states, with which few rights were held sacred except those which were defended by the strong arm.

The first impression derived from reading the history of India is, that the English have been haunted by a passion for territorial aggrandizement. They themselves, however, disclaim all such desires. They assert that they have conquered India in self-defence. From the first blow struck by Clive to the last corps fitted out for the Punjaub, every step in the progress of conquest has been taken with loud professions of reluctance, and on the plea of an imperious necessity. In self-defence England has assumed the burden of subduing and ruling great kingdoms, in self-defence she receives and disburses a revenue drawn from India, twice as large as that of the United States, and in self-defence, by colonies, by wars, by perpetual encroachments, she is banding the East, broad as the tropics, with her conquests.

This disclaimer of any aggressive spirit seems at first sufficiently absurd. And yet there is more truth in it than is usual in such professions. The directors of the East India Company at home have always acquiesced with great reluctance in any new military enterprise, if for no other reason, because of the drain on their treasury which it involved. There has been more foundation than might at first be supposed for the assertion, that conquest has been a matter of necessity, — that the English have had to subjugate the native powers in order to maintain their own position. This was certainly true in the earlier stages of the company's history, and to some extent it has continued to be true. Surrounded as its possessions



have been by states wretchedly governed, the people often turbulent and restless, the sovereigns rapacious, to all of whom weakness and wealth have furnished irresistible temptations to invasion, the English have not had peace left to their choice. In many cases war could have been avoided only by leaving India, and the only termination of a war which gave security for peace in future times was to be found in the subjugation of the hostile power. Thus wars which began by repelling aggression ended in conquest. The great wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo and the Mahrattas were literally struggles for existence, in which the alternative was dominion or ruin. Indeed, this might be said, with slight qualification, of all the more important contests, in the progress of which their empire has expanded to the mountains of Central Asia and to the Indus. We by no means intend to say, that they have been deterred by any very sensitive moral scruples from enlarging their dominion. So far from it, they have by no means rejected the opportunities perpetually occurring for accomplishing this end. We have said that their wars have been necessary in order to maintain their own existence. But the circumstances under which many have arisen, and the mode in which they have been conducted, better than almost any single thing bring into view the disjointed condition of the country, and also show how it has been possible for so small a body of Europeans to occupy so commanding a position.

The English have been endangered not by direct attacks alone, but their interests have been put in jeopardy in the rivalries and wars of the native states. They have been obliged to take part in the contests of their neighbours, or else be the victim of both parties. In such contests, the weaker party has been ready to promise every thing for the aid of English bayonets and cannon. That aid has sometimes been forced on the weak, and sometimes granted at their request. Generally, this has been more than sufficient to secure the success of the party whose cause was espoused, and after success, the English have compelled it to make good its promises. The weak prince, weak because of the hatred of his subjects or the power of his enemies, who was established on his throne by the English, could continue to maintain

himself there only by the aid of English battalions. He had called them in as a temporary aid, but once in, they were not to be thrust out. They were to him what the Pretorian cohorts were to the Roman emperors. They gave him his power, and he was compelled to propitiate their favor by becoming their slave. English battalions protected his court from others, but only to rule in it themselves. English troops garrisoned his fortified places. These troops he was obliged to pay, and, in addition, to surrender to the English the whole military control of the country. When the military ascendancy was thus secured, it became a question of profit and time only, as to when all other power should be assumed. The next stage in the absorption of one of the native states has very commonly been, to require an annual payment to the company as compensation for its services, and when this has not been punctually paid, it has compelled the native sovereign to appropriate the entire revenue of certain districts to this object. Without entering into particulars, it is sufficient to say, that the English rapidly, step by step, engrossed not only the military power of these protected states, but the commerce, police, revenue, judicature, and, in fact, though not always at once in name, all the functions of government. Proceeding thus, the English power has constantly advanced in ever-enlarging circles, till the whole of India has been swallowed up in this mighty Maelstrom of conquest. This was the course of Clive. Thus did Warren Hastings make use of one native prince as his jackal to hunt down another. It was so when Wellesley and Wellington broke the heart of the vast Mahratta confederacy. And pursuing the same policy, the great disasters beyond the Indus, some years since, were the result of an attempt to depose the king of Cabul, and to set up an intrusive monarch of Afghanistan.

The means which have enabled the company to undertake such vast enterprises, and to support such vast armies, are also of Indian origin. They have come, not from its trade, but from the revenues of conquered states, which it has ruled as sovereign. It has first conquered a province, and conquered it mainly by native Indian troops; then compelled the province to pay the expense of its own conquest; then to support the battalions hold-

ing it in subjection ; and, finally, usurped and maintained all the functions of government.

The career of the English in India is an illustration of the extent to which the great characteristics of a race endure from age to age. The spirit of the Saxons and Normans of the Middle Ages survives in their descendants. The same steadiness of will, the same hardihood, the same perseverance in attaining its objects, never relaxed by success, nor wearied by disappointment, appear in both. Except that an advancing civilization has elevated many of the virtues of this character, and relieved some of its deformities, the course of the British in India forms an harmonious part of the history of the same people, who, in an earlier age, issued in their frail barks from the creeks and inlets of the Northern seas, to ravage, and conquer, and find a home in the fair realm of England. From the beginning it has been a race of strong men, of serious and steadfast purposes, ready, not in a light and trifling spirit, but calmly and considerately, to do and sacrifice all things in the attainment of its objects, and, according as its energies have been directed, mightily alike for evil and for good.

After this survey of the causes which have opened the way for the subjugation of India, we naturally ask what has been the result, — especially what has been the moral result, — of the English rule in the East. The question is very difficult to answer ; but we imagine that the difficulty has been increased by confounding what is very distinct, — the moral purpose of the English in extending their dominions, and the actual, though often incidental, and sometimes unintended, moral consequences.

No one imagines that the purpose of the English in conquering India has been the benefit of its inhabitants. The object of the East India Company was neither to civilize nor Christianize the Hindoo, but to raise the value of its stock and increase its dividends. The objects of the English government have been more extended, but of a similar character. And in these it has been controlled by motives of much the same sort with those which have determined the wars and the international policy of European states.

But while this is the case, it must be confessed that no nation of Europe has had amongst its statesmen a

greater proportion of those who have labored for the welfare of the people at large, than has been found among those who, during the last century, have controlled the destinies of India. Even the conduct of Warren Hastings — such is the deliberate decision of Mill, who was a severe, if not a prejudiced judge — would probably bear exposure quite as well as that of any prime minister of his time. But whatever their private virtues, or their intentions, their ability to improve rapidly and extensively the condition of the people has been very limited. In entering on the administration of Indian affairs, they found not an open field and a people prepared for wise and useful changes, but a people with laws, customs, institutions, ideas, with social and domestic habits, with religious faiths, and whatever else goes to form the character, fixed almost immovably in the hardening cement of centuries. The English might at once appropriate the revenues of a district, but to change the ways of thinking and believing amongst its inhabitants, to revolutionize their tastes, customs, and associations, and thus raise them to a higher level of civilization, except most gradually, is beyond the power of the most undisputed despotism. In addition to this, the small number of the English has made it impossible for them to do more than exercise a general sovereignty, leaving untouched what is most vital in, national character; while their ignorance of native customs, laws, and ideas for a long time utterly incapacitated them for any wise interference in the affairs of the natives. More than once, well-intentioned ignorance has, in its attempts at improvement, caused an amount of evil from which unprincipled but well-informed men would have recoiled. Another obstacle in the way of improvement has been the dreadful pressure of taxation on the impoverished inhabitants. The English, in assuming the sovereignty of a province, found a revenue already existing, which was no more than has proved to be necessary to meet the expenses of government. They did not increase the burden of taxation, — in some respects they have lightened it, — but it was, and is, most oppressive; and it is difficult to change for the better the condition of a people doomed from generation to generation to hopeless poverty. This is made worse by the large amount of capital withdrawn

annually from India in the payment of dividends to the stockholders of the company, and by persons who, having accumulated fortunes, return to England to spend them.

It is obvious, also, that in a country where the great mass of the people live on the brink of starvation, the least change, whatever the final results may be, is the ruin and destruction of multitudes. But the introduction of English power has been followed, not only by slight changes, but by a revolution in the most important institutions. This is not the place for any discussion of such topics, but we suppose there is no doubt, that for a time the changes in the method of collecting the revenue—involving, as they did, over large portions of India, the right of ownership in the soil itself, and similar changes in the judicial system and the police—were the source of worse evils than those which they were intended to remedy.

But, from the nature of the case, many of these evils are temporary, and incident only to a transition state. The English government of India has been conducted on principles immeasurably higher than were ever recognized by the native sovereigns. Even if its efforts, as a government, to promote the welfare of the native population have been, and should continue to be, subordinate to its own profit and power, they are so connected together, that what a wise policy dictates for the latter is likely to advance the former. The popular sentiment of England, however, requires more than this; and no one can read the history of the successive administrations of India without being convinced that, on the whole, there has been an honest and an increasing desire to introduce, as far as was practicable, all measures which promised to be for the real benefit of the millions under their rule. The condition of the people precludes all idea of any but the most gradual changes for the better, and all revolution is attended by many present evils. But by whatever wrong and wretchedness the intrusion of England into the thrones of India may have been immediately attended, and though in its policy there may be no more philanthropy than self-interest demands, we cannot doubt, if its power be permanent, that its influence must be for immeasurable good.

From the earliest authentic records, Indian civilization has made no progress. Two thousand years ago it had apparently risen to the full height of the principles on which it depended, and since then has ceased to advance. The picture which the Greeks who crossed the Indus under Alexander give of the state of society is, as far as it goes, essentially the same as that which is given now. The Mahometan conquest introduced among the Hindoos a new population, and substituted new dynasties in place of the old; but whatever was most interior and vital, — their religion, their social institutions, and the ancient village system, which contained in itself the most important elements of social order and permanence, — it did not touch. In all that was most material to the character and condition of a people, the Mahometan conquerors left the millions of India as it found them. Mahometan sovereignty, though it had periods of temporary splendor, did nothing to advance the civilization of India. On the contrary, by interposing a barrier of race and religion between the rulers and the ruled, and by adding new elements of disorder, it introduced new causes of weakness, and developed the seeds of decay already existing.

Independent of other things, there were four circumstances which alone were sufficient to take away the hope of progress from India. Her arbitrary and unsettled governments, necessarily involving every form of disorder, oppression, rapine, and civil war, sunk the people into the abyss of penury; her religions, disconnected very much from morals, while they laid little restraint on crime, blinded the intellect and corrupted the moral sentiments by the most horrible superstitions; woman, the educator of the young, was herself excluded from all education, and made the slave of men's lusts or love of ease; while the institution of caste fettered the son to the same toils and the same ignorance as the father. These things, as by an inexorable doom, shut out all hope of improvement. The crisis of decay was rapidly approaching, when the Mahometan conquerors were supplanted by the English. They found the great body of the people equally oppressed and impoverished, the empire of the Great Mogul practically dismembered, and the whole of India morally and politically disorganized.

As the first and essential condition of all improvement, the iron hand of England maintains peace and order. She has suppressed civil war and wars between rival states, and broken down under her rule the clans and states of banditti whose yearly irruptions carried terror and desolation across India; and, under her protection, the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman may labor without fear. If she has established an overshadowing despotism, it is a despotism of law and order, a civilized and civilizing despotism, while she has suppressed the hundred lawless, unprincipled, unsettled despotisms, which before were the curse alike of ruler and ruled. The Bible has been translated into almost every language of the East, and if the number of converts as yet made by missionary preaching is not large, in missionary schools not a few of the young are made acquainted with at least the first elements of European culture. To lay a foundation for a system of education, a laborious and extensive educational survey was made some years since of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. By the translation of books, and by direct contact with Europeans, the ideas, the science, and the civilization of Europe are invading the almost Chinese seclusion of the Indian mind. Commerce is uniting the people to the rest of the world; the mechanic arts that relieve and supply the place of human muscles are slowly introduced; new branches of agriculture and trade are opening new avenues to native enterprise; the respect for law which characterizes Europe is supplanting the arbitrary force by which the people have been ruled; and through these and other influences the institution of caste seems itself to be loosening and giving way to better systems of industry and social organization. When we remember that it often takes centuries for a single new principle to gain acceptance with the mass of men, and still longer for it to become so wrought into the character as to affect institutions and the practical life, we must expect the influence of the English on Indian civilization to be slow. Still less is it reasonable to expect a rapid progress, when we remember the small number of the English, who, besides being aliens in race, religion, language, and interest, are lost in the midst of not less than one hundred and twenty millions of natives.

Yet a superior race can never dwell with an inferior one, without making itself felt. And were the British power from this day annihilated, its influence would remain, manifest in ineffaceable monuments in the whole fabric of Indian society,—in arms, in arts, in laws, and, what is more potent than all as lying at the basis of all, in ideas,—just as English civilization has taken color and form from every state with which it has held the relation of war or alliance, whose literature it has read, or whose power it has feared.

Should English power maintain itself in India, the result can be foreseen by Him alone who beholds both the beginning and the end. It must be different, however, from what it has been elsewhere. In general, the weaker race melts away before the stronger. In this country, English conquest has been followed by emigration from England, and by the gradual extinction of the aboriginal race. This cannot take place in India. There can never be any emigration of the laboring classes to India which can crowd on the native population, for the Hindoo lives on that upon which the Englishman would starve. They who live on six cents a day need not fear emigration from abroad to compete with them for this miserable pittance. But while the English remain, as they now are, the sovereigns of India, they reach every native; and by institutions and laws, by science and literature, by improved systems of education, by commerce, by the preservation of order, and by religion, it is reasonable to believe that they must gradually reform and reconstruct and vivify with new life the civilization of India.

Under the government of Providence, no evil is eternal. The violence and wrong of men are compelled, ultimately, to come round and accomplish unexpected good. The guiltiest revolutions, and what at first seemed the most disastrous wars, have been compelled to work out the high purposes of Heaven, and many a state which has resisted all better influences has been purified by the baptism of blood. Taught by the past, while we behold the English race circling the globe with its colonies, and spreading over continents from the equator to the pole, we may rejoice, if this work of conquest must go on, that it is in the hands of those who possess the best



parts of human civilization, and we may believe that, wherever the English flag is planted and the English mind rules, an advancing civilization will raise men's lot on earth, and a pure religion dawn on them from heaven.

E. P.

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## ART. II.—PORTER'S PRINCIPLES OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.\*

THERE exists a much better state of the public mind in regard to attempts to obtain a purer text of the Scriptures, than when Dr. Bentley, after having been driven from his plan of publishing a critical edition of the New Testament, to which he had devoted years of labor, wrote in the bitterness of his heart to his friend Dr. Clarke,—“Nothing will now satisfy them but I must be put by the Professor's chair: AND THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER FROM MY NEW TESTAMENT”; or than when Bengel, in another country, after having borne with equanimity and answered with moderation the assaults which were made upon him up to the time of his death, pathetically exclaimed, in 1747, — “O that this may be the last occasion of my standing in the gap to vindicate *the precious original text of the New Testament!*” But we fear that the feeling of opposition has been succeeded by one almost as discouraging and unfavorable to successful exertion, the feeling of indifference. This latter feeling it is easier to explain than to justify. The intrinsic nature of the subject, compared with the great questions which agitate the public mind at the present day; the general conviction that the principal and most valuable result of modern investigations into the text of the New Testament is, that we now have it in a high degree of purity compared with that of the ancient classics, and that the new readings which affect the sense of a passage are comparatively few; the fact that we have in this country, at least,

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\* *Principles of Textual Criticism, with their Application to the Old and New Testaments. Illustrated with Plates and Fac-similes of Biblical Documents.* By J. SCOTT PORTER, Professor of Sacred Criticism and Theology to the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland. London: Simms & McIntyre. 1848. pp. xviii., 515.

so few of the means for original investigation into the subject; the jealous opposition to the general reception even of what is established by the consent of critics;—these considerations, and others which might be named, may serve to account for the prevalent indifference on the subject, both among the clergy and the intelligent laity.

But they do not justify it. These things ought not so to be. Why should it not be regarded as important to have a pure text of writings which have interested the whole world so much as those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul, as to have a pure text of Plato, or Thucydides, or Æschylus? If to labor with success in the preparation of correct editions of the Greek and Latin classics has justly been considered as worthy of high praise, and has raised those who have devoted themselves to it to high posts of honor in our colleges and in the Church in England, then surely it ought not to be considered an unimportant, much less an obtrusive and offensive labor, to endeavour to present the writings which contain the revelations of God to man in the highest possible state of purity. If the Scriptures are important, it is important to have them as nearly as possible in the very words which were written by the sacred penmen.

No one who has paid any attention to the subject can suppose this to be the case at present with the received text, or with any text of the New Testament which has yet appeared. Manuscripts exist which have not been collated, or which have been collated imperfectly. Many unsolved questions exist in regard to the facts on which judgment should be founded, much difference of opinion as to the comparative value of manuscripts and the manner in which they should be classified, if classified at all, many doubts in regard to the readings of the ancient versions, and much room for labor in regard to the genuineness and the import of the writings of the Fathers which have a bearing upon the subject.

Nor is there room for discouragement in regard to the progress which has been made. Since the time of Griesbach, there has been a considerable diminution of prejudice, and a considerable approach toward uniformity of opinion. Since his first edition, many editions have appeared in Germany in which his text has been followed to a considerable extent, and some in which his read-

ings have been fully adopted. In respect to the three passages which have attracted most attention in this country, on account of their supposed bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity, no clergyman, who has any regard to his reputation, would now quote 1 John v. 7 as a part of the Scriptures. In regard to Acts xx. 28, there is not the same uniformity of opinion, but there is a constant approach to it. Thus the reading of Griesbach, "Feed the church of the Lord," τοῦ κυρίου, is supported, not only by the editors of more recent critical editions, such as Lachmann and Tischendorf, and by such commentators as Rosenmüller, Kuinoel, Meyer, and De Wette, but by such orthodox theologians as Bishop Marsh, Conybeare, Professor White of Oxford, Dr. J. P. Smith, Dr. Davidson, Mr. Barnes, an able writer in the *Eclectic Review*, and others.

In regard to the other passage, 1 Timothy iii. 16, the signs of agreement are not so favorable. We do not recollect any Trinitarian writer in England or this country who is decidedly in favor of the reading of Griesbach, except the able critic in the *Eclectic Review* for March, 1809. But in Germany, where a matter of this kind is more likely to be decided on critical, rather than theological grounds, of the three editions which can properly be called critical that have appeared since that of Griesbach, namely, those of Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, the last two, though proceeding on somewhat different principles from those of Griesbach in respect to the classification and estimation of authorities, yet support Griesbach's reading,  $\delta\varsigma$  in place of  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$ . Of other editors who have revised the text of the New Testament more or less, Schott, Vater, and Heinrichs adopt the reading  $\delta\varsigma$ , and Knapp marks it as of equal authority with the common reading. Other editors, as Tittman, Theile, and Hahn, who retain  $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$ , profess that they do not always reject a reading of the received text, even when the evidence against it preponderates.\* See their Prefaces.

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\* Respecting Lachmann's, Dr. Davidson, an orthodox critic, says, — "This is by far the most important edition that has appeared since the days of Griesbach"; and again, — "Were we disposed to follow the text of any one editor *absolutely*, we should follow Lachmann's." Respecting Tischendorf's, the same critic says, — "A careful perusal of the editor's able Pref-

Since, then, much remains to be done in relation to a pure text of the New Testament, and since there is much reason for supposing that such a text may gradually find a general reception in the Church, we welcome the book which furnishes the occasion for our remarks, as being better adapted than any which we have seen to excite an interest in the textual criticism of the New Testament among theological students and the clergy, and at the same time to throw a clear light upon the subject, and afford the necessary helps to the study of it. A work of this kind, sufficiently elementary to be adapted to the use of theological schools and of the clergy, has long been wanted. It is certainly of great importance that they should be acquainted with the subject, at least so far as to be able to understand the means by which the sacred writings have been transmitted to us from age to age, and the principles and helps by which the text may be brought to a state of purity. They certainly ought to be able to appreciate the labors of others, and to know how to estimate the rash assertions which are often made by partisan theologians.\*

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ace, and a collation of his text and critical apparatus beneath it, have convinced us of the sound judgment, minute diligence, extreme accuracy, and admirable skill by which this edition of the Greek Testament is characterized." See Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, Vol. I. pp. 492, etc. It may also be observed, that Tischendorf himself appears to be orthodox on the subject of the divinity of Christ, if we may judge from a remark which he makes in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the *Codex Ephraemi Syri Rescriptus*, p. 39:—"Quamquam minime cum istis facio qui tantum non verentur ne ipsa Pauli Apostoli de divinitate Christi doctrina periculetur, si ab hoc loco destituatur eo quod vulgo habere creditur firmamento." Schulz, the learned editor of Griesbach's New Testament, observes, that "Tischendorf's edition of the Greek Testament is in all respects to be preferred to any other." It can be imported for \$2.25.

\* Several assertions of this kind occur in the last essay in defence of the received text of 1 Timothy iii. 16 which we recollect to have been published in this country. We refer to an essay, which shows much more the spirit of a bigoted partisan than of a genuine critic, by Dr. Henderson, reprinted in the *American Biblical Repository*, Vol. II., and indorsed by Professor Stuart. Some of the important errors of this essay were exposed in a notice of it by an able and learned English writer in the *Eclectic Review*, Vol. V., Third Series. One of the assertions to which we allude is that in which Dr. Henderson says that Athanasius, in his Fourth Epistle to Serapion, quotes the text so as clearly to show that *Θεός* was the reading of it. The passage which he quotes from the Epistle to Serapion is explicit enough, to be sure. But the Benedictine editors of Athanasius have included the passage referred to in brackets, as of doubtful authority, and added a note, in which they say that "it is read *only in one manuscript*, and there, too, it is written not in the text, *but in the margin*; whence it seems rather to be the gloss of some other person, than the words of Athanasius."

It is true that we have already a great deal on the subject scattered in the various writings of Griesbach. We have also something on the principles of textual criticism incidentally introduced into the works on interpretation by Le Clerc, Ernesti, Gerard, and Seiler. We have, also, in the Introductions to the Old and New Testaments by Jahn, Schott, De Wette, Michaelis, Horne, and especially Hug, — not to mention works which exist only in the German language, — a great deal of information concerning the principles and sources of criticism. But a condensed and systematic view of the whole subject, sufficiently elementary and well illustrated for beginners, and sufficiently full for the use of the clergy and other readers interested in the subject, was much wanted.

Such a work has been undertaken by Mr. Porter, the Professor of Sacred Criticism and Theology to the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland, and he has performed it well. From the nature of the case, his work was one chiefly of compilation, arrangement, and illustration. It was not desirable that he should, by the exercise of his ingenuity, suggest new principles of criticism. What was wanted in this regard was, that he should state in a clear and good method those principles and canons which have met with general reception among critics. Of course, he could invent no sources of Scriptural emendation, nor did his situation permit him to discover any. But in a work derived principally from

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*nasius.*" This passage Dr. Henderson quotes, without intimating that there existed the least doubt respecting its genuineness; though Berriman, Wetstein, and Griesbach — whose remarks he had probably read — state the evidence of its interpolation. Another rash assertion of Dr. Henderson is that in which he refers to Dionysius of Alexandria "as the first who expressly cites the words," i. e. the received reading of 1 Timothy iii. 16, in his Epistle against Paul of Samosata. He does not intimate that the least doubt exists respecting the genuineness of this Epistle, — an Epistle which is regarded as spurious, and of a much later date than Dionysius of Alexandria, by such scholars as Cave, Valesius, Du Pin, Ceillier, Basnage, Montfaucon, Gieseler, and Neander, and of which Dr. Lardner says, "It is certain that this Epistle is now, and has been for a good while, generally rejected by learned men as spurious"; and adds, "For my own part, I acquiesce in the reasons of the learned men before mentioned, so far as to think it highly probable that the piece in question is not the work of Dionysius, nor of any of his contemporaries, but of a much later date." See Lardner's Works, Vol. III. pp. 97, etc.; Ceillier, *Hist. des Auteurs Sacrés et Eccles.*, Tom. III. p. 276; Davidson's Gieseler, Vol. I. p. 201; Torrey's Neander, Vol. I. p. 603.

second-hand sources, there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of judgment and of talent. The author has modestly and plainly informed the reader in his Preface what languages he was acquainted with, and in regard to what he was dependent upon the statements and opinions of others. He has given also a satisfactory reason, in general, for not encumbering his pages with express citations or marginal references. With respect to the latter, we think he has been somewhat too sparing. After the ample acknowledgment made in his Preface, we should not, indeed, wish for marginal references merely for the sake of acknowledging the source from which he drew any particular information. But, in some cases, we do wish to know the authority on which the statement depends. Thus, when he states, on page 483, that an important alteration in a certain manuscript is betrayed by the fresh color of the ink, we wish to know the authority for the statement. But Professor Porter does not tell us that he saw it himself, nor inform us who did see it.

Though not professing to derive the materials of his work from original sources, Professor Porter has availed himself of the best and latest investigations which have appeared. He has adopted an arrangement of his own, and given us his independent judgment upon those subjects where judgment was required; a judgment which will, we are confident, in general, approve itself to the reason of his readers.

We would not convey the impression, that Professor Porter has discharged merely the office of a compiler. His work contains a good deal that is valuable, which is the result of his own investigation and judgment. As an instance, we would refer to his elaborate examination of Scholz's edition of the Greek Testament. The result of this examination is given by Professor Porter in the following language, which we the more readily quote, because the size, cost, and apparatus of Scholz's edition of the New Testament, together with the praise which has been bestowed upon it, — probably by some without examination, and by some from whom a better judgment might have been expected, — have led many persons to attach a value to that unscholarlike, and, were it not for the manuscripts which it introduces to our notice for

the first time, we might almost say worthless, work. Great carelessness and little judgment are the principal characteristics of the author. Professor Porter says, —

“ Dr. Scholz has been a most enterprising collater, having expended a large amount of time, and, no doubt, of money, in ransacking the libraries of Italy, Greece, the Greek Islands, and Palestine, in quest of manuscript treasure. Besides availing himself of some publications (as Dr. Barrett's *Codex Rescriptus*, of Dublin College) which had appeared since the publication of Griesbach, he has himself examined and collated, in whole or in part, about three hundred and fifty manuscripts never referred to before in any critical edition ; but his accuracy in exhibiting their various readings is matter of question, upon which serious doubts are felt.

“ What has occasioned and strengthened these doubts is the almost incredible negligence of Scholz in representing the information afforded by his predecessors, especially by Griesbach. No one can compare his notes with those of Griesbach, without perceiving that nine tenths of the whole are simply copied from the edition of the latter ; and no one can compare the two editions together attentively without perceiving that Scholz has displayed a degree of carelessness, as to the accuracy of his transcript, that could scarcely have been believed to be possible. By omissions, by misquotations, by misplaced signs, he has totally changed the character of the statements which it was his duty to reproduce, and in instances innumerable has misled the persons who rely upon his accuracy. In fact, such is his negligence, that nothing but rashness equal to his own would induce any person who has examined his work to employ his citations as material for the verification or amendment of the text, unless when corroborated by other authorities, or under very peculiar circumstances.” — p. 262.

After supporting his assertions respecting Scholz by numerous examples, he says, — “ After these examples of headlong haste and almost incredible carelessness, it will surprise no one to be informed, that, in cases where his predecessors have made erroneous statements, Dr. Scholz has not taken the trouble to correct them, even when the means of doing so lay ready at hand. Having, in perusing the old Syriac Version, been struck by the occurrence of several readings which I did not recollect to have seen quoted from it, I compared whole passages in that document with the notes given in the critical editions ; and I found with very few exceptions, so far as my collation extended, that wherever Mill, Wetstein, and Griesbach

were correct in their citations, Scholz is also right, unless where he happens to misplace his note-marks : wherever they are wrong, he faithfully copies their mistakes. . . . . Whether Dr. Scholz has been more careful in noting down, and more exact in copying, the readings of those manuscripts which he has for the first time collated, it is quite impossible to affirm as matter of fact. But, seeing that such is his negligence in making use of the materials existing in print, I do not think it would be safe to rely implicitly on his sole authority.”\*

Professor Porter's plan is, — i. to state and briefly illustrate the general principles of textual criticism ; — ii. to treat of these principles in connection with the text of the Old Testament ; — and iii. to consider them with reference to that of the New. In each of the latter two divisions, he gives (1.) an outline of the history of the text ; (2.) an account of the manuscripts, versions, and other authorities available for the verification or correction of the text ; and (3.) an examination of the readings of some passages, which, from their nature or peculiar circumstances, possess an especial interest in connection with the object of the work. He has given a good account of the manuscripts of the Old Testament, and described twenty-three of the principal or uncial manuscripts of the New Testament. He has also given a general account of the cursive manuscripts and Lectionaries. He has likewise, in thirteen well-executed plates, presented fac-similes of portions of some of the most noted manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments. Of particular texts, he examines sixteen of the Old Testament and twelve of the New, the different readings of

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\* It may be well to remark, that Porter's estimate of the work of Scholz is the common opinion of critics in Germany. Tischendorf, the learned editor of the last critical edition of the New Testament, uses still stronger language of condemnation in relation to it than Mr. Porter. Dr. Davidson, an orthodox scholar of some note, appears to hold the same opinion. He says, — “ Little reliance can be placed on the accuracy of the extracts which he has given for the first time. . . . . The merits of this laborious editor are considerable. He has greatly enlarged our critical apparatus. Yet in acuteness, sagacity, and scholarship, he is far inferior to Griesbach. His collations appear to have been superficial. They are not to be depended on.” One instance of his inaccuracy, which it is in the power of any one who owns the Vulgate to ascertain, is that in which he represents the Vulgate as supporting the reading *ὧς* in 1 Timothy iii. 16. By comparing his note with Griesbach's, one may see how his mistake originated.



which he discusses somewhat at large, and, as it appears to us, with good judgment.

One important requisite in a work of this kind, and at the same time difficult to be secured on account of the immense variety of particulars contained in it, is accuracy of statement. To speak with confidence in regard to the comparative freedom of such a work from errors would require a labor almost equal to that of making it. So far as we have examined it, however, we have found proof that the author has taken great pains to be accurate, though not equal pains in all its pages. We think, that, in general, the work is as worthy of confidence as can be expected in the first edition of a book of this kind. We have, however, met with some instances of inaccuracy, of which, from some cause, several occur on page 310. On page 493, he ascribes to Professor Porson opinions which seem to belong only to Kidd, the editor of Porson's Tracts. All the opinion which Kidd ascribes to Porson, in the passage to which Professor Porter refers, is that he judged  $\xi$  to be the original reading of the Codex Alexandrinus. Professor Porter also sometimes omits to state what properly belongs to a subject. Thus in describing the Codex Sangallensis he should have stated that it contains only the four Gospels. He sometimes makes a statement in too unqualified a manner, and hence is occasionally inconsistent with himself. Thus, on page 275, he says, — "A manuscript in uncial character, inclined or slightly compressed, or an *Evangelistarium* or *Lectionarium*, however written, cannot be more ancient than the seventh century." But on page 309, speaking of Lectionaries, he says, — "It is quite possible such manuscripts may have been used in the sixth century, though only mentioned in the authors of the seventh." See also page 273.

In two passages in the course of his examination of the text 1 Tim. iii. 16, opinions and statements occur of the correctness of which we have strong doubts. We take this opportunity to express them, for the consideration of Professor Porter and the few who take an interest in the subject, because they relate to the most important passage in the New Testament, the reading of which may yet be considered as *sub judice*, and because, as long as there is a variety of statement in relation to the *facts* of the case, it will be very difficult for the student to form a correct opinion.

The first passage relates to Professor Porter's statement in reference to the reading of the Oriental versions of 1 Tim. iii. 16, in which, following Archbishop Laurence, he calls in question the correctness of Griesbach and other critical editors of Germany. Griesbach, who is followed by Heinrichs, Scholz, and, with a slight variation, by Tischendorf,\* states that the Coptic, Sahidic, and Philoxenian Syriac in the margin read *ὁς*, *who*, or *he who* was manifested, etc. He also states that both the Peshito and Philoxenian Syriac in the text, the Erpenian Arabic, the Æthiopic, and the Armenian, may have read either *ὁς* or *ὁ*.

Upon this statement Archbishop Laurence, whose opinion is adopted by Professor Porter, remarks,—“I contend, in the first place, that neither the Coptic, the Sahidic, nor the Philoxenian *necessarily* read *ὁς*; but more probably use a relative connected with an antecedent expressive of the word *mystery*, in precise conformity with the Vulgate: for in both the Coptic and Sahidic the word denoting *mystery* is decidedly proved to be masculine by the definitive masculine article prefixed, so that the subsequent relative occurs of course in the same gender. A similar remark respecting the Philoxenian version is made by its editor, whom Griesbach very properly terms ‘*Whitius vir doctissimus*,’ who correctly translates the passage ‘*mysterium pietatis, quod manifestatum est in carne.*’

“Having thus proved that the Coptic, the Sahidic, and the Philoxenian Syriac versions do not necessarily read *ὁς*, but most probably *ὁ*, I shall now show that the Peshito or vulgar Syriac, the Erpenian Arabic, and the Æthiopic do not indifferently read *ὁς* or *ὁ*, but indisputably *ὁ*. If *ὁς* be the reading, it is evident that the following clauses of the verse cannot be grammatically connected by a copulative; but that the passage must be translated as the Unitarians translate it,—‘*He, who was manifested in the flesh, was justified,*’ etc. But, in all the versions alluded to, the subsequent clauses are grammatically connected by a copulative, i. e. by the same letter *wau* in the different characters of the different languages, expressive of the same conjunction *and*; so that the passage must unavoidably be rendered, ‘*which was manifested in the flesh,*

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\* Tischendorf also states that the reading *ὁς* is found in the recently discovered fragments of the Gothic version, made in the fourth century.

and was justified in the spirit,' etc." These statements and arguments are fully adopted by Professor Porter.

Now, respecting what may properly be called facts relating both to the Coptic and other languages specified, we have reason to believe that Archbishop Laurence is correct, since it has required little knowledge of these languages to verify his statements by the appropriate grammars and lexicons; but we think that his conclusions are much broader than his premises will warrant. With respect to the Coptic and Sahidic, the relative is undoubtedly in the masculine, but as the antecedents denoting the word "mystery" in those versions, and in the Philoxenian Syriac, are also masculine, it is obvious, that it cannot be decided whether the translators read  $\delta\varsigma$  or  $\delta$ . The masculine Coptic, Sahidic, or Syriac relative may have been used merely to agree with its antecedent, whatever was the reading of the Greek. But when Archbishop Laurence says that the Coptic and Sahidic *most probably* read  $\delta$ , he makes an inference or assertion for which he has assigned no reason, and for which we can perceive none. We think, therefore, that the correct statement is, that the Coptic, Sahidic, and Philoxenian Syriac may have read either  $\delta\varsigma$  or  $\delta$ . We suppose that Griesbach was led to his partial error by following the authority of Wilkins, an Episcopal clergyman, who translated the whole Coptic New Testament in 1716, and whose translation of the verse is as follows:—"Et manifeste magnum est mysterium pietatis; qui apparuerat in carne, justificatus est in spiritu," etc.

Archbishop Laurence also misleads his readers, (without doubt unintentionally,) when he says, in connection with his preceding remarks and without explanation, that "Professor White correctly translates the passage 'mysterium pietatis, quod manifestatum est in carne.'" For Professor White expressly states, in his note, that the Syriac relative, both in the text and the margin, answers as well to the Greek relative  $\delta\varsigma$  as to  $\delta$ , and might equally be rendered "qui manifestatus est," or "quod manifestatum est," and that he uses "quod" *in the text* of his translation, merely that it might agree in gender with its Latin antecedent, "mysterium."

With respect to the Archbishop's assertion, that the Peshito, the Erpenian Arabic, and the Æthiopic do not

indifferently read  $\delta\epsilon$ , but indisputably  $\delta$ , it appears to us that all which his argument proves is, that  $\delta\epsilon$  cannot have been understood by the translators in the sense of "he who," etc., referring to what follows, and not to τὸ μυστήριον as its antecedent. But he has not attempted to show that they may not have regarded  $\delta\epsilon$ , if they so read it, as a relative referring to τὸ μυστήριον, as a *personal designation of Christ*. If they had so understood the word τὸ μυστήριον, and had also read  $\delta\epsilon$  in their manuscripts, what reason can be given why they should not have translated it as they have done. All admit that the Syriac relative which is used in this verse is, like the Hebrew  $\text{וְהוּא}$  or  $\text{וְ$ , and the Chaldee  $\text{ܐܝܝܬܐ}$  or  $\text{ܐܝܝܬܐ}$ , of all genders, and that, in its simple as well as in its compound state, it refers to a preceding noun even of an oblique case.\*

Now, that the translators may have understood τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, is evident from the fact, that all the Latin, and some of the Greek fathers so understood it. And to those who so understood it, the reading  $\delta\epsilon$  would be regarded as good Greek,† referring to τὸ μυστήριον as its antecedent. "Cum personam circumlocutione significant Græci, quam citissime ad ipsam personam revertuntur." A similar idiom had occurred in Gal. iv. 19, *τεκνία μου, οὗς πάλιν ἀδίδω,* and according to the most probable reading in John vi. 9, *παῖδάριον . . . . ὃς ἔχει,* and in Rev. xiii. 14, *τῷ θηρίῳ, ὃς ἔχει.* In Bruder's excellent Concordance of the New Testament may be seen more than a dozen instances of the same idiom, exclusive of those in which the gender of the relative conforms to that of the following noun by attraction. Professor Porter, also, when undertaking to show how the reading  $\delta\epsilon$  may have arisen from  $\delta$ , observes, — "The Greek transcribers, understanding τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, and being accustomed to find neuter nouns, when used as designations of persons, followed by masculine relatives, easily adopted the same idiom here."

Whether the Latins, Greeks, or Syrians were right or wrong in regarding τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, is a question which has no effect on the argument, and need not be discussed here. It is sufficient that

\* See Hoffmann's Grammar, p. 325, or the Syriac version of Gen. i. 21, ii. 8.

† See Winer's Grammar, § 21. 1; Matthiae, § 434. 1. 6.

they may have held this opinion. For if they did, they may have translated  $\delta$ s, if they found it in their manuscripts, as they have done, by a relative which stands for all genders. It appears, then, that Dr. Laurence is wrong in saying that they *indisputably* read  $\delta$  in their manuscripts; and that Griesbach is right in his assertion that they may have read  $\delta$ s or  $\delta$ . The arguments from extrinsic considerations, such as the class of Greek manuscripts to which the Oriental versions are akin, and from which they were probably translated, etc., do not belong to the question of the correctness of Griesbach's statement, and are not alluded to by Archbishop Laurence or by Griesbach.

Another instance in which we think Professor Porter to be incorrect, partly in matter of opinion and partly in matter of fact, occurs in relation to the reading of the valuable manuscript G, i. e. the Codex Boernerianus, in the verse under consideration. Griesbach states, that this manuscript reads  $\delta$ s. Upon which Professor Porter, after remarking that  $\delta$ s is a reading *a secunda manu*, the original reading having been  $\delta$ , observes,\* — "In this codex the alteration is betrayed, not merely by the fresh color of the ink, and by the word 'quod' placed immediately above the altered word, but by the difference in the size of the letters, — for the corrector, not having room for a full-sized C,† has stuck a small one up in the corner between the O and the letter  $\Theta$  which follows, thus, O°. Dr. Griesbach could hardly fail to be aware of this, yet he quotes G without any remark, as supporting the reading  $\delta$ s, not  $\delta$ . The Codex F [which reads  $\delta$ s] was copied from G, after it had thus been altered."

Now if the fac-simile of this celebrated text given by Matthæi in his New Testament, Vol. I. p. 487, be correct, of which we cannot entertain much doubt, there are several important errors in the preceding statement. 1. The C is no smaller than the other letters in the line, which do not begin a word. 2. There is nothing peculiar in the position of the C; it is not stuck up more than other letters in the specimen. In fact the preceding O does not extend so far below the C as the other letters which begin a line. 3. Instead of a lack of space, there is room enough between  $\delta$ s and  $\epsilon\phi\alpha\upsilon\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}\theta\eta$  for two more C's of the

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\* Page 483.

† The ancient form of  $\Sigma$ .

same size. 4. If the C be taken away, there would be a wider space between  $\delta$  and  $\epsilon\phi\alpha\nu\epsilon\rho\acute{\omega}\theta\eta$  than that between any other two words in the fac-simile of Matthæi. As to the position of "quod," above the word, there is nothing peculiar in it when compared with other words in the fac-simile which are placed over the Greek words of which they are a translation. In regard to its being "quod," in the neuter, Professor Porter is aware that the same word is used in the manuscript F, which reads  $\delta$ , and which no one pretends to have been altered by a later hand. As to his assertion, that the manuscript F was copied from G, after it was altered, it seems to us to have been made highly probable by Hug,\* and almost demonstrated by Tischendorf,† that G could not have been copied from F, but rather that both were copied from a more ancient manuscript.

The only person whom we know to have formed the opinion that  $\delta$  was altered from  $\delta$  in the Codex Boernerianus from *personal examination*, is Le Clerc, a passage from whose letter Professor Porter quotes. But Le Clerc has not assigned any reason for his opinion. Bengel, as quoted by Matthæi in his note on the text, expresses the same opinion with Le Clerc, but gives no reason for it. It was probably borrowed from Le Clerc. Now, as Kuster, who was acquainted with the letter of Le Clerc in which he speaks of the manuscript, it being found in Kuster's edition of Mill's New Testament, gives  $\delta$  as the reading of manuscript G without comment, as Wetstein does the same, and also Matthæi, in his printed edition of the manuscript four years after his edition of the New Testament, it is probable that Griesbach believed Le Clerc to have been in error, and that the reading  $\delta$  was a *prima manu*. And if Matthæi has given a correct fac-simile of the manuscript, and if F and G were probably copied from a previous manuscript, there can be little doubt that Griesbach was correct. Tischendorf, who thoroughly collated manuscript F, makes the same statement with Griesbach. We know not where Professor Porter received his information respecting the color of the ink, the position and smallness of the letter C, etc., in the verse. But it is certain that his informant, and the fac-simile of Matthæi, cannot both be right.

\* See Hug's Introduction to N. T., p. 172. † Nov. Testam., p. lxx., 2d. edit.

As we have intimated before, however, we believe the inadvertences of Professor Porter's work to be comparatively few, when we consider the infinity of particulars of which it is composed. We have been reluctant to mention those which have occurred to us, lest they should produce an unfavorable impression in respect to the value and trustworthiness of the work. Such is far from being our impression on the whole. On the contrary, we think that the book deserves to be used in our theological schools, and to have a place in the library of every clergyman.

G. R. N.

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### ART. III.—RECENT ENGLISH LYRICS.\*

WE do not claim for either of the authors, whose names appear in the titles quoted below, what microscopical criticism is pleased to denominate "the *great gifts of poesy*." They are not known in select circles as wise seers, whose time has been studiously occupied in shedding elaborate immortality either on violets or virtue. Occasionally they may have "hung a jewel in a cowslip's ear," but they are not particularly known as excelling in that department of decorative industry. They recognize the silent sunshine of the Sabbath day, and are familiar with the music of the ever-going stars, but they have been content to sing of the human heart, its joys and its sorrows. Some of them have not always chosen their motto in unison with that engraved upon the Venetian sun-dial, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*,"—but they have oftener recorded the darker side of life's experience, and habitually with great beauty and power.

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\* 1. *The Poetical Sketch Book*. By THOMAS K. HERVEY. New Edition. London: Edward Bull. 16mo. pp. 286.

2. *Poems and Songs*. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. *With an Introduction, Glossary, and Notes*, by PETER CUNNINGHAM. London: John Murray. 16mo. pp. 151.

3. *English Melodies*. By CHARLES SWAIN. Author of "The Mind," "Dramatic Chapters," and other Poems. London: Longman & Co. 16mo. pp. 304.

4. *The Poetical Works of HENRY ALFORD*. London: F. & J. Rivington. 2 vols. 16mo.

5. *Poems*. By WILLIAM C. BENNETT. (Unpublished.)

It is not our purpose to occupy much space in calling attention to these volumes of verse, none of which, we believe, have been as yet republished in our country, but simply to quote a few of their briefer poems, whose melody and sweetness we feel confident will be both pleasant and welcome to all.

Mr. Hervey, we understand, is a Scotch gentleman, now residing in London, where his time is principally devoted to literature. Besides the volume before us, he is the author of a very pleasant book on Christmas, and of some unclaimed *jeux d'esprit* in the way of satire. We open his "Poetical Sketch Book," and ask no stronger claims for him to the title of *poet* than the following piece of exquisite feeling:—

"She sleeps that still and placid sleep  
For which the weary pant, in vain,  
And where the dews of evening weep,  
I may not weep again;—  
O, never more, upon her grave,  
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave!

"They laid her where the sun and moon  
Look on her tomb, with loving eye,  
And I have heard the breeze of June  
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh!  
And the wild river's wailing song  
Grow dirge-like as it stole along!

"And I have dreamt, in many dreams,  
Of her—who was a dream to me,  
And talked to her, by summer streams,  
In crowds, and on the sea,—  
Till in my soul she grew enshrined,  
A young Egeria of the mind!

"'Tis years ago!—and other eyes  
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth,  
And I have hung on other sighs,  
And sounds that seemed like truth,  
And loved the music which they gave,  
Like that which perished in the grave.

"And I have left the cold and dead,  
To mingle with the living cold,—



There is a weight around my head,  
 My heart is growing old! —  
 O for a refuge and a home,  
 With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

“Age sits upon my breast and brain,  
 My spirit fades before its time,  
 But they are all thine own again,  
 Lost partner of their prime!  
 And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,  
 Than all the false and living crowd!

“Rise, gentle vision of the hours,  
 Which go — like birds, that come not back! —  
 And fling thy pall and funeral flowers  
 On memory's wasted track! —  
 O for the wings that made thee blest,  
 To 'flee away and be at rest!'"

Here is something in a different vein, but bearing the  
 same true impress of a master's hand.

#### “CLEOPATRA.

(AFTER DANBY'S PICTURE OF THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.)

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne  
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beat to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes.' — SHAKESPEARE.

“Flutes in the sunny air!  
 And harps in the porphyry halls!  
 And a low, deep hum, — like a people's prayer, —  
 With its heart-breathed swells, and falls!  
 And an echo, — like the desert's call, —  
 Flung back to the shouting shores!  
 And the river's ripple, heard through all,  
 As it plays with the silver oars! —  
 The sky is a gleam of gold!  
 And the amber breezes float,  
 Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,  
 Around the dancing boat!

“She has stepped on the burning sand!  
 And the thousand tongues are mute!  
 And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,  
 The strings of his gilded lute!

And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,  
Beneath his white symar,  
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,  
Like the flash of an Eastern star!  
The gales may not be heard,  
Yet the silken streamers quiver,  
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,  
Away, down the golden river!

“ Away by the lofty mount!  
And away by the lonely shore!  
And away by the gushing of many a fount,  
Where fountains gush no more! —  
O for some warning vision, there,  
Some voice that should have spoken  
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,  
And glad, young spirits broken!  
Of waters dried away,  
And hope, and beauty blasted!  
— That scenes so fair and hearts so gay  
Should be so early wasted!

“ A dream of other days! —  
That land is a desert now!  
And grief grew up to dim the blaze  
Upon that royal brow!  
The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast  
Blight on the marble plain,  
And sorrow — like the Simoom — past  
O'er Cleopatra's brain!  
Too like her fervid clime, that bred  
Its self-consuming fires,  
Her breast — like Indian widows — fed  
Its own funereal pyres!  
— Not such the song her minstrels sing, —  
'Live beauteous and for ever!'  
As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,  
Away, down the golden river!”

Allan Cunningham, in whatever shape he chooses to appear, is always welcome. We are indebted for this admirable collection of a father's poems to his favorite son, whose Introduction to the volume is a warm and filial tribute to departed genius. What can be finer than this charming little copy of verses, celebrating so sweetly “the lovely lass of Preston Mill”?

**"THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.**

" The lark had left the evening cloud,  
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,  
Its gentle breath amang the flowers  
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down ;  
The dappled swallow left the pool,  
The stars were blinking owre the hill,  
As I met, amang the hawthorns green,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

" Her naked feet, amang the grass,  
Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair ;  
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,  
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare ;  
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth ;  
Her lips had words and wit at will,  
And heaven seemed looking through her een,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

" Quo' I, ' Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,  
Where blackcocks crawl, and plovers cry ?  
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye :  
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass  
By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill ' ; —  
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

" Quo' I, ' Sweet maiden, look nae down,  
But gie 's a kiss, and gang wi' me ' :  
A lovelier face, O ! never looked up,  
And the tears were drapping frae her ee :  
' I hae a lad, wha 's far awa',  
That weel could win a woman's will ;  
My heart's already fu' o' love,'  
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

" ' Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,  
To seek for love in a far countree ? ' —  
Her tears dropped down like simmer dew :  
I fain wad kissed them frae her ee.  
I took but ane o' her comely cheek ;  
' For pity's sake, kind sir, be still !  
My heart is fu' o' other love,'  
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,  
And lifted up her watery ee; —  
'Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,  
Or light is gladsome to my ee,  
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,  
Till my last drap o' blood be still,  
My heart shall haud nae other love,'  
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"There 's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,  
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';  
By lanely Cluden's hermit stream  
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow!  
O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,  
As ever shone on vale or hill;  
But there 's a light puts them a' out,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill!"

We know but little of Charles Swain, but that little is sufficient for our purpose. That he is a true-born son of the Muses, we gather from the beautiful volume lately issued from Paternoster Row. Years ago we read his very striking poem called "Dryburgh Abbey," in which he represented, as in a fine panorama, the principal characters created by Walter Scott in his poems and novels, slowly marching in sad procession at the funeral of their illustrious master.

The "English Melodies" are worthy of the promise given by their author in his earlier years. No one can doubt that, who reads no matter how few of his cheerful, stirring songs. There is much good philosophy in these verses, and they are well worthy a place in the memory: —

"OPEN-HEARTED.

"If you wish to be happy at home,  
Then your heart to that wish is the door;  
Keep it open, — and angels may come,  
And enter, and dwell evermore!  
O'er each feeling a ray will be cast,  
As if lit by some magical gem;  
You will think you've found heaven at last,  
But the angels have brought it with them.

"Keep it open, — and friendship and love  
And happiness — all — will be thine:

A gleam of Elysium above !  
 A spark of the spirit divine !  
 Keep it shut, — and then Pride will have birth,  
 And Envy, and all we condemn ;  
 You will think you 've perdition on earth,  
 Pride and Envy have brought it with them.

“ The world will seem colder each day ;  
 'T is an image those demons but throw ;  
 Cast your pride and your envy away,  
 And the world's seeming coldness will go.  
 O, 't is well to be happy at home,  
 And to *this* your own heart be the door ;  
 Keep it open, and angels may come,  
 And enter, and dwell evermore.”

This is, also, sound doctrine poetically expressed : —

“ THERE 'S A CHARM.

“ There 's a charm too often wanted,  
 There 's a power not understood, —  
 Seeds spring upward as they 're planted,  
 Or for evil, or for good !  
 We forget that charm beguiling,  
 Which the voice of sorrow drowns ;  
 Smiles can oft elicit smiling !  
 Frowning can engender frowns !

“ There 's a temper quick in sowing  
 Care, and grief, and discontent ;  
 Ever first and last in showing  
 More in words than language meant ;  
 Ever restless in its nature,  
 Until sorrows set their seal  
 On each pale and fretful feature,  
 And the hidden depths reveal.

“ If a smile engender smiling,  
 If a frown produce a frown,  
 If our lip — the truth defiling —  
 Can the rose of life cast down :  
 Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,  
 Useless anger to forego ;  
 And bring smiles, like flowers, around us,  
 From which other smiles may grow.”

We have rarely met with any thing in recent verse more redolent of the spirit of the olden time than this choice extract from Mr. Swain's volume.

"SPIRIT OF SONG.

"Thou speak'st of stars, like lovers' eyes,  
That tremble with excess of light ;  
Tell us what star of all the skies  
Can set an honest purpose right,  
What planet aid an upright mind,  
And thou 'lt do something for mankind.

"Thou speak'st of magic tides that flow  
Just as the moon is curved or round ;  
Tell us what tide of earth can show  
Where simple Justice may be found,  
The tide that leaves not truth behind,  
And thou 'lt do something for mankind.

"What fount will keep affection true ?  
What spell will rivet friendship fast ?  
What flower will blighted faith renew,  
And keep hope blooming to the last ?  
O, teach the heart but *these* to find,  
And prove an angel to mankind ! "

Who can tell us something of Henry Alford's history, and why he is not better known ? Read the brief extracts we make from his thin volumes, and find in the wide range of modern English poetry, if possible, deeper tones from the heart. Listen !

"LADY MARY.

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,  
As the lily in the sun :  
And fairer yet thou mightest be,  
Thy youth was but begun :  
Thine eye was soft and glancing,  
Of the deep, bright blue ;  
And on the heart thy gentle words  
Fell lighter than the dew.

"They found thee, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Even as thou hadst been praying,  
At thine hour of rest :

The cold, pale moon was shining  
On thy cold, pale cheek ;  
And the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.

“ They carved thee, Lady Mary,  
All of pure white stone,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
In the chancel all alone :  
And I saw thee when the winter moon  
Shone on thy marble cheek,  
When the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.

“ But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Among the perfect spirits,  
In the land of rest :  
Thou art even as they took thee  
At thine hour of prayer,  
Save the glory that is on thee  
From the Sun that shineth there.

“ We shall see thee, Lady Mary,  
On that shore unknown,  
A pure and happy angel  
In the presence of the throne ;  
We shall see thee when the light divine  
Plays freshly on thy cheek,  
And the resurrection morning  
Hath just begun to break.”

And how beautifully these words of comfort float  
soothingly from his lyre!—

“THE DEAD.

“ The dead alone are great !  
While heavenly plants abide on earth,  
The soil is one of dewless dearth ;  
But when they die, a mourning shower  
Comes down and makes their memories flower  
With odors sweet, though late.

“ The dead alone are fair !  
While they are with us, strange lines play  
Before our eyes, and chase away

God's light : but let them pale and die,  
And swell the stores of memory, —  
There is no envy there.

“ The dead alone are dear !  
While they are here, long shadows fall  
From our own forms, and darken all :  
But when they leave us, all the shade  
Is round our own sad footsteps made,  
And they are bright and clear.

“ The dead alone are blest !  
While they are here, clouds mar the day,  
And bitter snow-falls nip their May ;  
But when their tempest-time is done,  
The light and heat of Heaven's own Sun  
Broods on their land of rest.”

Hearken to another beautiful strain !

“ TO A MOONBEAM, BY OUR FIRESIDE.

“ What dost thou here ?  
A drop of strange, cold light  
After thy airy flight  
Of many a thousand league of sky ?  
Like glowworm, or the sparkling eye  
Of snake, dost thou appear  
By this my nightly fire, among these faces dear.

“ Why art thou come ?  
Is it that night is bleak,  
And thou in vain dost seek  
Some refuge from the chilly wind ?  
And thou no better nook couldst find  
In earth's or heaven's high dome,  
To nestle and be warm, than this our peopled home ?

“ Now thou art gone,  
And all thy light dost shroud  
In some swart-bosomed cloud,  
Or waitest on thy mother dear,  
Bridging her way with opal clear,  
Till vapor there is none,  
And silver-bright she walks her peaceful path alone.

“ Here and away,  
Bound on no great behest,  
A fleeting spark at best



So high is heaven, or I so low,  
 That the least things that come and go  
     My wandering moods obey,  
 In thoughts that linger by me many a busy day."

Two of the most exquisite sonnets in the language are the following, and we do not forget that Wordsworth is preëminent in that department of poesy.

"THE FUNERAL.

"Slowly and softly let the music go,  
 As ye wind upwards to the gray church-tower ;  
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low, —  
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy-flower.  
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,  
 Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew ;  
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood  
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.  
 Lay her all gently in the sacred mould,  
 Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away, —  
 Go to hope's prison, — and from out the cold  
 And solitary gratings many a day  
 Look forth ; 't is said the world is growing old,  
 And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play."

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE. 1

"Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast ; —  
 She heard the call, and came with willing feet ;  
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet  
 For such a bidding to put on her best,  
 She is gone from us for a few short hours  
 Into her bridal-closet, there to wait  
 For the unfolding of the palace-gate,  
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.  
 We have not seen her yet, though we have been  
 Full often to her chamber-door, and oft  
 Have listened underneath the postern green,  
 And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft.  
 But she hath made no answer, and the day  
 From the clear west is fading fast away."

Mr. Bennett has never collected his poems for publication, but we happen to be in possession of a friendly little volume sent across the Atlantic, from which we shall take the liberty of giving two specimens of its author's poetic ability.

We know of nothing in its way more alive with music than the following.

“THE SKYLARK.

- “ Quiverer up the golden air, —  
Nested in a golden earth, —  
Mate of hours when thrushes pair,  
Hedges green, and blooms have birth, —  
Up, thou very shout of joy ;  
Gladness wert thou made to fling  
O'er all moods of earth's annoy, —  
Up, through morning, soar and sing.
- “ Shade by shade hath gloom decreased,  
Westward stars and night have gone,  
Up and up the crimsoning east  
Slowly mounts the golden dawn.  
Up, — thy radiant life was given  
Rapture over earth to fling ;  
Morning hushes, hushed is heaven,  
Dumb to hear thee soaring sing.
- “ Up, — thy utterance silence robs  
Of the ecstasies of earth,  
Dowering sound with all the throbs  
Of its madness, of its mirth ;  
Tranced lies its golden prime,  
Dumb with utter joy ; — O, fling  
Listening air the raptured time,  
Quivering gladness, soar and sing !
- “ Up, — no white star hath the west, —  
All is morning, — all is day ;  
Earth in trembling light lies blest, —  
Heaven is sunshine, — up, away ;  
Up, — the primrose lights the lane, —  
Up, — the boughs with gladness ring ;  
Bent are bright-belled flowers again,  
Drooped with bees, — O, soar and sing !
- “ Ah ! at last thou beat'st the sun,  
Leaving low thy nest of love ;  
Higher, — higher, quivering one,  
Shrill'st thou up and up above ;  
Wheel on wheel, the white day through,  
Might I thus, with ceaseless wing,  
Steep on steep of airy blue  
Fling me up, and soar and sing !

"Spurner of the earth's annoy,  
 Might I thus in heaven be lost! —  
 Like to thee, in gusty joy,  
 O, might I be tempest-tost! —  
 O, that the melodious rain  
 Of thy rapture I might fling  
 Down, till earth should swoon from pain, —  
 Joy, — to hear me soaring sing!

"Yet, high wisdom by thee taught,  
 Were thy mighty rapture mine,  
 While the highest heaven I sought,  
 Naught of earth would I resign;  
 Lost in circling light above,  
 Still my love to earth should fling  
 All its raptures, — still to love  
 Caring but to soar and sing."

And with this keen and glowing tribute from Mr. Bennett's heart to a buried bard, we leave this nest of poet-brethren with our readers.

"SONNET.—TO KEATS.

"O nightingale, thou wert for golden Junes,  
 Not for the gusts of March! — O, not for strife  
 With wind and tempest was thy summer life,  
 Mate of the sultry grasshopper, whose tunes  
 Of ecstasy leap faint up steaming noons,  
 Keen in their gladness as the shrilling fife;  
 With smiles, not sighs, thy days should have been rife, —  
 With quiet, calm as sleeps 'neath harvest-moons;  
 Thee, nature fashioned like the belted bee,  
 Roamer of sunshine, fellow of the flowers,  
 Hiving up honeyed sweets for man, to see  
 No touch of tears in all thy radiant hours;  
 Alas, sweet singer, that thou might'st not live  
 Sunned in the gladness that thou cam'st to give!"

Perhaps neither of the authors whose volumes we have thus briefly mentioned could ever achieve an epic or a tragedy. But what they have written is none the less worthy of a welcome. To indite a song or a sonnet which shall quicken the pulse and warm the heart, — which shall go sounding on into the soul of the reader, and leave, like spring, "no corner of the land untouched," — this is surely an art worth attaining, and one de-

serving the world's best praise. There are occasions in the life of every one when the louder and loftier measures of the lyre sound like discords, "out of tune and harsh." There are pauses in the swift-winged flight of time, when the calmer strains of poesy come with a singular sweetness to the weary, fainting pilgrim. It is for such moments that Swain, and Hervey, and Alford, with others of a kindred genius, are living, to cheer, and soften, and purify with a human tenderness the throbbing heart of man.

J. T. F.

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#### ART. IV.—BARON HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.\*

IF the modesty of an age were commensurate with its ignorance, if its aim were proportioned to its ability to perform, then we might expect that a *Cosmos*, or a sketch of a physical description of the universe, would be among the latest attempts of the human mind. But, in every generation, there have been men of self-confidence, who, elated by the little acquisitions which had been made in positive knowledge, were unable or unwilling to fathom the deep abysses of human ignorance. They have ever been ready to discourse on the structure and workings of this great universe of matter, and expound even the act of creation. By a rich and magical style of description, by poetical fancies, by native vigor of thought, or by a brilliant imagination, they have entranced their readers, and concealed from them the meagreness of the positive information dispensed with their charm. Not only the majestic march of the phenomena of nature, but the origin of this matchless order and harmony, was the object of contemplation and description at an early period of man's intellectual development.

If this array of material things were brought into existence, partly at least, for the delight and study of man,

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\* *Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe*. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTÉ. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1849. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 742.

the human mind has been moulded, without doubt, with principles of perception and thought in harmony with it. The highest intellectual view which man ever gains of nature is when he penetrates to its mechanism. Then he beholds it as an exquisitely ordered, though wonderfully complex machine, animated by manifold forces, and unfolding in quiet accordance with those mechanical laws which are inseparably entwined with his fundamental conceptions of matter and motion in relation to force. Some suppose that these primal conceptions do not grow up spontaneously in the mind, but that they are deductions from experience and observation, so that, if nature had moved on by different laws, reason would not have contradicted this new order of things, but have been developed in harmony with it. Others enlarge the prerogatives of the human mind, and give it sovereignty over all outward impressions. In their view, the general laws of mechanics, as understood by minds most highly cultivated in the science, are necessary truths, and a universe in which they were violated would not be fitted for the education of man. Upon this hypothesis, even, who shall say how much of the development of these ideas must be conceded to the unassisted struggles of the mind itself, and how much is prompted by the kindly suggestions of an indulgent nature, made transparent and luminous in the abundant facts of modern science? Tycho Brahe and Galileo, Descartes and Leibnitz, Huyghens and Newton, rejected, each in his turn, what are now held among the commonplaces of science. What imperfect notions of mechanical principles must Galileo have had at one time, to suppose that a magnetic force was requisite, in some point of external space, to keep the earth poised and pointing ever in the same steadfast direction!

But whatever be the origin of those elementary and far-reaching principles of mechanical reasoning to which we have referred, they alone are not sufficient to reveal the Cosmos to us. These principles teach us the relations which exist between force and its effects, particularly its most remarkable effect, which is motion. Even if the laws of motion are necessary, the forces which produce motion, such as gravitation, for example, are not necessary. They might have been different from what

they are in fact. These forces originate in God and dwell in God. We cannot go beyond this origin, neither can we stop short of it. Physical science discusses, not so much the origin of these forces as the mysterious play of their effects. If the devotee of Science, amazed at her grand developments and exalted by her comprehensive generalizations, pauses to inquire in regard to the stability of this goodly edifice which human reason has constructed, he receives no satisfactory answer except in the idea of God. Those branches of science which are most mature, and are already redolent with their ripened fruits, are best understood when regarded as fragmentary sketches of the plan by which God acts. Whenever, in the course of observation or experiment, new discoveries are made, Science enlarges her ideas of the compass of this plan so as to include the strange facts. The plan of nature has not been infringed, but Science has caught another glimpse of the extent, the beauty, and the significance of this plan. The laws of motion are not violated, but new forces are betrayed to our astonished eyes, the conception of which is sufficient to remove the anomaly and reconcile apparent discrepancies. The human mind rests satisfied with this view of the problem of nature, because it always finds, after a closer scrutiny into the past, or the remote, or the obscure, that these forces, imagined for the present emergency, always existed and always acted, often in the most familiar processes, although their silent and unobtrusive, but irresistible, action was overlooked. Large subdivisions of science are built upon forces whose existence was not suspected half a century ago. These forces, and who shall say what others yet to be discovered, lay concealed in the uncleared fields of science: as the planets Uranus and Neptune were buried in the old star-catalogues of Flamsteed and Lalande, though destined one day to burst on the scientific gaze of the astronomer in all their planetary beauty. Science gives no indications that a single new and permanent force has ever been introduced into the arena, where atom conflicts with atom, not, as man contends with man, to desolate the earth, but rather to fertilize and beautify it. Science does not suggest the suspicion that these curious forces which play such important parts before our eyes

were not present, either free or in a latent state, on the first day of the completed creation. When Humboldt assures us that he has seen the copper-colored children of those Indians who live on the banks of the Orinoco, and who represent the lowest grade of humanity, amuse themselves with the electric pastime of rubbing the husks of certain trailing plants until they are excited sufficiently to attract threads of cotton and bits of bamboo-cane, who does not feel a doubt whether History, which transports us over the highways and through the crowded thoroughfares of science, ever conducts us back to the spot, the time, or the individual to whom belongs the earliest notice of any of her primitive facts?

We may believe that God will adhere to his usual plan in the material universe, as interpreted by the light of science. At the same time, we cannot doubt that he might have chosen a different plan, which, nevertheless, would be in harmony with human conceptions and intelligible to the human reason. If this be true, how presumptuous and unsuccessful must all attempts prove to reproduce the plan of creation by human reason alone, unsustained by a careful study of the universe itself as manifested to the senses! The truths of geometry were reasoned out by the great geometers of antiquity, and the demonstrations of Euclid have survived for the admiration and imitation of all succeeding generations. This method of investigation is suited to the exact sciences, but physical truths cannot be built on such intellectual foundations; even the straightforward processes of the mathematics often mislead when applied to physical questions in which the conditions of the problem are imperfectly apprehended. Those writers who have begun with chaos, and constructed their various cosmogonies from this ancient point of departure, are doomed, as the penalty for their rashness, to encounter at the outset that most difficult of all physical inquiries, the existence of atoms. This, accordingly, was a favorite subject of discussion with the early philosophers. The great idea of the Cosmos was often obscured in their writings by the passion and confusion excited by this conflict in regard to the atomic hypothesis. Still more gloomy was the task of those who, like Epicurus and his poetical commentator Lucretius, recognized in their conceited system

no divine power. Whoever wishes to learn the superiority of the inductive over the speculative method of studying the universe may compare the cosmogony of Hesiod with Sir William Herschel's enlarged views upon the construction of the heavens, or the crude origin which Buffon has assigned to the planetary system with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. And still more, if any one wish to know the value of faith even in intellectual pursuits, he may read the poem of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, and then turn to the hundred and fourth Psalm or the thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Job.

"We are astonished," says Humboldt in reference to the grand representation of the Cosmos contained in the hundred and fourth Psalm, "to find, in a lyrical poem of such a limited compass, the whole universe, the heavens and the earth, sketched with a few bold touches. The calm and toilsome labor of man, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, when his daily work is done, is here contrasted with the moving life of the elements of nature. This contrast and generalization in the conception of the mutual action of natural phenomena, and this retrospection of an omnipresent, invisible power, which can renew the earth or crumble it to dust, constitute a solemn and exalted rather than a glowing and gentle form of poetic creation." — p. 413.

We quote the following passage from Humboldt, in regard to Hebrew poetry in general:—

"The Hebrew poet does not depict nature as a self-dependent object, glorious in its individual beauty, but always as in relation and subjection to a higher spiritual power. Nature is to him a work of creation and order, the living expression of the omnipresence of the Divinity in the visible world. Hence the lyrical poetry of the Hebrews, from the very nature of its subject, is grand and solemn, and when it treats of the earthly condition of mankind, is full of sad and pensive longing." — p. 412.

After the disparaging statement we have made of the speculative opinions of the ancient philosophers on physical science, it must be admitted that occasionally they have anticipated some discovery or generalization of modern science. Nevertheless, we now regard the works of Strabo, Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny (the conclusion of whose immense work was discovered in 1831, and first printed in 1836) with interest, not because we admire or adopt their speculations, but rather that we may ob-



tain possession of facts, to be incorporated into the framework of our own cosmogony.

The tendency to speculate on natural science, rather than to study it, has not been confined to the ancient schools of philosophy. It is not surprising that, in all ages, ingenious and restless minds, impatient of the laborious and slow investigation of the laws of nature by tedious experiments and observations, and disheartened by the comparison of what was done with what remained to be achieved, have attempted to burst the barriers of the inductive method, and to anticipate the discoveries of a later age by a bold guess. The world, too, impatient of going to school so long to Nature, and advancing by gradual steps from her elemental teachings to those profound lessons which she is ever ready to give to the prepared mind, has applauded with sympathizing heart these deliverers from the ancient thralldom. A single happy surmise, which has afterwards been confirmed, is sufficient to outweigh their numerous failures, and to vindicate for them the title of nature's most gifted and prophetic seers. In allusion to such speculations, in which Kepler was fond of indulging, Humboldt makes the following just remarks : —

“ Presentient propositions of this nature, felicitous conjectures of that which was subsequently discovered, excited general interest, whilst none of Kepler's contemporaries, including Galileo, conferred any adequate praise on the discovery of the three laws, which, since Newton and the promulgation of the theory of gravitation, have immortalized the name of Kepler. Cosmical considerations, even when based merely on feeble analogies and not on actual observations, riveted the attention more powerfully then, as they still frequently do, than the most important results of *calculating astronomy*.” — p. 711.

Vast changes have taken place in the condition of the positive sciences during the last two centuries. The principle of a division of labor, so economical in industrial pursuits, has proved of eminent service, also, in the explorations of science. The ambition for universal knowledge is as rare as it is hopeless now. As the horizon enlarges, one subdivision after another is made, and if any one excel in a single department, however narrow, his usefulness no less than his fame exceeds those of any wandering star, be it ever so brilliant. Hence has come

the rapid accumulation of materials for a *Cosmos*, almost overwhelming from their number and variety. It has been estimated that the recent magnetic crusade, undertaken at the solicitation of Humboldt by many of the governments and scientific associations of the Old and New World, and which has been protracted to nine years, will alone furnish at the rate of 1,958,000 observations for every three years of its operation. Here is a chaos, but a totally different one from that which appalled the ancient philosophers. It is the chaos, not of ignorance, but of profuse knowledge. On the first announcement of the work under review, an extraordinary interest was felt by literary and scientific men to look upon a sketch of a physical description of the Universe, drawn by the masterly hand of one so profoundly conversant with all her changing features and so long enamoured with her unfading charms. No one could have approached the task with better preparation than Humboldt. A long life of study and travel, of meditation and experiment, from early dawn to a twilight of old age, had enriched the field of which he was now to reap the late harvest. Perhaps we should qualify some of the remarks already made, in favor of Humboldt. For his labors were expanded over a wide area, without being superficial or inaccurate. There is scarcely a department of natural or physical science on which he has not at some period of his life left his impression. There is hardly a region of the globe which he has not personally explored. The plants and animals of the tropics are no strangers to his eyes, and he is equally at home beneath the constellations of either hemisphere. No one before has surveyed this planet, its surface, its animal and vegetable productions, its contents, its solid and fluid portions, the aerial garment in which it is enveloped, and the heavens which bend over it from pole to pole, with so broad and penetrating a glance. An insatiable thirst for travel, originating, probably, in deeper instincts than those to which Humboldt ascribes it, did not let him rest till he had gazed with scientific curiosity on the wonderful phases of all the different zones.

"In limiting myself," says Humboldt, "to the simple consideration of the incitements to a scientific study of nature, I would not, however, omit calling attention to the fact, that impressions

arising from apparently accidental circumstances often — as is repeatedly confirmed by experience — exercise so powerful an effect on the youthful mind as to determine the whole direction of a man's career through life. The child's pleasure in the form of countries, and of seas and lakes, as delineated in maps; the desire to behold southern stars invisible in our hemisphere; the representation of palms and cedars of Lebanon, as depicted in our illustrated Bibles, — may all implant in the mind the first impulse to travel into distant countries. If I might be permitted to instance my own experience, and to recall to mind the source from whence sprang my early and fixed desire to visit the land of the tropics, I should name George Foster's *Delineations of the South Sea Islands*, the pictures of Hodge which represented the shores of the Ganges and which I first saw at the house of Warren Hastings in London, and a colossal dragon-tree in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin." — pp. 371, 372.

The scientific novelties of Europe were exhausted by Humboldt in his youth, and his attention was early directed to the tropics. Having gone to Spain in 1799, with the intention of entering Africa from that corner, an accident, he tells us, diverted his thoughts from Africa to tropical America. Had it been otherwise, it is not probable that this New World, with all its novel fascinations for the scientific traveller, would have remained for ever unvisited by Humboldt, when once the passion for foreign travel had been kindled in his soul. But it will not, certainly, be hanging too weighty issues upon so trivial a circumstance, if we trace back to the interposition of the court of Madrid in behalf of its Spanish possessions in America, the fulness with which Humboldt has illustrated the geography of the New World, and the prominence which his visit to America assumes among the incidents of his life. No man has done as much to make the physical characteristics of tropical America familiar to mankind all over the world, and his own name, although that of a foreigner, familiar to American ears.

The high aim of all Humboldt's travels and studies we may gather from his own interesting words: —

"The principal impulse by which I was directed was the earnest endeavour to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces." — *Preface*, p. ix.

Unlike most of his predecessors who have cherished the same idea and attempted to execute it, Humboldt was fully alive to its difficulty as well as its grandeur, and was deeply sensible of the preparation it required.

“My intercourse,” he says, “with highly gifted men early led me to discover, that, without an earnest striving to attain to a knowledge of special branches of study, all attempts to give a grand and general view of the universe would be nothing more than a vain illusion.” — *Preface*, p. ix.

After fondly nursing his vast scientific project for half a century, sometimes in hope and not seldom also in despair, but never utterly renouncing it, he feels at last, not that he is ready to write, but that he must write it now or die without seeing it finished. Before committing his thoughts to a permanent form, in which they should address posterity, Humboldt rehearses them, as it were, before the great publics of Paris and Berlin, in lectures delivered in the French and German languages. It was no ordinary gathering where the rich, the powerful, and the learned, in those foci of science and literature, assembled to listen to the living voice of one who had instructed and charmed by his writings for half a century, and to catch the dying tones of the venerable philosopher.

With this brief notice of the history of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, we pass to the work itself. It would be impossible, within moderate limits, to give a complete analysis of its varied contents, — and it is not necessary. We must refer the reader for this to the careful abstracts which the author himself has furnished of his own work. The subject opens with an introduction, in which the author describes in feeling language the diverse ways in which the material universe addresses man as a being of sensation, sentiment, and reason, and the various gratification which it yields to the poet, the natural philosopher, and the childlike gaze of the admiring savage. He depicts in vivid colors, as one who has himself seen and loved it all, the contrasts which this variegated planet might present to a beholder who could look down upon the whole of it, from pole to pole, at a single glance, — here crowned with flowers and basking in the hot sun, there cold and majestic and unapproachable, — in one

spot a garden and in another a wilderness, — its waters either stagnant, or falling in cataracts, or gleaming in the moonbeams, — its vast ocean in one zone racked by tempests, and in another zone frozen as death. He carries the reader through the development of the cosmical idea, from the earliest efforts of intelligence down to this present time, and leads him to observe how it is that the natural philosopher of this generation, while he is not beset by the fears which haunt the imaginations of those who regard nature with superstitious ignorance, has disclosed to his observing eyes other mysteries which challenge his wonder, love, and adoration. In the order in which his subject is arrayed, Humboldt has kept that part of his work which relates to the earth subordinate to the general Cosmos, in which our little planet ought to figure only as a very small unit. But, for obvious reasons, the space allowed to the earth, though less comparatively than in works on physical geography, is still much larger than what is bestowed on all the rest of the Cosmos. While the solar system has offered the finest field for the application of mathematics, physics and chemistry are confined almost exclusively to the earth, so far as they are subjects of human study. Sidereal astronomy, with the exception of the few binary systems which have been reduced under the dominion of mechanics, has advanced only to the condition of natural history. The position, form, color, brightness, whether fixed or changing, of every visible object in the firmament may be registered. But distance has spread a thick veil between our senses and the forces, mechanical, physical, or chemical, organic and inorganic, which are moulding the domestic condition of each body. To our mental gaze each of these stars is like our earth, nay, like our sun, with manifold earths for its dependents; and on each one is marshalled the same array of forces and affinities which we study in this microcosm. So, likewise, the mote which is flying in the sun may contain as much variety as a planet. But neither the one nor the other can be the same to us, with senses constituted on a finite scale, as the planet on which we live, which is neither too small to be minutely studied, nor too distant to manifest its details. Only to the omnipresent and omniscient God, with whom nothing is large or small,

near or remote, can this universe preserve its true proportions. If human reason, assisted by the human senses, were able to draft the skeleton of a Cosmos in which the space expended on the various subjects should be proportioned to their true rank in the universe, how many chapters would be filled up by conjectures, and how many more would exhibit nothing but an awful blank, until another state of existence is attained where the senses are less partial!

The precise aim of Humboldt's work will be best understood from the following quotations, which must disarm the criticism of those who expect from it the complete philosophy of nature:—

“It is not the purpose of this essay on the physical history of the world to reduce all sensible phenomena to a small number of abstract principles, based on reason only. The physical history of the universe, whose exposition I attempt to develop, does not pretend to rise to the perilous abstractions of a purely rational science of nature, and is simply a *physical geography, combined with a description of the regions of space and the bodies occupying them*. Devoid of the profoundness of a purely speculative philosophy, my essay on the *Cosmos* treats of the contemplation of the universe, and is based upon a rational empiricism, that is to say, upon the results of the observations registered by science, and tested by the operations of the intellect. It is within these limits alone that the work, which I now venture to undertake, appertains to the sphere of labor, to which I have devoted myself throughout the course of my long scientific career. This path of inquiry is not unknown to me, although it may be pursued by others with greater success. The unity which I seek to attain in the development of the great phenomena of the universe, is analogous to that which historical composition is capable of acquiring. All points relating to the accidental individualities and the essential variations of the actual, whether in the form and arrangement of natural objects, in the struggle of man against the elements, or of nations against nations, do not admit of being based only on a *rational foundation*; that is to say, of being deduced from ideas alone.” — pp. 29, 30.

And again, near the close of his introduction, Humboldt says:—

“We are still very far from the time when it will be possible for us to reduce, by the operation of thought, all that we perceive by the senses to the unity of a rational principle. It may even be doubted if such a victory could ever be achieved in the field

of natural philosophy. The complication of phenomena, and the vast extent of the Cosmos, would seem to oppose such a result; but even a partial solution of the problem — the tendency towards a comprehension of the phenomena of the universe — will not the less remain the eternal and sublime aim of every investigation of nature.” — p. 58.

The introduction to the Cosmos is followed by a rapid review of the general phenomena of nature. This review starts from the remotest regions of space yet revealed to the exalted senses of man; with those indistinct nebulous patches of light, whence no sound comes to the earth, and whose vast distance might fatigue even the swift light. It then passes over the clusters of stars, the binary and double stars, the solar system, including the comets, till at last it reaches the surface of our own planet, where it begins to loiter. As Science in her grand survey approaches the earth, not only does the eye become more scrutinizing, but other senses are converted into instruments of research. We hear and handle matter, as well as see it; we make experiments, and cross-examine Nature as well as passively observe her. If the recognition of the existence and position of the most distant bodies contented us, we investigate motion in nearer bodies, and in the nearest, all other mechanical or physical peculiarities. But the earth, after all, is man's present home; not the home of his body and his affections merely, but also of his intellect. We may catch infrequent glimpses of the starry hosts, we may study the motions of the comets and planets and a few stars, we may even search with prying eyes into the domestic arrangement of those bodies which come nearest to the earth, but the earth is the only place where we meet Nature face to face and become conversant with all her mysterious windings. On this sphere, all the sciences may display their best capacities. Astronomy and optics may measure and weigh the whole planet, and reveal to us her threefold motion of revolution, rotation, and nutation; mechanics may apply the laws of motion to this superhuman machine; geography may describe the rich surface of the earth; geodesy may measure its inaccessible heights and distances, and triangulate from mountain to mountain across its valleys; geology may plant its fingers beneath the surface, and disclose the journal of the earth's experience in its strati-

fications; zoölogy and botany, physics and chemistry, history and paleontology, may all be employed in the service of teaching us the wonderful play of forces, organic and inorganic, material and spiritual, which have guided the destinies of this planet and its inhabitants from the creation to the present hour. Nothing short of a life lengthened out to fourscore years, and made successful by the steady pursuit of a single elevated end, would have sufficed for gathering the materials requisite for a review of nature as at present interpreted by human science.

The Argus eyes of modern science have made new discoveries, even while the written delineation of nature, however complete, was waiting to be printed and published to the world. The ponderous works of Pliny, Aristotle, and Ptolemy have served the world as magazines and text-books of science for centuries, and given to their authors a dominion over the minds of mankind more enduring far than the empires of Alexander or Cæsar, and no less extensive. At the present day, works of the same description must be rewritten once in ten years, or they will grow obsolete. More planets have been added to the solar system since the first publication of Humboldt's work, in 1845, than were known to Hipparchus, Copernicus, or Newton, and nearly twice as many as had been added for the two thousand years preceding. The gifted translator has not failed to supply by notes, as far as was in her power, this and other unavoidable deficiencies. But she could not clip the wings of discovery. Two more planets have been annexed to the solar system since the publication of her translation. Since the publication of the original, the old systems of satellites have been enlarged and new systems begun, for the first time during the present century. The discovery of the satellite Hyperion by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, is a memorable event in the history of American astronomy, as being the first accession which has been made to man's knowledge of the permanent bodies of the solar system on this western continent.

The translator has furnished a note on the vexed question of the discovery of Neptune, which contrasts most favorably for her with the ungenerous and inaccurate statements of Sir John Herschel in his *Outlines of*



**Astronomy.** After a lucid account of the circumstances which created at first a bare suspicion of the existence of the trespassing planet outside of Uranus, and afterwards a confident belief in it, and of the singular confirmation, in appearance, of Leverrier's prediction by Galle's discovery, the translator adds:—

“As the data of Leverrier and Adams stand at present, there is a discrepancy between the predicted and the true distance, and in some other elements of the planet; it remains, therefore, for these or future astronomers to reconcile theory with fact, or, perhaps, as in the case of Uranus, to make the new planet the means of leading to yet greater discoveries. It would appear from the most recent observations that the mass of Neptune, instead of being, as at first stated,  $\frac{1}{3300}$  of the sun's mass, is only about  $\frac{1}{22000}$ , whilst its periodic time is now given, with a greater probability, at 166 years, and its mean distance from the sun nearly 30.” — pp. 75, 76, note.

She had already stated that the period of Leverrier's predicted planet was 217 years, and its mean distance 36 times the earth's distance from the sun. These astonishing discrepancies, so large as to destroy any identity once supposed to exist between the predicted and discovered planets, were first boldly proclaimed by Professor Peirce, to the American Academy at Boston, on the 16th of March, 1847. This result was hastened by the excellent orbit which had already been calculated for Neptune by Professor S. C. Walker, who conjectured that a star observed by Lalande in 1795, and now missing from his catalogue, might have been this planet. On the 27th of January, 1847, Mr. G. P. Bond communicated to the Academy the circular elements of Neptune, calculated from the observations made at Cambridge. Unless the new planet moved in an orbit much more eccentric than the other large planets, these elements (among which were the distance 30 and the period of 164 years) must approximate closely to the real elements. From these calculations, repeated also by himself, Professor Peirce concluded that the planet Neptune was not the planet to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope, and that it could not account for the observed perturbations of Uranus under the form of the inequalities observed in Leverrier's analysis. But he added,—“It is not, however, a necessary conclusion, that

Neptune will not account for the perturbations of Uranus, for its probable mean distance of about 30 is so much less than the limits of the previous researches, that no inference from them can be safely extended to it."

In the course of a few months, a satellite to Neptune was discovered, the observed orbit of which supplied materials for making a direct and independent calculation of the mass of Neptune. Mr. Peirce made two determinations, differing only five per cent. from each other. The first, and smallest, was based exclusively on Mr. Bond's observations; the second was derived from the collation of Mr. Bond's observations with those of Lassell, the discoverer of the satellite. Both made the mass of Neptune only one half as large as Leverrier's theoretical disturber, and only one third as large as the analytical planet of Adams. They are considerably smaller than the mass calculated by Struve from the Pulkova observations, although that is less than half as large as the mass of Adams's theory. Sir John Herschel has adopted the largest of Peirce's estimates, in his elements of the planet Neptune. By common consent, the mass of Neptune, the period of his revolution, the size and shape of his orbit, are totally unlike those of either of the predicted planets, and fully justify the early declaration of Mr. Peirce, that the discovery of a planet by Galle, in the same spot of the heavens to which Leverrier had requested the telescope to be pointed for his own geometrical planet, was a happy accident. For what can identify a planet, if not its mass and its motions? In these respects, there is as much difference between the expected and the real planet as between Saturn and Jupiter. A whole generation of man is not long enough to measure the difference in their periods of revolution, and three times the breadth of the earth's orbit is not too large to express the difference in their distances from the sun.

We have always thought the issue between Leverrier and Peirce a plain one. There are two circumstances which have naturally created a presumption in Leverrier's favor. In the first place, there is the history of the facts relating to the discovery of Neptune, which took all hearts by storm. This, however, is not the only time, even in science, that, in looking for one thing, another has been found. In the second place, it appears that

Neptune will explain the perturbations of Uranus better even than the other planet, if that mass is given to it which was calculated from Mr. Bond's observations on the satellite. This was admirably shown by Mr. Peirce, in his communication to the Academy on the 7th of March, 1848. The troublesome observation of 1690, which Adams could not explain within 50", and Leverrier within 19", was accounted for in Mr. Peirce's theory to less than one second. So, then, it is urged, not only was a planet discovered where Leverrier directed astronomers to look for it, but the very planet which disturbs Uranus. Must it not, then, be the predicted planet? This objection to Mr. Peirce's view of the discovery is a plausible one, and we are not surprised at the weight which has been allowed to it. For it is a case where more time and thought are needed to understand the answer to the objection, than to understand the objection itself. But to those who will give the time and thought, the answer is perfectly satisfactory.

It is to be observed that the predicted planet was not strictly in the same place as the discovered planet, but merely in the same direction from the earth. The moon every night comes into the same direction from the earth as some one or more of the stars. But no one on this account confounds the moon with those stars. They are in the same direction, but not in the same place. One is billions of miles beyond the other. So on the night of Galle's discovery, though the expected and discovered planets were both in the direction of the telescope, they were not in the same place; one was many millions of miles beyond the other. If this difference in their position had been perpendicular to the visual ray, instead of being parallel to it, the real body would not have been in the field of the telescope when it was pointed to the ideal one, and the discovery would not have been made. Who, then, would have said that Leverrier's calculation was successful? Yet, in this supposed case, the difference between the geometrical and the observed planet would have been no greater than it is now. The real and the ideal planet both move so slowly, that, when once in the same direction, they will remain so sensibly for many days. But take them at this moment, or take them two years or more before the discovery was made,

and they are not in the same direction. How can it be said that Leverrier had ascertained by geometry, and in his study, without looking to the heavens, the orbit of an unknown body, if his theory was good for 1846, and would not have been good for any year before or since? Herschel is disposed to sacrifice a large part of the triumph of Leverrier for the sake of saving a little. It was not, he says, the intention of Leverrier's problem, "from such obviously uncertain indications as the observed discordances could give, to determine as astronomical quantities the axis, eccentricity, and mass of the disturbing planet, but practically to discover where to look for it; when, if once found, these elements would have been far better ascertained." This ingenious specimen of special pleading is not creditable to the illustrious explorer of the astronomy of two hemispheres. The suggestion is refuted by the following remarks of Leverrier, which were uttered at a time when he and all the world with him were dazzled and delighted by the brilliancy of his apparent success:—"We may hope, that, after thirty or forty years of observations of the new planet, we shall be able to use it in turn to discover that which stands next to it in order of distance from the sun. And so on. Unhappily, we shall soon fall upon stars, invisible in consequence of their immense distance from the sun, but whose orbits, eventually, in the lapse of ages, will be traced with great accuracy by the theory of secular inequalities." Because Professor Peirce has assumed that Leverrier undertook to do as much as this in the single case of Neptune, Sir John Herschel charges him with a total misconception of the nature of the problem. In another place Herschel intimates that Leverrier's calculations only had reference to one favorable moment; if they were true for that epoch, it was all he claimed for them. Indeed, a part of his rare merit consisted in foreseeing and seizing the happy time. "The blossom had been watched with interest in its development, and the fruit was gathered in the very moment of maturity." Facts do not warrant any such statement. Both Adams and Leverrier took up the problem at a time when it was exciting general attention among astronomers; they finished it as soon as they could, and they looked for the planet as soon as the calculation was finished. If the

year 1846 was propitious for them, they knew nothing of it beforehand.

The other circumstance which we mentioned as misleading the judgment of many on this subject is the fact that the discovered planet is the body which disturbs Uranus. As Leverrier was hunting for the body which disturbed Uranus, why was not this body the one which Leverrier was looking for? It must certainly be, unless there may be two very different bodies, either of which would produce the same effect on Uranus as the other. There are whole classes of problems in mathematics, in which there are two answers, each of which is equally well suited to the conditions. This was the case with the problem which Leverrier undertook to solve. It had two very different answers. There were two planets, either of which, if it existed, would explain the derangements in the motions of Uranus. Geometrically considered, either was possible, and, it may be, equally possible. Physically speaking, one was impossible: which was it? Guided by the analogy improperly called Bode's law, Leverrier pronounced in favor of one; whereas the physical discovery now shows that God had created the other. As a mathematician, Leverrier knew that there were two solutions to the problem. But placing too much confidence in an analogy already partially disproved, Leverrier turned his back at the outset upon one as a physical impossibility, and gave all his attention to the other. This decision does not affect the accuracy of his geometrical theory, for it was a decision in which geometry had no part. But it makes the theory inapplicable to the existing state of nature. These remarks, we think, are sufficient to show that the discovery of a planet which accounts for the disturbances of Uranus is no proof, by itself, that it is the predicted planet. On the contrary, the discovered planet is one which Leverrier deliberately rejected as physically incredible, and unworthy of farther examination. This, as we have said, was a mistake of judgment, and no fault of his mathematics. If he had allowed himself to entertain the idea of its existence, and had calculated its effects, he would have obtained the other solution to his problem, and entitled himself to the high distinction of having geometrically discovered a new planet before it had ever been seen by the tele-

scope. The perturbations assume so novel a character, under the actual distance of Neptune, compared with what they wear in Leverrier's supposed distance, that the same methods of investigation which apply to the latter are not available for the former. Sir John Herschel has attempted to show, by a little numerical calculation, that, at some particular epochs, the disturbing force of the real planet, with its smaller mass and distance, will be nearly equal to that of the predicted planet, with its larger mass and distance, the greater mass balancing the greater distance. So much even as this is not true, if Peirce's mass, which best explains the disturbances of Uranus and which Herschel himself elsewhere adopts, is employed. If it were true, it would be nothing to the purpose. Mr. Peirce has conceded much more than this, viz. that Leverrier's analysis was correct, and that the predicted planet, if it existed, would explain the disturbances of Uranus; but he has also shown that the perturbations produced by the two bodies are altogether different in amount. This apparent paradox is explained by the consideration, that the geometer starts, not with the real orbit of Uranus, but with its disturbed orbit. Now, one class of disturbances, exerted upon a certain real orbit, will change it to the disturbed orbit actually observed; and a wholly different class of disturbances, acting upon a different orbit, will convert that also into the disturbed orbit which is actually observed. Any attempt to temporize, by confounding the two planets together, by merging the two solutions into one, or by representing that the original end proposed in the investigation was not to find with geometrical rigor the orbit of the planet, but simply to discover within loose limits the direction of the planet at one particular time, must, if successful, sacrifice the permanent reputation of Leverrier as a geometer to a moment's popular applause.

The discoveries which have been made, even in the single science of astronomy, since the publication of Humboldt's work, are not limited to individual objects. Laws and principles of motion have been discovered, which, if they have not yet been rigidly demonstrated, have the character of high probability. Hitherto, attempts have been made, but in vain, to discover a law which should connect the periods of rotation of the

planets with one another, or with some other of their astronomical elements. At length Mr. Kirkwood has sent forth, from his quiet retreat in Pennsylvania, an analogy, discovered by himself, which forcibly reminds us of the form, as well as the history, of Kepler's third law. The celebrated law of Kepler states that the squares of the periods of revolution of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Kirkwood's law makes the squares of the periods of rotation of the planets inversely as the cubes of their spheres of attraction. From the insufficiency and inaccuracy of existing data in regard to the periods and masses of the planets, it is not possible to say, at this time, whether this remarkable announcement, made to the American Scientific Association during their late meeting at Cambridge, will meet with that exact numerical confirmation which is demanded of a law of nature. But present appearances are decidedly in its favor.

We will dwell no longer on these unavoidable deficiencies of Humboldt's work. That part which we have been reviewing, though often heavy from the great variety of subjects discussed and the vast number of facts detailed, will be a valuable magazine of information, and will furnish to the American reader particularly such statements and authorities as are least familiar to him. German works, which are rare in this country or only known by their title, are freely used by Humboldt. If the English reader does not meet always with the favorite authors in his own tongue, he incurs no loss thereby, as they are easily accessible to him elsewhere. We can spare the investigations of Bailly on the earth's density, if we are presented with those of Reich; we can afford to exchange the meteorological researches of Reid, Redfield, and Espy for those of Dove and Kämpitz; we know where to go for the calculations of Peirce and Walker on the meteors (or star-snuff, as the Germans call them), and are satisfied with Humboldt's account of the researches of Olbers, Chladni, Brandes, and Benzenberg in this department. We intend here to make no criticism upon his work, but only to call attention to a general and natural fact. A startling discovery, wherever made, is instantly circulated on all the winds. But it is not so

with the humble labors which fill out the daily life of the larger number of the students of nature. Each radiates out and illuminates his little sphere, but few of his beams travel over the whole earth. At one time, the science and literature of each country were isolated by the general wars of Europe. But the barrier of a foreign language is greater than that of war, greater than that which the broad ocean has thrown up between Europe and America. An English work costs the American republisher nothing; a German or French book must be taxed with the cost of being translated. If men of science were as familiar with the foreign languages of Europe as with their mother tongue, the whole difficulty would not be removed. Our libraries must be enlarged, and their alcoves must be filled with the oldest and newest publications in every language. Those who are fresh from foreign travel may be familiar for a time with the science and literature of remote circles; but a second visit, after a few years, teaches them how soon and how far they fall into arrears. Our libraries must be frequently replenished, or our men of science and our scholars will be ignorant of what is doing in their favorite departments. We do not wish to make any disparaging comparisons in regard to the scientific value of different countries. We only mean to say, that the man of science, wherever his lot is cast, will naturally recur most frequently to his own small circle, and dwell longest in it, and therefore needs all the encouragement which books can give to take larger views. The work of Humboldt may be valuable to us by breaking down whatever is local or partial in our science, and opening our eyes upon a wider horizon.

In the course of this summary of all the sciences, in which Humboldt had the advantage, not only of his own extensive learning, but also of that of the distinguished scholar W. Humboldt, his brother, much light, which, if not wholly new, has not been generally diffused, has been cast on the history of inventions and discoveries, and the first origin of remarkable facts has been pushed farther back upon the past. Seneca was acquainted with the transparency of the tails of comets, and Democritus had seen stars in the midst of the solid nucleus. The articulated form of Europe, to which it owes, in part, its lead in human civilization, was pointed out by Strabo, who has



also, in a passage overlooked by the Spanish writers of Columbus's age, distinctly affirmed the existence of a new continent between the western shores of Europe and the eastern shores of India. Antiquarian researches prove that Manæchmes knew the properties of conic sections, and that Rufus of Ephesus distinguished between nerves of sensation and motion. It is mentioned in a single inscription, that in Abyssinia, under an equatorial sun, snow exists at great elevations, in which the traveller sinks to his knees. This notice preceded by fifteen hundred years the discovery of the same fact in America. Humboldt quotes from the unpublished work of Jacobi, on the mathematical knowledge of the Greeks, a passage in which the author comments on "the profound consideration of nature evinced by Anaxagoras, in whom we read with astonishment a passage asserting that the moon, if its centrifugal force ceased, would fall to the earth like a stone from a sling." A more careful exploration into Chinese and Arabian literature has modified the history of discoveries comparatively modern. According to Sedillot, the moon's disturbance, called the variation, the discovery of which is usually attributed to Tycho Brahe, is mentioned by Abul Wefa in his *Almagest*. Biot, however, refers the allusion of the Arab to a part of the disturbance called evection. Gunpowder was not discovered by the Arabs, but was used to blast rocks in the Harz Mountains two hundred years before the time of Berthold Schwarz. Before the time of Vasco de Gama, the compass was used in European seas; and previous to the poem of Guyot in the twelfth century it was known to the Arabs, who received it from the Chinese. In the second century before Christ, magnetic cars are described as having been used in China nine hundred years before; in the fourth century of our era, the Chinese used the needle to navigate their seas. The old way of imparting magnetism to iron by hammering it goes back to the third century. Humboldt does not claim for Columbus the discovery of the variation of the needle; (that must have been noticed even in the Mediterranean;) but the discovery of the line of no variation in the Atlantic Ocean. He also corrects the statement of Gassendi, who said that the sheets of Copernicus were brought to his bedside a few *hours* before he died, instead of days. Humboldt has given many

details in regard to the invention of the telescope, and its early use in discovering Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the solar spots, which will be interesting to the historian of science. He mentions with approbation the opinion of Arago, that "the only rational and just method of writing the history of science is to base it exclusively on works the date of whose publication is certain. All beyond this must be confused and obscure." Humboldt quotes the following sentence from Apelt's recent work:—"The remarkable law of the distances, which is usually known under the name of Bode's law, (or that of Titius,) is the discovery of Kepler, who, after many years of persevering industry, deduced it from the observations of Tycho de Brahe." Bode said that it was first suggested to him by a note to Titius's translation of the "*Contemplation de la Nature*," by Bonnet. Occasionally Humboldt indulges in personal reminiscences which are always interesting. We seem to read with him the following inscription on the marble tablet of the old Jesuits' College at Quito:—"Penduli simplicis æquinocialis unius minuti secundi archetypus, mensuræ naturalis exemplar, utinam universalis." Speaking of the once common notion of a subterranean world inside of the earth, inhabited by plants and animals, Humboldt says:—"Near the north pole, at 82° latitude, whence the polar light emanates, was an enormous opening, through which a descent might be made into the hollow sphere, and Sir Humphrey Davy and myself were even publicly and frequently invited by Captain Symmes to enter upon this subterranean expedition."

The second volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is divided into two parts. The first recites the various incitements to a study of nature, and the second recalls the most conspicuous phases in the history of the physical contemplation of the universe. The poetical delineation of nature, landscape-painting, and the cultivation of exotic plants, are dwelt upon as furnishing the strongest stimulus to the study of nature. Poetical descriptions of nature abound in every literature. Deep-seated peculiarities of race, the physiognomy of the country, and the form of religious belief, have been instilled into these descriptions. In one book they are elaborately drawn out, in another we find a few incidental touches; sometimes it is science

clothed simply in the forms of poetry; again, it is the spirit of poetry, which fires the soul. Now we have a few touching lines, with which the poet aims to grace a scene which has been made memorable by some act of heroism or devotion; or by which he attempts to hide the deformity of a spot which has been cursed by human passions. Once it was the effusion of sentimentalism, then it was the offspring of fatalism, and not seldom it has been the outpouring of the Christian heart which looks behind nature to its God. These poetical descriptions often produce the greatest effect when least didactic.

Nature appeals to the human heart in many tones. She addresses man as a rational being, who can understand her harmonies and enjoy her nice obedience to geometrical rules. She addresses him also as a moral and religious being, who came from the same Creator that fashioned her own fair forms. If we exclude from our idea of Nature man and God, if we study only her order and harmony, and forget that here is the home of man and the manifestation of God, how much of her fascination would she retain, even for the man of science? Those who have stirred the world most profoundly by their descriptions of nature, have blended with them the pursuits of agriculture, the struggles of the pioneer, the dangers of the sailor, or the still watches of the astronomer. The heathen painted nature as the background to project the deeds of man; the Christian does it to glorify the works of God. A passion for Nature, such as is nurtured by poetical delineations of her charms, is not confined to the tender and retiring; it animated the brave heart of Columbus more even than ambition or any sterner passion. Humboldt pays a beautiful tribute to the tenderness which graced the character of that unlettered seaman; he also calls attention to the same loving spirit which cheered the hearts of the early Christian martyrs. Humboldt's own fondness for nature was not cold and scientific, but overflowing with sentiment.

Poetical descriptions of nature should not be undervalued for the information they convey. As Newton calculated the figure of the earth without moving from his arm-chair, so we, through the medium of good books, may behold with our mental vision the natural scenery of all latitudes.

Humboldt remarks that, among the ancients, as nature was subordinate to real life, so painting was subordinate to sculpture. He considers the seventeenth century as the great epoch of landscape-painting. The hope is indulged that, at some future day, when artificial social distinctions have ceased and free governments have been established, the cities of South America, which stand fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from this novel position behold Nature under phases so different from those she wears in Greece, Italy, or any part of Europe, will give birth to a new spirit of art, to commemorate the scenes which have created it.

The third incitement to the study of nature which Humboldt particularly describes is the cultivation of exotic forms. The rich and powerful, in all nations, have delighted to collect around them the wonders of distant lands for the purposes of ornament or science. Humboldt discredits the story that Philip and Alexander, in their magnificent patronage of Aristotle, appropriated eight hundred talents as presents, and supported by the thousand collectors of specimens, overseers of fish-ponds, and bird-keepers. The Emperor Augustus, it is said, made the first collection of fossils. We quote the following from Humboldt, in regard to the amount of influence to be expected from these things:—

“I have already alluded to the subject of my own youthful experience, and mentioned that the sight of a colossal dragon-tree and of a fan palm in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin implanted in my mind the seeds of an irresistible desire to undertake distant travels. He who is able to trace through the whole course of his impressions that which gave the first leading direction to his whole career, will not deny the influence of such a power.”—p. 458.

Even this great influence he considers secondary, in general, to that of landscape-painting.

“It undoubtedly enters within the compass of landscape-painting, to afford a richer and more complete picture of nature than the most skilfully arranged grouping of cultivated plants is able to present, since this branch of art exercises an almost magical command over masses and forms. Almost unlimited in space, it traces the skirts of the forests till they are wholly lost in the aerial distance, dashes the mountain torrent from cliff to cliff, and spreads the deep azure of the tropical sky alike over the summits

of the lofty palms and over the waving grass of the plain that bounds the horizon. The luminous and colored effect imparted to all terrestrial objects by the light of the thinly veiled or pure tropical sky gives a peculiar and mysterious power to landscape-painting, when the artist succeeds in reproducing this mild effect of light. The sky in the landscape has, from a profound appreciation for the nature of Greek tragedy, been ingeniously compared to the charm of the *chorus* in its general and mediative effect." — p. 459.

These incitements and others like them — such as panoramas, engravings of plants and animals, which increase in influence with the progress of civilization, and, by a complicated law of action and reaction, tend to promote the high culture so favorable to their own free development — outweigh all merely sensual advantages, which tempt sometimes to luxurious reverie, but seldom to thoughtful meditation. The laws of meteorology have not been worked out by the dwellers in tropical zones, who behold these laws disentangled of those perturbative influences which mask their normal operation in higher latitudes, but by the clear intellect of the North, evolving order from the apparent disorder which surrounds it, or leaving its home to study them under more auspicious circumstances. The physiognomy of the globe, and the relations of plants and animals to climate, have not been elaborated by those who, from the mountain slopes of the equator, see always the whole variety of the earth's surface hung as upon a curtain before their eyes; but how much more by those who in their painful travels have caught momentary glimpses of this reduced picture, or have compiled it from scattered observations in different latitudes! The constellations of heaven have not been registered by those whose horizon spans them all, from pole to pole; but the bold navigator, geographer, and astronomer from the hardy North have braved the perils of sea and land to regale their eyes on the nebulae of Southern skies, or catch one sight of that beautiful Cross of Stars, (so full of promise to the old Catholic missionary,) the upper extremity of which was once visible from the North of Europe and America (twenty-nine hundred years before the Christian era), but which has sunk, not to reappear again for many thousand years, beyond the reach of all Northern observatories. The

most profound investigations into the movements of the heavenly bodies have not been made under transparent skies, where the mildness of the climate rendered the midnight watch comfortable, and even pleasant. But the triumphs in this royal science which have been achieved at Greenwich, the Cape of Good Hope, Dorpat, Abo, Pulkova, in spite of fogs, clouds, and cold, proclaim the superiority of the soul which has been touched by the true spirit of science above all external advantages.

The largest portion of the second volume of the *Cosmos* is devoted to the notice of the remarkable events, discoveries, and inventions, which, from time to time, have given a sudden impulse to the civilization of mankind, by facilitating the intercourse between remote parts of the earth, diffusing knowledge, enlarging the boundaries of science, and spreading new harvests among the immeasurably distant and the insignificantly minute objects of sight, which had, for the first time, been brought within reach of the exalted senses of man. Many of these events have left indelible footprints in the world's history, and have so often been commemorated that old and young know them by heart. At an early period, human civilization rallied around the basin of the Mediterranean and the waters which flow into it. The campaigns of the Macedonians, which, according to Humboldt, became, by the influence of Aristotle, scientific expeditions in the strictest sense, — the patronage of the Ptolemies, whose name is now associated with the whole incoherent mass of ancient astronomical systems, — the universal dominion of the Romans, who held the four corners of the earth together by a bond only broken by the solvent power of Christianity, when she proclaimed in deeper tones and with a purer spirit the brotherhood of all nations, — the irruption of the Arabs, who, if in the frenzy of conquest they burned the Alexandrian library and heated four thousand baths for six months with the cinders (a myth, as Humboldt thinks, though Gibbon indorses it), made ample reparation to the world by their later cultivation of astronomy, optics, chemistry, and botany, — these are the important events which bring us by vast strides down to that period in the history of modern Europe when oceanic discoveries doubled the number of known continents; when the telescope revealed the earthy character

of the planets, and multiplied the stars as the sands of the sea. The exaggerated opinion which Columbus held in regard to the easterly extension of the old continents, and the under-estimate by one hundred degrees which he consequently formed of the distance round the globe, from the eastern shores of Asia to the western shores of Europe, emboldened him to trust his hopes to the ocean. The discovery of America affected the intellectual wealth as much, perhaps, as the material resources and the political equilibrium of the Old World. Navigation, geography, astronomy, botany, meteorology, leaped forward with elastic spirits and renovated strength. While Galileo was exploring the heavens, the monks of the very Church which persecuted him were taking observations on the thermometer at the convents. So great has been the advance in astronomy, physics, and the natural sciences, as well as in general intellectual growth, since that period, that it is not easy to believe that only two hundred years have elapsed since Bacon proclaimed his *Novum Organum*; since Newton and Leibnitz invented their wonderful calculus; since the science of dynamics was created and applied to the law of gravitation; since the telescope and the microscope, the air-pump and electrical machine, the barometer and thermometer, the pendulum and the chronometer, and all those other matchless implements of art by which science is studied and illustrated, were poured upon an admiring world. At the present day science is not dependent, as formerly, on the invention of a new instrument, the prevalence of a system, or favorable political events, for its advancement, but it throws forward new outposts in every direction from its own inherent life and activity.

The discovery of America, the invention of the telescope and the infinitesimal analysis, and the general adoption of the Baconian method of investigation, have probably, more than any thing else, contributed to the growth of true ideas in relation to the Cosmos. Few persons will be disposed to question the preëminence which Humboldt has given to the telescope above all other external appliances which have assisted man in his study of the universe. Great as are the achievements of this wonder-working tube, which transports the observer, without loss of time, to regions never gazed on till now

by mortal eyes, and exalts the sense of vision above reason or imagination in its space-penetrating power, still it may be doubted whether, after all, this or any other single invention can compare with the pendulum in services rendered, not to science alone, but to the civilization of man. The discovery of the isochronism of the vibrations of the pendulum, and its recommendation to the measurement of time, which are usually attributed to Galileo, had really been made in the tenth century by Ebn-Junis, who used it, independently of clock-work, for this purpose. If the usefulness of the pendulum stopped here, it would not be easy to over-estimate its importance. Astronomy is sometimes defined as the science that treats of the relations of space and time, which are associated together by motion; and for both these important elements we rely upon the pendulum. The astronomer does not measure directly the distance from one point to another upon the concave sphere; for he can calculate it better by the time in which it is passed over by bodies whose velocity is known. The distances of the heavenly bodies from the earth are also ascertained by time and motion. The absolute determination of these distances is based on the measurement of the sun's distance made at the last transit of Venus, and this measurement was deduced from the time which Venus occupied in crossing the sun, as it appeared at remote parts of the earth. The precision with which we can see the place of a star in the telescope would be useless, were it not for the equal precision with which we can tell the time when it was in that place by means of the pendulum. The telescope reveals to us the existence of new bodies, and, perhaps, also their shape, color, and brightness, and the fact of a motion. But the telescope alone would overwhelm us with its multiplicity of objects, which are the subjects of science, but not science itself. The pendulum assigns the time and place of each one of this countless host, and thus educes law and harmony out of chaos. The telescope alone could only give us glowing sensations. The pendulum seems to embody the prerogatives of reason, and preside over the deliberations of science with the dignity of a judge. If the pretensions of the pendulum are so high, even in astronomy, where the telescope has its legitimate sphere, how shall



we find it in those investigations which have reference to the earth? Not only does the pendulum beat off the seconds for our ordinary human affairs, but it measures the earth, and also tells us where we are upon it. The shape and weight of the earth, and consequently the weight of all other bodies in the solar system, are determined by means of the pendulum, and the pendulum alone. The pendulum alone, in the hands of skilful experimenters, as Cavendish, Baily, or Reich, is delicate enough to show the ratio between the earth's density and that of lead, or some other familiar substance; the pendulum alone, under the guidance of consummate philosophers, as Newton and Bessel, is nice enough to assure us that all substances converge together by the same universal law of attraction. The length of the seconds pendulum is now the almost universal unit of measure in commercial and scientific transactions. It has been selected because it is invariable and recoverable. The length of the seconds pendulum will not alter, until the earth's rotation is altered in velocity, or the quantity of matter in the planet is disturbed, or its force of attraction decays; and should the material representative of this unit be lost, it can be recovered by the same scientific process by which it was first obtained. The pendulum promises to transmit to a late posterity a faithful record of the fundamental elements of physical science, in the discovery of which it has taken so conspicuous a part.

We have passed in hasty review the several departments into which the author of the *Cosmos* has divided his work. We learn, from one of the concluding passages, that another volume still awaits us to complete the subject. We cannot say that we yet fully understand the plan of the work, or the conception of its author. So far as we have gained an insight into the idea of Humboldt, his design in the first volume is to give detached sketches of the attainments as yet made in the various departments of scientific inquiry; and, in the second, to show how each age has progressed towards the realization of the idea of the *Cosmos*, with what incitements it has been cheered on, and the events, scientific, moral, and political, which have imparted to it a sudden impulse. "The third and last portion of my work will, for the better elucidation of the picture of nature, set forth those results of obser-

vation on which the present condition of scientific opinions is principally based."

The obscurity to which we have alluded is not confined to the general plan of the work, but frequently occurs in single passages, especially where the author surrenders himself to speculative views of a German tinge, for which the English mind and language are ill adapted. The style of the author is rambling; one thought brings out another from his full mind; one fact suggests another, till, finally, both he and his reader are led aside from the main topic, and must retrace their steps abruptly, if happily they return at all. The book has all the formality of a plan, but it is essentially without method. Without an index, which the original does not possess, but which is supplied in two of the English translations, it would be impossible to tell in what portion to look for a fact, or subject, or opinion, which the book is known to contain. In some places, the reader will find subjects united which have little natural affinity, and in other cases he must turn from one volume to the other to get the whole of a single subject; as if, after the original solidification, the mass had been mechanically ruptured, and fragments of one crystal were imbedded in the interstices of another of a different character. These are great imperfections in the work, even if they are the faults of a crystal. Moreover, we feel the want of some leading idea from the author's powerful mind, moulding every thing and transforming every thing according to its own image, and thus giving compactness and unity to the multifarious details of which he treats. There is much in the work irrelevant to the subject, or remotely allied to it, and it abounds in repetitions of the same fact or idea.

It is more agreeable to speak of the excellences than of the defects of a work. The distinguished author of the *Cosmos* brought to it a mind overflowing with learning, and a heart delicately, and sometimes even painfully, attuned to the faintest whisperings of nature. The descriptive portions abound in passages which vividly recall the charm of earlier, but not forgotten works. There is often a happy blending of accurate information with a felicity and sometimes even brilliancy of expression. Everywhere the author proves that he has contemplated Nature with the poet's eye, as well as studied her with the

severe and staring gaze of science. He also proves that he has learned the hard lesson of preferring the truth to his own opinion or scientific reputation. Having been actively engaged for many years in the advancement of science in more than one of its departments, he has occasionally come into friendly collision with the views and investigations of his contemporaries. The frankness with which he accepts the corrections of others when he thinks himself wrong, and the fairness with which he states them, even if he does not adopt them, are a crown of honor to the philosopher of fourscore years. Still, we may be allowed to doubt whether the *Cosmos* will increase, or even sustain, the exceedingly high reputation of its author. Many readers, we believe, will lay the book down at the conclusion with a feeling of disappointment, and many more will break off from it unfinished. The work has already, we understand, been abridged and rewritten by a German professor, to adapt it to the average comprehension even of German readers. It has been said of Humboldt by one of his compeers, that he could do any thing great in science but write a book. The tide of his thoughts rises too high and rapidly for the clear and gentle flowing of his pen.

In the information which the *Cosmos* furnishes, and as a work of reference, few books of any age will stand before it. But we cannot agree with those who consider the *Cosmos* the great work of the age. For the charm with which it is read, for the high ideas which it awakens, for the impulse which it gives to speculative science, for the influence which it exerts now, and for the admiration with which it will be quoted hereafter, when much of what is faith in regard to it will have become sight, we have no hesitation in placing the *Vestiges of the Creation*, with all the errors and assumptions in which it abounds, before the *Cosmos*.

In a journal which bears, like our own, the epithet "Christian," and in which learning and science have no claim to speak except as the servants of religion, it may not be inappropriate to say a word in regard to the influence which the *Cosmos* of Humboldt promises to exert on the faith of mankind. An eminent writer has it in his power to affect the religious faith of the world, not merely by what he says, but almost as much by his

silence. Hence the interest which has been expressed to know how Humboldt has acquitted himself in this matter. In more than one place he refers with all the seriousness of a sincere believer to the mild doctrines of Christianity, to the beneficial effect they produced on the social freedom of mankind, and to the expansion in men's views of nature which followed their introduction into the world. "Christianity," he says, "has materially contributed to call forth this idea of the unity of the human race, and has thus tended to exercise a favorable influence on the *humanization* of nations in their morals, manners, and institutions" (p. 567). And a little farther on:—

"In delineating the great epoch of the history of the universe, which includes the dominion of the Romans and the laws which they promulgated, together with the beginning of Christianity, it would have been impossible not to direct special attention to the manner in which the religion of Christ enlarged these views of mankind, and to the mild and long-enduring, although slowly operating, influence which it exercised on general intellectual, moral, and social development." — p. 568.

And elsewhere:—

"It was ordained in the wonderful decrees by which the course of events is regulated, that the Christian sects of Nestorians, which exercised a very marked influence on the geographical diffusion of knowledge, should prove of use to the Arabs, even before they advanced to the erudite and contentious city of Alexandria, and that, protected by the armed followers of the creed of Islam, these Nestorian doctrines of Christianity were enabled to penetrate far into Eastern Asia." — p. 578.

We regret that there are a few other passages, which may be considered trifling, if nothing worse is said of them. For instance, Humboldt says in a note:—

"Amongst the numerous examples that have been recently observed of perturbations occurring simultaneously and extending over wide portions of the earth's surface, and which are collected in Sabine's important work, (*Observations of Unusual Magnetic Disturbance*, 1843,) one of the most remarkable is that of the 25th of September, 1841, which was observed at Toronto in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Prague, and partially in Van Diemen's Land. The English Sunday, on which it is deemed sinful after midnight on Saturday to register an observation, and to follow out the great phenomena of nature in their perfect de-

velopment, interrupted the observations in Van Diemen's Land, where, in consequence of the difference of the longitude, the magnetic storm fell on the Sunday." — pp. 170, 171.

Discreditable as the latter part of this note is to its author, the suppression of the offensive passage in Mrs. Sabine's translation would have been wholly unwarrantable, were we not told, in one of the later editions, that it was done at Humboldt's request, on the ground that he was mistaken in the fact. Had the fact been even as Humboldt at first supposed, it would not justify his slur upon an excellent English custom, which the scientific men of the rest of Europe would do well to imitate. In most professions, men do not wait a whole week for rest, but find it every night. Such is not always the case with the observer. His sleep is broken, and his profession is in the last degree exhausting and harassing. Surely, if any one stands in need of a weekly day of rest, it is he. It is a fallacy to conclude, that, when a man is engaged all the week in following out the great phenomena of creation in their perfect development, he has therefore no occasion for a quiet season in which he may withdraw his thoughts from their ordinary channels, and ascend from nature up to nature's God. Whoever has read the history of science knows that ambition, selfishness, uncharitableness, and all other sins, have disturbed the breasts of its devotees quite as much as those of other men. We are not of those who think that the pursuits of science tend necessarily to estrange the heart from God, by removing from nature the mystery which awes and subdues other men; neither do we believe that science always leads to religion, much less that the pursuit of science is religion. Science has its conceit as well as ignorance; and conceit often leads to unbelief. There are operations of nature which startle the savage, but excite no wonder in the philosopher, because he knows that they are only remarkable cases under general laws. But both philosopher and savage must stand in adoration before some of the most familiar exhibitions of nature, equally humbled by their ignorance of the cause; such as the growth of the grass, the ripening of the harvests, the visitations of disease, the birth of a child, and the operations of the mind.

We have a word to say, in conclusion, in regard to the fidelity with which the Cosmos has been translated. Only one other translation need be mentioned as having any claims to rival that with which we have introduced this article; we mean the translation by Mrs. Sabine, under the supervision of her distinguished husband. As the publisher of Miss Otté's translation has been at the pains of collecting a number of passages erroneously translated by Mrs. Sabine, and proclaiming them to the world to show the superiority of his own publication, it is fair to apprise the reader that the translation of the Cosmos which we have adopted is not free from errors. It is much easier to detect mistakes in another than to avoid them ourselves. We have not examined the translation of Miss Otté with reference to any exposure of its faults. But our attention was called, in the perusal of the work, to a few passages which either conveyed no meaning, or one which we knew to be contrary to facts. In all these cases, we have found, on referring to the original, that the fault was with the translator, and that the same passages had been correctly rendered in Mrs. Sabine's translation.

On page 174 we read, — "The total deviation (variation or declination of the magnetic needle) has not at all changed, or, at any rate, not in any appreciable degree, during a whole century, at any particular point on the earth's surface, as, for instance, the western part of the Antilles or Spitzbergen." The word translated "any" is "*gewissen*." The translation should read, "at certain points on the earth's surface," &c. Again, on page 327, — "And hence it follows, that the east winds of the Continent must be cooler than the west winds, where their temperature is not affected by the occurrence of oceanic currents near the shore." This is not true in fact, neither is it what Humboldt has said: — "So zeigen sich, wo nicht oceanische Strömungen dem Littorale nahe auf die Temperatur einwirken, die Ostküsten der Continente kälter als die Westküsten" (p. 345 of the original); the true translation of which is, "Thus it appears that the eastern shores of the continents are colder than the western shores, where," &c. On page 591, in a note, we read: — "Thomas Young (Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts, 1807, Vol. I. p. 191) does not either doubt," &c.

A literal translation would have saved the author of it from this inelegance. On page 480, we find one great division of the work called the "Principal Momenta that have influenced the History of the Physical Constitution of the Universe." The same word, "Hauptmomente," is elsewhere rendered *principal causes*. *Principal phases* would best express the meaning in both places. There are passages, also, where the translation is obscure, and the obscurity would have been avoided by adhering more closely to the original. But the fault of the translator has more frequently run in the opposite direction. If she had been more willing to give up the foreign idiom, the meaning of Humboldt would often have been more intelligible to English readers, and the translation would have been more interesting. This Mrs. Sabine has done, and on that account her translation is more spirited than that of her fair rival. Mrs. Sabine translates like one who understands the scientific relations of the subject, though she may be inferior possibly to Miss Otté in familiarity with the language of the original. Humboldt congratulated himself on the privilege he enjoyed in being permitted to express his thoughts in the German language. We fear that neither his translators, nor those for whom they labor, will join in this congratulation. When we consider the inherent difficulties of the subject, the peculiarities in Humboldt's style, and the contrast in the general tone of English and German thought, we are disposed to award to both of the translations of this ponderous work the highest praise.

J. L.

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\* *Lowell Lectures, on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Sciences to the Evidences of Religion; delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in the Winters of 1848-49.* By FRANCIS BOWEN. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 465.

Mr. Lowell devoted a princely bequest to the furnishing of free lectures on science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion, to all the inhabitants of a city who might desire to hear them, he offered new inducements to scholars and thinkers to pursue their toilsome labors, promising them attentive listeners if such they should deserve, and an opportunity to win a longer and wider influence, while he also devised a plan, the results of which will be seen for an indefinite time to come in valuable contributions to our libraries. The liberal basis on which the Lowell Institute is conducted has secured for it unqualified success from its commencement. It is remarkable that no matter of controversy or jealousy has as yet arisen from it. It has already attracted hither several of the most eminent men of science in Europe, and gathered around them attentive audiences.

Mr. Bowen's Lectures were received with very great satisfaction, as they were delivered before auditors fit, and yet not few. Now that they are in print, we believe that they will be regarded as exhibiting signal ability, and as possessing very high merits, by those who, not having been hearers, shall give them a careful perusal. The author is one of the most thorough and accurate scholars whom we have among us. He has the wisdom of conservatism without its selfishness or its bigotry. He is a master of the subjects which he has handled, and has faithfully pursued investigations which qualify him for the high office of a guide and arbiter in questions of philosophy.

Whoever produces an intelligible and a harmless volume of speculative philosophy stands justified in his work. If at the same time the volume is positively good, and will do good, if it treats high themes with lucidness and power, if it deals wisely with dark problems, while applying the laws of sound reasoning to abstruse questions, if it avoids dogmatism, above all, if it strengthens the pillars of faith on which rest the serious interests and the best hopes of the human race, then has the author achieved one of the most difficult and honorable intellectual tasks. In our view, Mr. Bowen has not fallen short of these terms of success. We shall be disappointed if his volume is not received as a most valuable contribution to speculative philosophy, not merely by men



of the conservative and cautious schools, but by the mass of those deliberate and unprejudiced readers who know not that they belong to any party.

We have read the volume without weariness; we have understood it; we are satisfied with its conclusions. We believe that its tone is wise and reverential, and that its impression on the mind of a careful reader will be philosophical and devotional. While the author wholly avoids a pulpit address, and never slips into the style of a preacher, though so near to a preacher's office, nor makes a set purpose to force in a religious sentiment, he does not slight any proper occasion to elevate his argument by following it through his own Christian convictions into the higher realms of faith.

We commend the volume, first of all, because it is written in the vernacular tongue, in good, wholesome English. It is free from barbarisms, Germanisms, and all affectations. The author knew what he wished to say, and he says it in a way to let us know what it was. There are none of those vague adjectives used as nouns, there are none of those compounded nouns, or nouns mounted on prepositions or adverbs, which require a reader to guess at an author's meaning, instead of communicating it to him. If the volume be judged to lack what is called brilliancy or sprightliness, it must be pronounced free from those startling paradoxes, those risky antitheses, those ventures with hyperbole and fancy, and that play upon words, which give liveliness to composition at the expense of its intellectual strength. Amusement is not to be looked for where sacred truth is debated. Mr. Bowen's style is lucid and forcible; he uses the right words and with great precision; his arrangement is clear, and his arguments and conclusions are expressed in a happy combination of philosophical phraseology with the more ordinary speech of men. While the pages before us are entirely free from all stilted and exaggerated passages, and all inflation of sentiment, their tone is that of a calm dignity, appropriate to their themes. On no subjects more than upon those which Mr. Bowen discusses is a writer — especially if he be also a lecturer — so strongly tempted to indulge himself in the ornaments and the display of rhetoric. He himself must have felt the temptation, and more than most writ-

ers might have ventured frequently to yield to it. But he has resisted it, not, however, at the expense of depriving his discussions of that imagery and grace which well-chosen words and occasional metaphors may lawfully gather around the most logical arguments.

Another merit of the work before us consists in its direct and unencumbered method, its straightforward course, its great freedom from controversial matter, and its evident elaboration from the mind of its author. The volume is but very slightly indebted for its contents to materials borrowed from other writers, to be either criticized, disputed, or adopted. Each successive treatise on speculative philosophy must bear on with it more or less of the cumbersome lore of previous theories and systems, to be reaffirmed, condemned, or disproved, and while it thus deals with its predecessors, it continually suggests to the reader that by and by the volume in his hands will be sifted, and it may be superseded. This, indeed, is one of the chief and certainly one of the most efficient uses of speculative philosophy,—to question, discuss, and amend its own expositions, to meet its own perplexities, to withstand the risks which are involved in it, and to avert the skepticism and irreligion which philosophy stands charged with having generated. It is much the same in this matter with ecclesiastical history and religious controversy. What are their uses? ask some impatient and superficial persons. What is the possible good of all these musty volumes, and the equally musty students of them? What is the use of this delving into past errors and disputes, this keeping ever alive all the quarrels and controversies of ancient times? The simple answer is, that all this lore has afforded the material which has perplexed history and religion, and that all objections which owe their force to past errors and controversies must be answered by referring to ancient volumes and ancient strifes of thought and controversy. The speculative philosopher finds abundance of such work and abundance of such material.

Mr. Bowen's volume is as little cumbered with such controversial and disputative matter as is any volume which deals with metaphysics. He recognizes other views than his own, and, as occasion calls, makes passing reference to what he regards as the untenable and

discordant hypotheses of other writers. He does not do this, however, in a way to exhibit critical skill, antagonism of opinion, or acumen in detecting weak points in a strong adversary, but only to serve the method of truth,—the result which is of equal value to all honest seekers. His book is therefore free from that carping tone, that catching at infelicitous expressions, that splitting and balancing of words, which have often made philosophers as odious to each other as are sectarians. He exhibits perfect fairness in the statement of views from which he dissents, and candor in anticipating objections to his own.

Of course novelty either of opinion or argument is not to be looked for in any sound treatise on metaphysics. Doubtless the best volume on that long-tasked theme would come from one who, through the exercise and good training of high powers of thought in himself, and with a mind well stored with all the results of physical, moral, and experimental science, should write with the least possible reference to all his predecessors, and with the greatest amount of fresh mental action on his own personal conflicts and experience. New philosophical treatises are as much needed as are new books on astronomy, geography, agriculture, and all other useful sciences. And when they are written, they should adopt all the latest improvements and discoveries, just as in the erection of a new dwelling the builder endeavours to introduce every new art and convenience.

Mr. Bowen thus states the importance of constant and renewed examinations of those momentous questions which are embraced under the terms Philosophy and Theology :—

“ And this duty of examination is one which is perpetually renewed, as from age to age the nature of the problem shifts, or we encounter new difficulties in the way of the inquiry, proceeding from new habits of thought, from the progress of science and speculation, and from the altered relations of man to man which spring from political changes and new forms of society. The evidences of religious truth need to be constantly taken up anew, and presented under a variety of aspects, to suit the changing emergencies of the times. Political fanaticism sometimes turns its destructive rage against the institutions of our faith; new doctrines in philosophy, proposed at first as mere exercises of fancy,

gradually harden into fixed dogmas, and secretly undermine the foundations of belief; and, lastly, the natural allies of religion, perverted by malign influences, sometimes become its opponents, and the cause of divine truth suffers from the fanaticism of philanthropy and reform. Against all these enemies, which often carry on their warfare, not from without, but in the silence of his own meditations, the believer needs to be constantly armed, if he would not have his faith degenerate into a mere prejudice, or shield itself under the hard covering of a stern and irrational dogmatism." — p. 2.

The following passage from the Preface will show that the author makes more than tacit allusions to some opinions and theories which have excited much lively attention during the last few years :—

"In alluding to some of the novel opinions and theories in science and philosophy, which have gained a little popularity of late both in England and America, though their place of origin must be sought elsewhere, it has not been my wish to provoke controversy. Opinions may be freely discussed without causing offence; I have never referred to the individuals or sects who entertain and defend them. Some of these opinions, I am well aware, are held by many persons who unite with them a lively and steadfast faith, a devotional spirit, and a religious life; but they have been stumbling-blocks to others, for whom alone I have endeavoured to surmount or remove them. The discussion of them has sometimes led me farther into the territory of the natural sciences than it was perhaps prudent for one to venture who has only a general acquaintance with these subjects, and has never made them objects of special pursuit. But in these days, when knowledge is so widely diffused that the latest theories and discoveries in science are familiarly discussed in the newspapers, the bearing of these theories upon the religious belief of the multitude cannot be safely neglected. I have no fears of any conflict between the truths of real science and those either of natural or revealed religion. The voice of nature, when rightly interpreted, never contradicts itself, and the truth that is fully comprehended is always sufficient for its own defence. But when sciolism is almost universal, speculations which usurp the name and garb of science may often give a rude shock to the convictions of a large class who are not well instructed enough to be able to separate hypotheses from established facts, and who can be dazzled by the fluent use of scientific phraseology. Such speculations are easily exposed in their true character even by those whose studies have not gone beyond the limit which every educated person at the present day is supposed to have reached." — pp. ix., x.

What is here intimated is treated by Mr. Bowen at greater length, and in a masterly manner, in the first lecture of his second course, the subject of which is "The Characteristics of the Skepticism of our own Day."

The first course embraces nine lectures, the second course twelve, and when we consider how many profound themes are treated in them, and what perplexities they involve, we cannot but think very highly both of the skill and courage of the man who could compress them within such limits, and still present them so intelligibly.

The first aim of the lecturer was, to decide upon the relations between philosophy and theology, and what are the terms by which reason and faith are to hold their partnership of authority over the mind. The respective provinces of religion and philosophy are clearly defined, and the method of investigation is indicated by which inquiries into their several themes are to be pursued. Observation and experience apply to physical science, but demonstrative reasoning is the only proper method in metaphysics. This clear and reasonable distinction, which Mr. Bowen states and explains most lucidly, at once relieves his themes of the confusion which has always constituted no small part of their perplexity. He excludes metaphysical proofs from an argument for the existence of God, and thus he also precludes metaphysical objections.

Mr. Bowen allows the utmost that can be fairly claimed for what are called intuitive truths, or self-ratified convictions, when, after having pursued the most abstruse train of reasoning embraced in his volume, that upon free agency, and the relation between cause and effect, he says, —

"To some it may appear, that we have been wandering a long time in a mere wilderness of logic and metaphysics, 'whence issuing, we again behold the stars.' I certainly do not believe that it is necessary to pass through all the abstruse reasoning which has thus far occupied our attention, before we can obtain any firm and well-grounded faith in the great doctrines of religion. It would be an impeachment of the goodness of the Deity to suppose, that he has given to his creatures only such intimations or proofs of his own existence and his will as the most cultivated and ingenious minds can follow slowly and with great

effort. On the contrary, the conclusions in this great argument are so obvious and direct, lying but a step from the premises, which are numberless, and so nearly akin to the mental processes which we are compelled to use for the daily purposes of life, that the child or the savage cannot avoid resting in them with sufficient confidence. It is no doubtful inference, no long and tedious process of reasoning, which connects all events in the history of the universe with the being and attributes of a God. The conclusion is so obvious, the connection so close and striking, that it is difficult to believe that any mind not wilfully obtuse, or not perverted by logical subtleties and metaphysical abstractions, ever failed to receive it with perfect trust at the first view."—pp. 117, 118.

The portions of this volume which appear to us to display the most power, and to be animated by the loftiest spirit of philosophy and faith, are those which treat of *The Immediate Agency of God*,—by a novel and most impressive method of argument,—the distinction between Reason and Instinct, Conscience, the Origin of Evil, Natural Religion, and the Impossibility of proving the Immortality of the Soul without a Revelation. We should be glad to enrich our pages with the admirable remarks of the author on all these themes, if we had the space. We must content ourselves with copying the following passage, and with recommending the volume to the careful perusal and study of all who are set to teach others, or who would wisely learn for themselves.

Our extract is from the lecture on "*The Goodness of God.*"

"I have dwelt thus long upon the pleasures of taste, because the capacity for them, more than any other part of our constitution, seems to have been created for the *sole* purpose of increasing the store of human happiness. Let it not be thought, on account of their gentle and unobtrusive character, and the trifling value which we put upon them in moments of excitement, or when we think that greater interests are at stake, that they form an insignificant addition to that store. They are diffused, so to speak, over the whole plain of human existence, making up, by their variety, their duration, and their constant recurrence, for their lack of intensity and the slightness of their hold when the stronger passions assert their power. The pleasures of ambition, pomp, and power visit us only in lightning flashes, as brief as they are vivid; they are often purchased, also, at a heavy sacrifice, they are crossed by the pains of failure and disappointment,

and even the happiness which they are thought to constitute is more properly ascribed to the toil and effort which we expend in their pursuit. But the enjoyments procured by the faculty of taste are unmingled with losses and sacrifices, and for the most part are unbought. They come to cheer the intervals of exertion, and to speed the long hours which are not filled with grave cares or enterprises of great pith and moment. They form the relaxation alike of the monarch on his throne and of the peasant in his hut; the social instinct prompts each to seek companionship, and the conversation which turns not upon business or causes of anxiety is prolonged merely for pleasure into an idle chat. A company of laborers, talking around the fire after the day's work is ended, experience this delight quite as strongly as the crowd which fills the apartments of the fashionable and the learned. 'It is a happy world, after all.' In spite of all the labors, cares, and troubles of life, we still spend a considerable portion of our time merely in amusing ourselves." — pp. 342, 343.

The reading of this volume has confirmed the convictions which have grown from our own thought and study, that a fair discussion of the relations between philosophy and religion must form the basis of every wise and useful treatise upon speculative philosophy. We will trespass upon the patience of our readers while we utter what is in our minds upon that theme.

The instigating aim of true philosophy is, to enable man to make the most of himself and of his powers, within the utmost range of his being. It is to assist him to take the highest view of himself, and to know all that he can about himself and his relations to every thing beside that exists, or occurs, or ever shall occur, and to prompt him to look to the farthest distance, that he may connect himself with an ever-widening horizon, and may follow out his relations to the lofty, the unseen, and the future. Philosophy is the classifying and explaining of facts, the discovery of causes and relations, and the reasoning on towards what is unknown now, and *to what will always be unknown to the inhabitants of the earth.* The last clause of the sentence just written will be admitted, for many reasons, to embrace a condition of chief importance. There can be no question but that what philosophy is most anxious to discover and to make a part of its knowledge is that which cannot be discovered or known. Now forgetfulness of that stern fact, or blindness to it, or defiance of it, have been the chief

causes of all the irreligiousness of speculative philosophy. The unknown portion of truth furnishes the noble excitement to all inquiries; the portion of truth which cannot be known is the everlasting warrant of faith. When a wise man realizes at the very first step in his investigations, and realizes all the more as he pursues them, that at the end of whatever path he takes he will come to the everlasting wall which he cannot penetrate, he anticipates and avoids disappointment by humility.

Philosophy, therefore, must always be incomplete and imperfect, and therefore unsatisfactory, for its sufficiency could be found only in its completeness; its full assurance of single truths could be attained only by a knowledge of their relations to entire truth. The speculative philosopher can never enjoy absolute certainty about any part of his system, because he never can know the whole of that system from which he aims to copy his own. The mathematician may always safely calculate by angles, arcs, and radii, because he has a knowledge of the properties of a complete circle. But the whole of truth will never come within the compass of human philosophy; certainly not till the bounds of the universe have been reached and measured by human skill.

The very extent and compass of the meanings embraced by the word Philosophy embarrass every discussion of its uses and value. Blakey, the last historian of its theories, says that "Philosophy is a comprehensive term, and in its fullest extent embraces every thing which a man can know or feel." He adds, that speculative philosophy "is not susceptible of a formal and concise definition." We can but say of philosophy that it is the science of nature, of God, and of man, whose relations it would discover, by the help of the mind's own faculties exercised in thought, observation, and inquiry.

When the religious element comes in either to qualify, or to conflict with, or to aid philosophy, then is there room and matter for a thousand misunderstandings and disputes. In these are found the causes of all the dissension between the speculative minds of past ages, and also the materials of unnumbered theories and systems yet to come.

Here is a fit opportunity to consider with brevity the well-known jealousy between philosophy and religion.



In the statement of what that jealousy amounts to, we must find the cause of its origin, and the method of dealing with it. By those who feel that jealousy on either side, philosophy and religion are regarded as alternatives. Philosophy, it is said, filled the place and discharged the offices of religion before there was a faith in the world which met the wants of mind and heart; it was the refuge of some of the more thoughtful of our race, who despised the superstitions of their age and country. Philosophy has always been advancing some rival and discordant claims with religion, and if religion is to pass away from among the civilized and the enlightened, to yield up her records, to desert her altars, and to silence her prayers, philosophy must be the substitute of religion. Idols of the reason will then displace the God which the heart seeketh, the intellect must stand for the spirit; the sage will fill the shrine of the apostle, and the man of science will be honored above Jesus of Nazareth. Thus philosophy has been in general regarded. And according to common ideas, — which are always neither accurately defined nor wholly without an element of truth, — thus philosophy must be regarded, as the alternative, antagonist, or substitute of religion.

Many persons now, who lay no claim to being religious, aim to be philosophers. They may not profess this to themselves in words, but it expresses the real fact concerning them, which some of them would be tempted to conceal, and others could be made to confess, while others still are ready to boast of it. Cool insensibility is the state of their feelings at times and on subjects upon which religious persons yield to the glow of devotion; and instead of the alternating excitement and tranquillity of faith, they choose the hesitations and the haltings of thought and rational inquiry. Philosophy is such an indefinite word in its various applications, that the same expression of praise or of contempt might be spoken of it truly or falsely, according to the meaning which is for the moment attached to the word in the mind of the speaker. We may thus say that the philosopher is a fool, or that he is a sage; and we might prove either assertion. But in either case we should use the word *philosopher* in a different sense. Still, popular language, as used among those who partake of the jealousy between

philosophy and religion, distinguishes widely between them in men's notions and feelings, — which are nearly the whole of some persons, — and in the effect or working of them, as furnishing materials for belief, or rules for life. The distinction finds justification in many facts. Some eminent philosophers have made no account of religion, have talked and written against religion, and have lived against it. There are some persons who say that they do not aim to live as religious men or women, but mean to live as philosophers. There are some who do not care to die religiously, but, as they express it, philosophically. And this distinction, which appears so broadly in the way of living and in the way of dying, may be traced in every thing that lies between birth and death. The convertible title of French philosophy, in all current literature, is infidelity, and of philosophers of that sort the world is full now. Statesmen, men of science, cool, shrewd, calculating men, men of general integrity and of fair talent all around us, are philosophic rather than religious. Philosophers may be seen in the walks of business, finding reasons enough for enterprise, industry, and integrity in the principles of common sense, without looking at all to religious sanctions. Philosophers may be found among scholars, who read and write with the intellect alone, by day or by night, and who over their studies forget the difference between the light of the sun, which shines constant and undimmed through the line of ages, and the tapers which men invent, and improve and replenish hour by hour. There are philosophers in courts, in camps, and in senates, who find among visible and actual things, and the measurements of time, and the limits of human wisdom, sufficient means for deciding upon all that concerns them. There are philosophers in schools, and at the head of families, who begin and conclude all their lessons with maxims of prudence and discretion. There are philosophers sitting by the side of sick-beds, and lying upon them, making the most of medicine and friendly care. There are philosophers among the bereaved, burying their dead out of their sight, and preparing to follow them with such comfort as sage and rational reflections will afford. But a true philosopher, as popularly distinguished from a religious person, never prays, never complains, and never weeps in either of

these situations. The moment he prays, or murmurs, or weeps, he ceases to behave himself like a philosopher; he breaks all the well-established maxims of philosophy, which say that what cannot be cured must be endured,—that a wise man must be a hero,—that weeping is for women and children,—and that a prayer or a groan of what is called the spirit is only lost amid the dull echoes of the earth's atmosphere, without reaching the upper skies.

True, no one pretends to ascribe to such persons the profound and laborious attainments and discipline of mind, which are properly signified by the word Philosophy. It is not presumed that we are surrounded by deep thinkers, who have tasked their brains upon the problems of life, and have all become skilled in them. Our philosophers do not assume the grave composure of the old sages, as we conceive of them, with their bald heads, their long, gray beards, their deep-furrowed brows, their meditative eyes, and all those lineaments of the countenance which express the processes and the results of thought. The ancient garb of philosophers is preserved only in marble statues. Their venerable lore is but little esteemed, for wisdom is of easier purchase to us than to them. Their gravity and earnestness too much resemble religion for some of our moderns. It is with a sprightlier thought that our philosophers seek to regard and interpret life. The ancients labored to find wisdom. The moderns live as if they had found it, and exhausted it, and could gain no more of it; as if what wisdom is to be had were the cheapest of all things; as if it had displaced religion, and had won its right of empire over man's mind and life.

It would be difficult to describe the amount and character of this wisdom which stands popularly distinguished from religion, but we all have a sufficiently intelligible idea of it to know that many now receive it as a substitute for religion. They are a motley multitude of the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the single-hearted and the conceited, of our day. They are all classed as philosophers, not because they are all wise, for some of them are very ignorant; not because they are all in earnest, for some of them are the merest triflers; not because they are all decided in their convictions, for

some of them are as unstable and inconstant as a summer breeze. But they are all called *philosophers*, simply because the wisdom of man,—be it much or little,—which is popularly called Philosophy, passes with them for more than the wisdom of God, which is popularly called Religion. With some of them, consciousness, the intuitions and suggestions of the mind, are sufficient assurances of all truth. To others, science, actual discoveries, the results of inquiry, furnish all the knowledge or matters of belief which they regard as legitimate. And so, from time to time, man's wisdom, under one or another name, with one or another plea, substitutes itself for that humble trust, that reliance, that exercise of faith towards God, which is the essence of religion.

This philosophy concerns itself more with earth than with heaven; more with the things that are seen than with the things that are unseen. It boasts of its rational, deliberate, and cool convictions, of its certain knowledge about things actual and real. While philosophy does not deny what may be concealed from man, it makes chief account of what is disclosed to him. The philosopher refuses to be influenced by emotions, aspirations, or imaginations. He thinks good common-sense a better guide for him than that which so-called devout persons find in the perplexities and mysteries of faith. He thinks himself safe, at least, in taking the very best lessons of all human experience as sound wisdom. He may even congratulate himself that, though he may lack the impulse and the fervor of a heavenward trust, he is also saved from the anxieties and misgivings of those whose faith, however clear, must be mixed with unbelief. Certainty, caution, deliberation, evidence,—these are the best words of the philosopher. When religion and philosophy must be distinguished, he feels at liberty to judge the religion of others by his philosophy. He may entertain more or less respect for religion. His regard for it may rise almost to reverence, or sink to secret or open scorn.

Popular impressions are drawn from such considerations as have been just mentioned. Philosophy is therefore regarded as proceeding upon the self-sufficiency of man, and upon the earthly limitations of truth; as making but inferior account of God and the mystery of God. Religion speaks "the wisdom of God in a mystery,"—

the problem of a higher state, and of a whole eternity. Philosophy utters the wisdom of man as without mystery, as plain and circumscribed, consisting, indeed, of a large variety of lessons, but all of them intelligible. Religion displays truth as spread over an unbounded field, shadowed and reserved in its distant reaches, so that the mind of man may be held in reverent awe, and in a trustful waiting for higher revelations. Philosophy turns truth into mathematics, into which the moral element enters only as in the beauty of proportions, and the exactness and harmony of numbers. Religion seeks after the quickening soul of the universe, and teaches man that there is more of "the spirit of life" than the portion which he bears in his mortal frame. Philosophy makes an idol of the mind, and pays all its homage to intellect. Religion has its shrine in the heart, and makes even the intellect the temple of the indwelling spirit, bearing witness to the Spirit which it worships. Philosophy has chief confidence in thoughts, religion has supreme confidence in prayers. Religion implies revelation, and has easy means of receiving and authenticating it. Philosophy is very unwilling to admit that revelation is possible.

Now have all the foregoing contrasts, drawn from popular impressions, been founded on fancy, or on grounds of fact? There certainly has been much actual evidence to justify them. The jealousy between philosophy and religion has not been simply a misunderstanding, but has been embittered by misconduct and mutual injustice. The question has been asked, whether it be worse for a man to have an irreligious philosophy or an unphilosophical religion. The disputers on either side have so effectually proved each his own point, that an umpire would decide that one who had either of those imperfect laws or guides had both of them together. Religious persons have been jealous of philosophers, because philosophy has been assuming and boastful; has undertaken to do what it ought to begin by confessing that it cannot do, namely, discover and know every thing, compass the circle of truth, and learn even one thing thoroughly. Philosophy has heralded its discoveries by threats, and never apologized for its disappointments. It has dealt violently with old records, by obtruding hieroglyphics and geological remains as better, and as discordant testimonies, and

when devout persons have been wellnigh frightened out of their faith by such pretences of philosophy, they have discovered that the dissensions of philosophers about these very hieroglyphics and petrifications will allow a short respite yet to the believer. The philosopher has dropped hints that he has invalidated the book of Genesis; but when pinned down to plain proof of his assertion, he trusts for it to a denial of the right of Orientals ever to use the language and license of poetry. The philosopher insinuates that the delineation of the character and attributes of God in the Bible is unworthy of him, and that the conception of the grandeur and extent of the universe in that volume is evidently mean when compared with the discoveries of science. But if the philosopher be carefully watched when he rises in his rhetoric to express his higher idea of God and the universe, he will often be caught in expressing himself in the sublime phrases of that same Bible. The author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" surpassed all others in effrontery, when he attempted to smuggle organic life into the world with the limestone.

And so have philosophers of all kinds been jealous of religion, and had many feuds with superstition, dogmatism, popular fancies and fallacies, and with the chains which credulity, ignorance, and intolerance rivet on the common mind. Spiritual pride is far more dangerous than mental conceit, and the claim to hold the keys of heaven is a boast more to be dreaded than the pretence of holding the keys of knowledge. Some skeptical men of science love to ridicule the ignorance, the credulity, and the inconsistency, which have been exhibited in theories of religion, and in commentaries on the Scriptures. They forget that there have been a great many more commentaries on nature than on the Bible or religion, and even more ludicrous, absurd, and contradictory theories of philosophy than of faith. The simple truth is, that the follies, risks, and evils of religious errors are precisely those which are common both to religion and to philosophy. Both may tell of liberty of conscience and thought infringed, of men in advance of their times, of voices uttered from dungeons, of forced recantations, and of painful martyrdoms. Philosophic science, in all its departments, is beset with all the perplexities which

invest religion, and scientific men, in obstinacy to theory, or in demand for full demonstration, exaggerate and aggravate these perplexities. If the draperies and symbols in Raphael's fresco of the Dispute about the Sacramental Presence were changed for the philosophic garb, and some old minerals or bones, he might have put beneath his picture the title of many philosophic and scientific contests; nor would he have needed to have softened the pride or smoothed the temper expressed in the countenance of either of the disputants.

Both in science and in philosophy, as well as in religion, exceptions and problems arise. Anomalies which cannot be brought under rule, breaks in the chain of reasoning, dark points and obscure sides, obtrude themselves upon the philosopher, and make even science in some matters to be far other than the exact, intelligible, and secure thing which it is represented to be. Who, for instance, that has read many of the geological works, or volumes on Egyptian remains, which have been published during the last twenty years even, has not often been reminded of a court of justice, where opposing advocates blink testimony, and ignore a fact, which does not come out in a legal way, if at the same time it does not make for their separate side? Helvetius ascribes the superiority of man to the brutes to the single fact, that he has a hand, instead of a claw or a hoof. But Linnæus could not see even this distinction; for he said that he could not detect any one outward token which distinguished man from a monkey. Nor is it strange that, when men of science reduce the objects of their study to bones, and almost to dust, in order to compare them, they should find that they had evaporated the spirit, and had not left even the beauty and wisdom of form.

So much, then, must be fairly allowed to the existence of the jealousy between philosophy and religion, and to the grounds of it in popular judgment. It may have but the slightest possible reason in facts, but the difference between philosophy and religion is more appreciable, perhaps, to the multitude than to the select few. However near akin the true science of both of them may be, they come up to the mind with all the different associations and feelings which invest the names of two of their most distinguished representatives, — Bayle and Boyle, *names almost alike*, of men how different!

We have intentionally given this space to the notice of a popular view of the antagonism between philosophy of every kind, especially speculative philosophy, and religion and theology. The noble work and aim of philosophy have suffered in popular estimation because of the incidental follies and eccentricities, and the confused ideas, which are associated with it. If a minister were to tell a country congregation of simple people, that a philosopher once lived who questioned the existence of the outward world, he would associate the word *philosophy* in the minds of his hearers for ever with stupidity, folly, or conceit. And, as philosophy has played so many strange freaks, its reputation with sundry persons depends upon whether they hear first and chiefly of its good deeds or of its follies. The vague generalities, the bold theories, and the fanciful projects which have of late been associated with philosophy, will not probably clear its fame to religious persons of this or the next generation.

Notwithstanding all this, there are more points of union than of difference between philosophy and religion. In the ultimate conditions of truth they must perfectly coincide. They are different terms for expressing the different ways of attaining different degrees of the same sublime science of nature and of life, of reason and of faith, of God and of man. It is very difficult to define and to distinguish the respective provinces of theology and philosophy. Some elements are common to them both, as to air and water; and, like air and water, theology and philosophy may each, under some circumstances, be converted into the other. The difficulty of distinguishing between *religion* and philosophy is much the same, for religion has a signification equally wide with that of philosophy. But the difficulty is of course diminished, though not removed, when we restrict the comparison to philosophy, and some one specific form of religion; as, for instance, when we ask what is the distinction between the Christian religion and philosophy. In Egypt, Greece, and Rome, philosophy and religion were essentially identical; but Christianity is generally regarded as having separated them, and raised many issues between them. Philosophy is understood to proclaim that man must trust for his guidance to his own mental powers, helped by instruction from other men of higher mental powers.



But the religious experience of some quickened souls under Christian influences, — of such as Augustine, Fox, Bunyan, and Edwards, who have moved millions, — has compelled Philosophy either to admit a more powerful teacher than herself, or to claim to be that teacher uttering new lessons with unfamiliar tones. Any attempt to confound revelation with philosophy must begin by doing violence to the well-established meaning of words, and with such tricks upon language, the lessons which language is used to convey become unintelligible and chaotic. Revelation has its source from above, and is a raying out of light and truth towards this earth, from the central Sun of light and truth. Philosophy expresses the efforts made by man to interpret nature and life for himself. Egypt had science. The Greeks had philosophy. The Jews had neither of these, but they had a pure and a divine religion, which both Egypt and Greece lacked.

The broad question presents itself to our notice, whether speculative philosophy can help the cause of popular religion, that is, can deepen, strengthen, elevate, and enforce the influence of pure religion upon the mass of human beings. If we were forced to answer this question directly, and without opportunity to define and qualify, we should say that popular religion cannot be greatly helped by the *processes* of speculative philosophy, but may find most valuable assistance in its *results*.

Religious truth is designed for, and is needed by, the whole human race. It must, therefore, be simple, easy to be understood, plain in its lessons, and authoritative in its sanctions. But the average degree of intellectual power in the human race is below what philosophers in general estimate it to be. The highest facts of science are made intelligible to but a few of each generation, but a knowledge of them is not absolutely essential. Religious truths are necessary for the happiness and the virtue of all, and should therefore be understood, be made credible and authoritative for all. Now a sufficient token of the futility, if not of the absolute worthlessness, of very much of the religious philosophizing of the present day, is found in the fact, that not one person among a hundred can understand or appreciate it. Who can fail to note that some of our thinkers and writers are offering to the world, as religion, views and processes of thought

which are within the compass of only a very few minds? True philosophy, if we could find it, and be sure of it when we had found it, would be true religion. But if all the world must wait till philosophy has settled its disputes and established its theories, many whole generations must die, and a large part of all subsequent generations also must die, before true, simple religion has been wrought out by philosophy. He must have but a visionary idea of human nature, and of the amount of intelligence in the mass of men, who supposes that philosophy can ever be a sufficient substitute or an equivalent for the Christian religion with common people. We might as well undertake to make astronomers out of miners and colliers, as to offer the abstrusities of metaphysics to plain men and women, instead of the Law and the Gospel. Nor will science ever work out a religion for our race. The heavens may disclose more of their marvels, but the heavens might as well form an impenetrable marble dome a few miles above our heads, for all the aid which their masses of mere matter could be made to furnish to man's spirit, independently of the plain, authoritative lessons of revealed religion.

Nothing passes out of the mind so quickly as do philosophical distinctions in the terms and methods of argument. Only those who have a logical talent, and love argumentative exercises, can retain the philosophical attention, and acuteness of mental perception. With the mass of men these efforts are vain. And this unstable memory for terms and distinctions in argument must likewise affect the results which are expected from them. This fact alone might prove that the processes of speculative philosophy are not available to the mass of men.

Yet it would be manifestly unfair to argue this question only by referring to the lack of capacities in the mass of men to understand, and of a willingness to apply themselves to, the abstrusities of metaphysics. The conclusion reached by such a mode of arguing would be but a return to the point from which the argument started, namely, that, as the mass of men will not and cannot give themselves to metaphysics, therefore metaphysics are useless to them. But the same might be said of mathematics, of astronomy, of scientific agriculture, and even of Biblical criticism; for these are of use to millions who

cannot follow their processes. The form of the question, therefore, must be changed, from the *processes* of philosophy which the mass of men cannot or will not pursue, to the *results* of philosophy. Then, as the mass of men are reached by their teachers, we may ask whether a legitimate philosophy will help these teachers to reach the mass of men and affect them religiously. Will the results of wise metaphysical inquiries be auxiliary to the communication and impression of religious truth? Only stupidity or bigotry could answer this question in the negative.

All the results of earnest thought and patient inquiry, pursued under the guidance of a right spirit, must ever be favorable to faith, and to a religion of which faith is the chief pillar. In exact proportion as works on speculative philosophy are multiplied, their unsatisfactory character will appear to those who may look to them to explain all problems, or to serve as substitutes for religious faith with its inspired materials. But philosophy as an aid to faith is a very different thing from philosophy as a substitute for faith. Philosophical views of the Scriptures, and of the plan and substance of the Christian religion, might be made very invigorating to the minds of the believing. But it would be difficult to conceive or to realize the idea of a philosophical treatise which might supersede the Bible, so as to take its place in public or family worship, in the lonely hours of absence or travel, in the sick-chamber, or by the death-bed.

There can be no question but that the religious faith of very many persons might be cheered and strengthened, if they could be made to philosophize, — to reason, weigh, and deliberate, and thus to confirm what they wish to believe, and to remove objections which perplex or confound them. Thus, for instance, a person of fair intelligence may say, — “I am troubled by the fact, that any evil should exist under the government of a perfectly wise, powerful, and good God.” Now we may quote Scripture texts to that man, and yet not satisfy him, because they are not suited to his state of mind, — they are not sufficient for him. They are fair conclusions, perhaps, but he wishes to know the processes involved in them. It is somewhat as if you should offer him a gross amount as wages for work done at intervals, in broken days, and

with deductions made for his waste or your charges against him, without stating to him the particulars. He wishes to know the intricate mathematics of the account. The principle of faith in one who is looking at the evil that is in the world, so far from being able to receive the conclusion as stated positively in Scripture texts, is staggered and weakened by those statements. Philosophy may relieve his difficulties, and it may not. For then the question comes up, Is the man able and willing to philosophize? Can he sustain his mental attention? Can he keep the thread of an argument? Will he be patient, discriminating, and candid? Above all, will he retain the principle of faith with which he started, or part with it, taking as a substitute his limited discoveries in the open, but bewildering, field of truth? This supposed case presents to us fairly the province of speculative philosophy, with the conditions of its profitable use. Its province is specific and limited, not general or universal. It is to explain, to illustrate, to relieve, and to confirm truth. Its value depends on the intelligence, the mental power, the discrimination, the penetration, the candor, of him who employs it.

Philosophy and faith may both deal with the same truths which religion proposes to man, but they deal differently with them. Those shining truths, like the stars, we are always to see, and contemplate, and inquire of, but never on earth are we to approach nearer to them. So says religion, and she commits those truths to the keeping of faith. But philosophy wishes to approach nearer to them and to look behind them. There is no disguising that that is the uneasy wish, the proud aim, of philosophy. Thus the profitable exercises of philosophy are those which recognize, which discuss, and argue for the existence and the authority of those truths. The unprofitable exercises of philosophy are those which attempt to give the whole explanation of those truths, or to pierce through them, or to look behind them. Faith is the home, the resting-place of the soul, where truth comes to nourish it. Philosophy is the course of wanderings and excursions. Philosophy and religion make men desire truth on many vital subjects. Religion brings that truth to men, philosophy sets them to searching after it themselves. Of that portion of truth which religion leaves undisclosed or unexplained, she asks of faith to be

the voucher. Of that portion of truth which philosophy fails to discover, she is always doubtful and unhappy because of the doubt. Faith must come in for its full authority, either at the beginning or at the end of philosophy, — or man's wisdom. Of very many of the Hebrew titles in the Old Testament, the name of God makes one syllable, standing sometimes the first, sometimes the last. But whether that syllable be at the beginning or at the end of the word, the human name is consecrated by the divine. *El-ijah* was a prophet of God, *Gabriel* is an angel of God. God with man, and man with God, mean much the same thing. After this example, philosophy must attach itself to faith, and allow faith to form a part of it, if philosophy would be a consecrated science.

G. E. E.

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#### ART. VI. — BARTOL'S SERMONS.\*

SIDNEY SMITH (if we may judge from his indolence, with as much truth as wit) remarked that he never liked to read a book he was going to review, it was so apt to prejudice him. Had we taken this course with regard to the book before us, our notice of it would probably have seemed the more impartial; for though, when it was announced as in press, we could not divest ourselves of prejudice in its favor, that prejudice has been marvellously strengthened by the perusal. Unlike most sermons, Mr. Bartol's gain much by passing through the press. Not that there is any essential obscurity in his style, — his sentences are compact, their members arranged, and their rhythm rounded with that nice rhetorical instinct which results from liberal culture, and is in fact art matured into spontaneousness; but they are so full of the details of thought, reasoning, and imagery, that the ear receives more than the mind can digest or the memory retain. We are, therefore, the more ready to welcome the appearance of this volume. It is printed at the right time, while its author retains the vigor and glow of youth un-

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\* *Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life.* By C. A. BARTOL, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 344.

impaired, yet has seen years enough to harvest rich fruits of patient thought and mature wisdom.

The highest praise that we can give these Discourses is, to say that they have all the marks and features of Christian sermons. They are neither essays, nor dissertations, nor declamations. Their rhetoric bears the impress of the Gospel mint. Their logic is that of one who seeks to win souls to Christ. Their eloquence is that of deep religious conviction, and of fervor as calm as it is earnest, as earnest as it is calm. They are eminently Scriptural sermons,—not thickly interlarded, indeed, with texts of holy writ,—a style of writing which often savors as much of laziness as of piety; but on exclusively and fundamentally Christian themes, and resting on revelation as the ultimate ground of authority and source of appeal. They are of the class of sermons in which the preacher never sinks his commission, or has any ulterior aim beyond religious instruction and impression. Seldom hortatory in form, they are constantly so in intent and effect; and where *I* or *we* takes the place of *you*, it adds to the truth urged or the duty enjoined the felt weight of the author's personal verification or experience.

This volume, in several points of view, unites characteristics that are seldom coupled. The author preaches both himself and Christ. We like neither style of preaching disjoined from the other. The pulpit is no place for a man to sport his own idiosyncrasies, to broach opinions for which a "Thus saith the Lord" is wanting, to make a parade of originality, and display a wisdom "above what is written." The lecture-room is open for such exhibitions, and the lyceum furnishes the fittest audience for him who "comes in his own name." Yet, on the other hand, the preacher should not be a mere tunnel for the conveyance of Divine utterances. The same spirit bestows and sanctifies a wide diversity of excellent gifts. In ancient time it spoke very differently in the epic majesty of Isaiah's style, the threnodies of Jeremiah, and the artless bucolic strains of Amos. It thundered in Paul, and whispered in John. As pure water takes color from the soil through which it flows, and every river has its own hue, so does the simple truth of God become modified, without being corrupted, by the peculiar traits and tendencies of every rich and devout

mind that it permeates, and no two preachers ought to resemble one another in their style of argument, illustration, and appeal. Close adherence to a conventional pulpit standard is not a mark of orthodoxy so much as of barrenness. It indicates a mind which has not made itself a reservoir for the truth, but is a mere drawer of water at stated times for sanctuary uses, — a Gibeonite, not a priest. Mr. Bartol, while he throws his own mind into his sermons, evinces always close and habitual communion with the mind of Christ, and evidently could say with literal truth, "I have received of the Lord that which I have delivered unto you."

He also unites philosophy and faith to a rare degree. He reasons profoundly and powerfully. His analysis of doctrine, principle, and motive is searching and thorough. He omits no proof which his propositions may derive from nature, science, or experience. There is a vein of metaphysical subtilty, fine and keen, running through his whole system of Christian ethics. But his philosophy is never of the skeptical or destructive school. He receives with implicit confidence the elements of truth, the grand principles of duty, as from the lips of Jesus; and then seeks to trace them through their analogies with the unwritten word in universal nature and in the heart of man. The verities made known by him who spake the words of God are with him unquestioned axioms, which need no demonstration and admit of no cavil, but to which he loves to elicit the concurrent testimony of all the Divine works and ways. We find, therefore, in these Discourses, no aimless or fruitless speculation; for though the reverse of superficial, they not infrequently explore unfamiliar and labyrinthine recesses of thought and truth, yet it is always with the clew furnished by faith.

We find, also, in this volume, equal justice done to intuition and authority, as *media* of religious knowledge. Mr. Bartol shuns the common error of underrating and abusing the religion of the soul, in order to magnify the excellence of the Gospel, — a process about as pertinent as a Jeremiade on the defects and infirmities of the eye would be in a discourse on sunlight. He is disposed to admit the validity of intuitional testimony on all matters within the legitimate range of consciousness; but the Divine attributes, the external facts in the history of

religion, and the unexperienced future, all lie necessarily without that range, so that truths with regard to them cannot be substantiated by internal evidence. They may, indeed, derive a certain measure of probability from their accordance with the desires and needs of the soul; but can be made sure only by attestation from without, from above. The discrimination between the provinces of consciousness and revelation, constantly recognized, is distinctly and happily developed in the sermon entitled "Nature, Conscience, and Revelation, declaring God, Duty, and Destiny."

In style, as in thought, Mr. Bartol blends characteristics which we are not wont to see combined. No writer sacrifices less to fancy than he. We doubt whether he is ever conscious of a trope, or enamoured of a metaphor. Nothing would seem more out of place in one of his sermons, than a piece of studiedly fine writing, indited for rhetorical effect; and the whole burden of these Discourses is that of profound argument or heart-searching demonstration on themes that seem to exclude most of the ornaments of figurative diction. Yet the language throughout is imaginative to its utmost capacity. The page is as full of pictures as of words. Every idea is suggested by its external symbol,—every sentence paints sensible forms and colors on the retina of the inward eye. It is as if the author had learned to think in a dialect of hieroglyphics, and to conceive of abstract ideas solely through their representative forms in the outward world, and as if in writing he simply gave a literal transcript in vernacular terms of this symbolical language. His figures are not rhetorical embellishments, but logical equivalents for abstract ideas, determinate factors in the products of reasoning, and employed as such with the same facility and precision with which algebraic signs are used to denote numbers or relations. This affluence of apt word-pictures imparts to his style a peculiarly rich brilliancy, though it has absolutely none of those sudden gleams and lambent flashes of thought which we are accustomed to associate with brilliant writing. Indeed, his movement as a writer is slow and measured, though without formal stateliness. His style is heavy in the good sense of the word (if it have a good one, if not we will make one for it),—heavy not from dulness, for no



writer can be less dull, but because it has so much thought to carry. It gives the reader the impression of great solidity of mind in the author,—of firm intellectual fibre,—of the power to make for himself a straight and luminous way through the most obscure and intricate regions of spiritual contemplation.

One of the happiest qualities of Mr. Bartol's style of sermon-writing is his skill in presenting the abstract in its concrete forms. His illustrations are affluently drawn from history, Scriptural narrative, personal experience, and passing incidents. The truth thus becomes embodied, and is brought within the range of the hearer's or reader's remembered or imagined consciousness. There are two sermons in this volume, to which we might refer as among the most perfect specimens of this method. One is on Herod's inference from the fame of our Saviour's miracles, that John, whom he had beheaded, had arisen from the dead; the other is on Belshazzar's Feast. They both exhibit, in the most appalling colors, the processes of the guilty conscience, as memory and imagination become its tormentors, create its present hell, and evoke from the depths of the future a still more fearful retribution. In sermons where the tone of the discussion is impersonal, Mr. Bartol passes with wonderful ease to the presentation of some living example, that incarnates the whole doctrine of the discourse with a beauty, vividness, and power far beyond the scope of mere argument or exhortation. As an instance of this, we may quote from the sermon on Autumn a sketch of which many of our readers will recognize the original:—

“As I walked through the lanes of yonder growing forest, on our beautiful common, the dry leaves crushing under my feet, and the sinking sun taking his last look at the bare boughs of the trees, I met a man on whom the blow of grief had descended as sorely as upon any, and with oft-repeated stroke. A new sorrow had just fallen on his gray head, and long-diseased, emaciated frame. While I approached, he was slowly eyeing the setting sun. As he turned his face towards me, I looked to see the marks of deep, uncomforted sadness wearing mournfully in upon his features. But no: not a trace of trouble in that eye which had so often looked on death in the forms of those he had most loved. His vision gleamed as though a light beyond that of the setting sun had fallen upon it. He spoke; and now,

thought I, the secret melancholy will peradventure come forth, and mingle in the tone, though this unnatural excitement be kindled in the eye. No : pleasant was the voice, without one plaintive note. He spoke of faith. He spoke of loyalty to God and duty. He spoke of heaven as though it were near. He said nothing of being hardly dealt with, nor hinted aught about not understanding why *he* should be selected for such trials, but seemed to think there was nothing but God's mercy and kindness in the world. He bore a staff to support his drooping limbs. But he seemed to me, as I looked upon him, to have an inward stay that would hold him up when all earthly props had fallen to the ground. He was a Christian believer ; and, though prospered of God in this world, he said, 'The riches we think so much of gathering together are nothing in comparison with the better portion that rich and poor alike may attain.' We parted ; and as I walked alone again among the fading, rustling leaves, which had been expounding to me the text of this discourse, they took up new eloquence of meaning. The bare, cold ground, the gray, chilly sky, and the long shadows, that told of the lengthening night, seemed beautiful — yes, pleasant and beautiful — to my soul ; more beautiful even than the herbage and balm, and long, long sunny hours of the enlivening spring. For once, the contrast between earth and heaven was revealed to my mind ; and the dissolving emblems of mortality under my feet, and the cold, shifting mists over my head, were transformed from sad tokens into symbols of hope and joy." — pp. 302 – 304.

This extract, the like of which we could select by the score, indicates the way in which the preacher should walk through the busy world, with the Gospel ever in his heart, and with his eye watching for the living commentaries that God sows thick in his every-day path.

The sermons in this volume cover a very wide range of subjects, yet are all fitly comprehended within the title. They are none of them merely dogmatic or expository ; but all relate to the cultivation, the obstacles, the conflicts, the experiences, the attainments, and the joys of the "Christian spirit and life." Though selected from the miscellaneous preaching of years, they are arranged by a filament of order and progress in the author's mind. They commence with the intrusion of religion, as an often unfamiliar, perhaps an unwelcome, monitor in a life of traffic and gain, and close with perfection considered as the Christian's ever-nearer aim and predetermined goal.

We cite the following deeply impressive passage from a sermon entitled "The Dead Speaking": —

"The dead speak, however brief the term of the mortal career, and even though that career be closed while the moral nature still sleeps in God's own charge. The little child, fading like a tender plant, has not wholly perished even from the earth. Though it came but to smile and die, yet has it left its influence; an influence not fleeting, like the shadow of its earthly existence, but long abiding. That gentle image of innocence, that strange power of patience, shall soften your heart, and make it move with tender sympathy to the distresses of your kind, even to the end of your own days. But a peculiar power belongs to those who have been wayfarers upon earth, who have fought the battle of life, and gained the victory over temptation. Let me bear witness that it is not the living alone who move me; but the faces of the dead, especially the excellent departed, mingle in the company. I feel ever environed and attended by the ghostly, but living band. Faith and imagination have removed from those faces every vestige of weariness and pain, and have touched their cold, marble hues with the animation of undecaying health. They come not in funereal garments, and with the chill damps of the grave clinging to their forms, but 'clothed upon' with robes of light, and that 'house which is from heaven.' I feel — and do not they feel? — the unbroken cords by which we are still knit together. I seem to be with them; our intercourse renewed or continued; and I gather instruction and take in affection from their presence. They encourage me in my toils; they say to me, 'Here is the end of thy griefs'; they warn me against the indulgence of my errors and sins;

'Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
Breathing from their lips of air.'

"But, in a matter so momentous, I cannot give place to merely pleasant or moving description. It is a practical purpose for which we meet, and there is a seriousness in the truth we are considering, that ought to come home with pungent and awakening force to every conscience. When these tongues are still, and these arms are wasting ashes, shall our spirits walk the earth, not, according to the old dream of crazy superstition, as apparitions to the eye, but in the survival of our characters to work in the inward hearts of men? What, then, are we doing, what principles cherishing, what dispositions manifesting? How shall we reappear to the contemplative eye of those who shall here outlive us? Were it only ourselves that we had charge of, only our own destiny that we could affect, we might, with less aggravated and peculiar guilt, take the fearful hazards of moral negligence. But we cannot stand alone. It is the law of our life and

nature that we shall not stand alone. Our hearts are knit to the hearts of our kind; as our hearts throb with good affections or evil passions, their hearts will partake of the impulse. And 'when our tale is told,' and we have no more to do beneath the sun, our characters will be summed up, a living reckoning in the natural and necessary effect of their confirmed tendencies and accumulated manifestations; no drop that ever fell left out of the stream, no grain of our slightest act missing from the vital deposit." — pp. 147 – 149.

We have room but for a single additional extract, and it shall be the last paragraphs of the volume, — a passage admirable in reference to the single discourse of which it is a part, but still more striking, as it seems to take up and bear along the whole burden of the compend of Christian teaching, of which it forms the conclusion: —

"In yonder village, a painter paces, in quiet meditation, his little room. Beautiful pictures has he sent forth to charm every beholder; but he alone is not satisfied. He draws some grand theme from the mighty chronicle of the Bible. He would turn the words of the rapt prophet into colors. He would hold up to the eyes of men a scene of the divine judgments, that should awe down every form of sin, and exalt every resolve of holiness in their hearts. The finished result of his labors is shortly expected. But the idea of perfection has seized with an overmastering grasp upon him, and it must give him pause. How shall that awful writing of doom be pencilled on the plastered wall? How shall that finger, as it were of a man's hand, and yet the finger of God, be revealed? How shall those voluptuous forms below, that have been all relaxed with the wine and the feast and the dalliance of the hour, be represented in their transition so swift to conscience-stricken alarm, prostrate terror, ineffectual rage, and palsied suspense, as they are confronted by those flaming characters of celestial indignation, which the soothsayers, with magic scrolls, and strange garb, and juggling arts, can but mutter and mumble over, and only the servant of Almighty God calmly explain? How shall it be done according to the perfect pattern shown in the Mount of Revelation of God's word? The artist thinks and labors, month by month, and year after year. The figures of Babylonish king and consort, of Hebrew seer and maiden, and of Chaldee magician, grow into expressive portraits under his hand. The visible grandeur of God the Judge, over against the presumptuous sins of man, approaches its completeness. The spectator would now be entranced with the wondrous delineation. But the swiftly conceiving mind which shapes out its imaginations

of that dread tribunal, so suddenly set up in the hall of revelry, is not yet content. The idea of perfection, that smote it, smites it again. The aspiration after a new and higher beauty, that carried it to one point, lifts it to another, and bears it far aloft, in successive flights, ever above its own work. Yet still, on those few feet of canvas, the earnest laborer breathes out, for the best of a lifetime, the patient and exhaustless enthusiasm of his soul. He hides the object, dear as a living child to its mother, from every eye, and presses on to the mark. If he walks, he catches a new trait of expression, some new line of lustrous illumination, to transfer to this painted scripture which he is composing. If he sleeps, some suggestion of an improvement will steal even into his dreams. In weariness and in sickness, he still climbs slowly, painfully, to his task. In absence, his soul turns back, and makes all nature tributary to his art. And on his expiring day he seizes his pencil to strive, by another stroke still, after the perfection which flies before him, and leaves his work as with the last breath of his mouth, and movement of his hand, upon it, to show, amid unfinished groups, and the measured lines for a new trial, that, if absolute perfection cannot be reached here on earth, yet heights of splendor and excellence can be attained, beyond all the thoughts of him whom the glorious idea has never stirred. What a lesson for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our idle loiterings in the heavenward way! What a shame to our doubtings about that perfection to which God and Christ and apostles call!

"There, again, is a man who has toiled in loneliness and secrecy upon the strings of a musical instrument, till he has concentrated all the sweet sounds of nature into that little space, and can draw forth liquid melodies and mingling harmonies, the voice of birds, and the flow of streams; now the sounds of laughter, and anon the sobs of prayer, to the astonishment of assembled thousands. And shall Christians debate whether it is a possible or reasonable thing to make a perfect piety to God and charity to man their standard? No: there is no other aim worthy of your immortal natures. There is no perfection so glorious as that of moral and religious goodness. There is no example in other modes of perfection so clear and inspiring as that in spiritual things of the life of Jesus our Lord. Content yourselves no longer with moderate attainments. Pause no longer upon the level where others may rest content around you. Pursue, each one, the peculiar and individual perfection which your Maker has marked out. Press every power of thought and feeling to this end. Labor till every color in the living picture of your excellence become true, and all deformity sink into just proportion. Tune over and over again the strings of each feeling in your

breast, till every discord that jars there melt into harmony of love and praise. At least, so aim and so endeavour, and the Perfect One himself, who has so commanded, will grant you his blessing ; and, from all the short and broken accomplishments of earth, will take you to the joy of higher and eternal progress, with the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven." — pp. 341 – 344.

It may be said that preaching of so elevated a strain as that of the volume before us demands a specially prepared audience, and could be fully appreciated only by hearers whose own minds were already attuned to the higher harmonies of devout thought. We reply, that it is the direct tendency of such preaching to create the appetite which it feeds, to inspire the tastes which it gratifies. There is, indeed, much that sounds plausible in the common theories of the unornate simplicity of pulpit teaching, — only we never knew an advocate of that method, who did not for his own sake prefer richer and loftier exhibitions of the truth than he deemed adapted to the needs of the many. We have been time and again told of Tillotson, that he read his sermons before preaching them to an ignorant domestic, and expunged whatever she did not instantly comprehend. His sermons are, indeed, level with a child's understanding ; but with their hydra-headed skeletons, their pedestrian style of thought, and chaste barrenness of diction, they belittle the truths that they expound, and, if they are ever worthy specimens of pulpit eloquence, it is when they treat of the homelier virtues of domestic and civic life, and keep clear of those themes which relate more directly to God, to Christ, and to heaven. The minister who lowers himself, and lets the pulpit down, to cater for the receptivity of the most ignorant fourth part of his audience, does exceedingly little even for their culture. Illiterate and unintelligent people derive the most profit from the very ministrations of religion that would seem the least adapted to their capacity. The mind, as well as the body, has its pores, through which there is an insensible absorption and transfusion from the surrounding atmosphere. The pauper, who stately listens to sermons of a high intellectual character, manifests tenfold refinement, intelligence, and power of apprehension, compared with one whose minister washes his hands of the impeachment of "human learning."

We especially prize such preaching as makes up this volume, for the sake of the numerous border class of hearers, to whom we should do equal injustice were we to term them religious or irreligious. The truly devout will listen to any sermons that a good man may preach. If he bring to his work inferior mental endowments, their loyal faith will prop his lame logic, and their fervor of spirit will reinforce his languid rhetoric. But such a preacher will leave all the rest of his congregation out of the range of his influence. Religion will not only get no hold upon their consciences, but will establish no points of contact with taste, sentiment, or fancy. They will be wholly unconcerned listeners, or else habitual absentees from the services of the Sabbath. And it is in precisely such a religious society, that we can trace the broadest and most appalling moral contrasts. On the one hand, piety in its austere or fanatical garb; on the other, levity and frivolity, restrained by no lingering sentiment of reverence, and not infrequently lapsing into overt vice. But the minister who preaches with mind and soul, as well as heart, diffuses through all classes and conditions of his hearers a certain measure of religious interest and feeling, sustains a general sense of moral right, fitness, and obligation, and retains large numbers of the young and the tempted in that position "not far from the kingdom of heaven," from which they may be rapidly gathered alike into the visible Church and the spiritual fold of Christ. While, therefore, we deem it the first requisite for the ministerial office that one be "a good man, full of faith and the holy spirit," we deem it almost as essential, that he should have large mental capacities and attainments, as measured by the average standard of his congregation, — that he should stand to them in a relation in which they shall respect his mind as well as his character, and shall enjoy as much as they approve his preaching.

But we have been insensibly drawn away from the book under review. We must confess, in our critical capacity, a certain measure of disappointment, that we are in this instance denied our professional privilege of fault-finding. Unable to detect any pervading heresies of doctrine or defects of style, we have made diligent search for statements that we might question, propositions that we gainsay, single false steps in reasoning,

mixed metaphors, rhetorical oversights; but we have sought in vain. We trust that we have said enough, and quoted enough, to induce a fuller acquaintance with the volume on the part of many of our readers; and may it be richly blessed in the diffusion of its own spirit of simple faith and serenely fervent piety! A. P. P.

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#### ART. VII. — TICKNOR'S HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.\*

THERE are two points of view from which every book may be observed; one from without and the other from within. In the former case, it is compared with other books upon the same subject, or exposed to the test of an ideal standard. The critic ventures to assert whether a better book might not have been written with the materials at command, whether all the sources of information have been examined, whether the ground has been gone over superficially or thoroughly, and whether a spirit of accuracy presides over the minor details of names and dates. A judgment of this sort supposes in the critic a knowledge of the subject equal at least to that of the author whom he is reviewing.

But, on the other hand, every book furnishes to some extent the means of forming an estimate of its merits. Every book is a work of art, and of books of history and science we have a right to inquire both as to their substantial and their formal claims. A man of taste may know nothing of Sanscrit, and yet, if he read a treatise on Sanscrit literature, he will be able to say whether the style be good, and the general treatment of the subject judicious. Turner's *History of England* is very elaborate and learned; Hume's, on the contrary, is rather superficial. Yet, with the most moderate knowledge of English history, a reader is competent to decide that Hume is greatly the superior in the sagacity of his observations, in the philosophical tone of his understanding, and in the easy grace of his style. Robertson's *Charles the*

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\* *History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 568, 552, 549.



Fifth is not esteemed by those who are learned in the subject to be a very profound or a very accurate work. Few men are able to give an opinion on this point, but every scholar may venture to say that the author has treated the subject with great judgment, and commended it by a style of sustained and elaborate polish.

We think it no more than fair to our readers to state at the outset, that, in summoning Mr. Ticknor's book before our literary tribunal, we mean to try it upon the evidence which its own pages furnish. Our acquaintance with Spanish literature is far too slight to attempt any thing more. Indeed, we do not know the man on this side of the water who is competent to examine this work from a point of knowledge on a level with that which the author has reached. Mr. Ticknor's residence in Spain, his personal relations with many of its most distinguished scholars, the studious years he has devoted to the subject; and the command of an unrivalled Spanish library, give to his opinions and statements upon Spanish literature an authority which the most confident critic will hardly venture to resist. We aim at nothing higher than to give what shall strictly be a review of the work, to tell our readers what the author has aimed to accomplish, and with what success his efforts have been crowned, and to venture a modest judgment as to its literary merits of style, method, and arrangement. We feel the burden of our incompetence the less, because the work is not addressed to those who are learned or even curious in Spanish literature, but to all classes of intelligent and cultivated men. The author's purpose has been to present the literature of Spain as the true exponent of its civilization and the manners of its people, and to infuse into it that animating life-blood which flows from the great national heart of the country. Thus, while he has never lost sight of the cardinal points of accuracy and thoroughness, he has aimed to produce a book which shall be something more than a work for reference and consultation, — which shall be found in the drawing-room as well as in the study, — which shall be read by all who have a taste for literary history, or an enlightened curiosity as to the causes which have raised Spain so high and brought her so low.

In his arduous enterprise of writing the history of

Spanish literature, Mr. Ticknor has had no pioneer in English literature. This is rather a remarkable fact, as the Spanish peninsula has always been a favorite ground with the writers of England and of our own country. From his early travels in Spain, the vivid mind of Southey derived influences and impressions which tinged his whole literary life. Lockhart's versions of the Spanish ballads will preserve his name longer than any of his original works. The laurels of Prescott have been gathered on the soil of Spain and that of her colonies. In the same romantic land, Irving found the materials for his most elaborate historical work, and some of the most charming of his fictions. To these names may be added those of Robertson, Watson, Lord Holland, Napier, Lord Mahon, and Ford, as proofs of the interest which Spain has always awakened among the men of letters of England. But no one has yet written a history of Spanish literature in the English language. Nor, indeed, is any such work to be found in the Spanish language itself. That country has never been wanting in patient and laborious scholars, who have accumulated ample materials for literary history, and written with learning and ability upon particular authors and detached portions; but no one has arisen among them who has traced the growth of that rich and picturesque literature from its remote origin, through its splendid and vigorous prime, down to its mournful decay and decrepitude. The reader of Mr. Ticknor's volumes will be able to judge how far this may be owing to the fact, that, before the age of literary retrospection was reached in Spain, the spirit of the people had so withered away in the cold shade of the throne and the Inquisition, that men of letters had lost their heart, cheered neither by the genial patronage of the crown nor the animating voice of public opinion. It is thus rather a curious circumstance, that nine English readers out of ten get all their knowledge of Spanish literature from two writers who were neither Englishmen nor Spaniards. We need hardly say that we refer to Bouterwek and Sismondi.

Bouterwek, a name never to be mentioned without respect, was one of those laborious and conscientious German scholars who begin to write books before they are out of their teens, who labor in their literary vocation

with the patient industry of a mechanic toiling at his daily trade, and die at last with a proof-sheet in their hands. His *History of Spanish Literature* forms a part — a single volume only — of an elaborate work on the entire history of elegant literature in modern times, which appeared in twelve volumes, published at various periods between 1801 and 1819. The portion devoted to Spanish literature is very well done, characterized by just general views and a healthy tone of criticism, but is imperfect in many particulars, not only because a subject so extensive rendered it impossible to treat any part of it with any thing like minuteness, but also because in this particular department the author was embarrassed by the want of access to a complete Spanish library, which compelled him in many instances to rely upon extracts and second-hand opinions. In 1823 it appeared, together with its author's brief *History of Portuguese Literature*, in an English translation, made with taste and skill, by Miss Thomasina Ross.

We will not so far disparage our readers as to presume that they require to be told who and what Sismondi was. His lectures on the literature of the South of Europe, comprising an account of the Provençal and Portuguese, as well as the Spanish and Italian, — a work which would have exhausted the literary enterprise of many authors, but served only as an agreeable interruption to the severe historical researches of this eminent writer, — were delivered at Geneva in 1811, and published at Paris in 1813. The whole work has secured to itself a permanent place in European literature, and will always be read with interest, from the beauty of its style, the tasteful tone of its criticism, and the generous humanity of its sentiments; but in whatever relates to Spain, Sismondi was even less provided with original authors than Bouterwek, and he was consequently under obligations to his predecessor, which, though they are generously acknowledged, lessen the authority of his own labors. The whole work was translated into English, with notes, by Thomas Roscoe, and published in 1823.

Mr. Ticknor has been fortunate in the selection of a subject as yet unattempted by any writer in our own language, and in another respect he has also been fortunate. The literature of Spain presents a rich and fruitful theme

to a writer who looks upon literature as the expression of national feeling, and treats it in the spirit of a philosopher, and not of a bookworm. Perhaps no nation in Europe has so distinct and individual a character as the Spanish, and in no other is the literature more strongly marked by the national peculiarities. Its power and its weakness, its beauties and its defects, are alike drawn from the soil in which it grew. The Spanish character was formed in a period of struggle and contest with a race alien in blood and in religion, which lasted from the overthrow of the Gothic monarchy, in the eighth century, down to the capture of Granada, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. When, after the memorable defeat of Roderick in 711, the remnants of the nation, stripped of every thing but faith and hope, retreated behind the mountain fastnesses of the Asturias, leaving nearly all the Peninsula in possession of the Moorish invaders, every thing seemed to portend the extinction of the Gothic race and the Christian religion. But under the stern nurture of adversity, a new class of virtues was called into being, — hardihood, enterprise, indomitable courage, and inflexible perseverance. In the unequal struggle which commenced, the Spaniards, though often baffled, were always successful. Slowly, inch by inch, the land was wrested from the grasp of the Moorish invader. What was won by fiery valor was defended with wakeful obstinacy. The Moors were gradually driven into narrower circles, till in the fifteenth century they ceased to exist as a separate people.

In this protracted struggle, continuing for more than seven centuries, the Spanish people were supported by an exalted sense of patriotism and devotion, which under ordinary circumstances would have been extravagant and fanatical. Every Spaniard lived and acted as if specially dedicated to the service of his God and his country. No motives less powerful, no pressure less strong, would have sustained the people in the arduous task which Providence had assigned to them. Under these influences there were developed in the Spanish character a fiery courage, an heroic constancy of purpose, and a fervor of religious faith, which made the nation for a long time the dominant power in Europe, which reared an empire upon which the sun never set, which inspired the romantic en-

terprises of Cortés and Pizarro, and chained victory to the car of the Great Captain.

But from the same fountain flowed both sweet and bitter waters. Few nations have paused for any length of time at that point in their progress in which the vertical sun of power and prosperity casts no shadow. That inevitable law of the natural body, by which the principle of decay begins its corroding work so soon as the full maturity of development has been reached, prevails also in political societies. The generous loyalty of Spain, which had led to such efforts and such sacrifices, degenerated into a blind and weak submission to the encroaching spirit of the crown, fatal to independence, to self-respect, and to all the manly virtues. The devotional feeling, which breathes in strains of such celestial purity through the poetry of Manrique and Luis de Leon, which upon a thousand fields of battle kindled the eye of the dying soldier with rapturous gleams of triumphant faith, and brought all the glories of heaven before his swimming gaze, became a fierce fanaticism, which made war alike upon true religion and constitutional liberty, converting the strong into rebels and the weak into hypocrites. The glory of Spain seemed at its height during the reign of Charles the Fifth; yet even at that time the throne and the Inquisition had begun to cast those poisonous shadows under which all the vital virtues of the country gradually withered away, until the Spanish monarchy became aptly typified by its own Escorial, a gloomy structure, half palace and half monastery, frowning over a desolate waste.

To these influences, which had so important a share in forming the Spanish character, must be added the effect of a tropical climate, with its alternations of passion and languor, and the Oriental element derived from the long residence of the Moors in the Peninsula, who, for a considerable period at least, were superior to their Christian rivals in cultivation and social refinement. The result of all this was a certain intensity of feeling, ever tending to the extremes of fanaticism and extravagance, and seldom checked by a keen sense of the ludicrous. The virtues of the Spaniard were always fluttering upon the verge of exaggeration, and breaking out in fantastic and absurd forms. In his true type, for example, he is honorably

distinguished by gravity, dignity, and self-reliance; but these are precisely the qualities most likely to be carried to excess. Thus, the common caricatures of the Spaniard in every literature are founded upon the exaggeration of these virtues, and the ludicrous contrasts to which they give birth. Beggarly claims are attended with regal pretensions. The hungry pauper, who is always chasing the phantom of a dinner, has sounding titles and an interminable pedigree. Every ragged hidalgo is as good a gentleman as the king, only not so rich. This element of disproportion lies at the bottom of most of the humorous literature of Spain, which delights in the grotesque contrasts which are produced by bringing beggars, gypsies, and rogues into the society of reputable and distinguished men and women. We notice the same peculiarity in the language itself, which is rich, sonorous, and expressive,\* admirably suited for great occasions and elevated sentiments,—the appropriate dialect of kings and ambassadors,—but does not always adapt itself with ease and flexibility to the common purposes of every-day life, and too readily swells into bombast.

The literature of Spain reflects, as in a mirror, all these peculiarities of the national character. Her strength and her weakness, her glory and her shame, are here revealed in bright lights and deep shadows. In no other literature does patriotism breathe more animating strains, or devotion soar upon a more seraphic wing. All the heroic and elevated virtues find here a fitting expression, and he who would learn the language in which deep feeling, romantic generosity, chivalrous valor, and lofty self-reliance speak, need not go beyond the Peninsula. But here, too, we mark the same tendency to the overstrained and the extravagant. We find more of all good things than of good taste and good judgment. We meet with exaggerated expressions of loyalty, which outrage all propriety and probability, and seem worthy only of madmen or fools. The moral sense is shocked by the union of devotional fervor with the most vicious propensities, and Christianity is disfigured and degraded by being associ-

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\* We were present at the annual performances of the College of the Propaganda in Rome, two years since, where exercises in some sixty languages were spoken. Of all these, the Spanish was the finest in the mere quality of sound.

ated with ferocious passions and a profligate life. The strong, unquestioning faith of the people sometimes tempts their authors into an exhibition of spiritual subjects, which to Protestant reserve seems coarse and irreverent.

Especially are the peculiarities of the Spanish temperament observable in that part of their literature which is inspired by the passion of love. With the Spanish poet, love is a burning and consuming fire, which feeds upon the heart and wastes away the life. A favoring smile lifts him into a heaven of ecstasy, while a frown converts the face of nature into a universal blank. The delicate sentiment which breathes through the sonnets of Petrarch is like the night-breeze that steals the perfume from the orange-gardens of Sorento, but in the poetry of Spain love is a tropical tempest, which makes a desert of the breast in which it rages. And this volcanic passion does not express itself with simplicity and directness, but the lover, in the midst of his alternations of rapture and agony, indulges himself in the most cold and fantastic conceits, and moralizes the perfections of his mistress into a thousand elaborate similes, which seem equally opposed to good taste and genuine passion.

But from these preliminary observations, which the work we have under consideration has suggested, we feel that it is time for us to pass to the work itself. Mr. Ticknor, in a brief and graceful Preface, which we beg the readers of the work to read with care, and in its natural order, relates the circumstances which first turned his attention to the subject of Spanish literature. Passing several months in the country, early in life, and becoming personally acquainted with some of its most distinguished men of letters, he began to collect Spanish books and to make himself acquainted with their contents. The interest thus awakened was never lost. Fortunate in his opportunities of acquiring books and manuscripts, the materials for his enterprise were constantly increasing. These materials were early thrown into shape by the preparation of the course of lectures which were delivered by him, as Professor of French and Spanish Literature in Harvard University; and the result of his labors, at the end of thirty years, is seen in a library of Spanish books which has no equal out of Spain, and perhaps no supe-

rior in it, and in these volumes on Spanish literature, which, it is, but moderate praise to say, are far superior to any thing that has gone before them in wideness of range, depth of learning, and thoroughness of research, and quite absolve the coming world from the duty of writing another work on the same subject.

Mr. Ticknor divides the literature of Spain into three periods, corresponding very nearly to its growth, maturity, and decay. The first period extends from the first appearance of the present written language to the early part of the reign of Charles the Fifth, or from the end of the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth. To this first period about four fifths of the first volume are devoted, and this period is arranged into two divisions. "The first will contain" (we are now quoting the author's language) "the genuinely national poetry and prose produced from the earliest times down to the reign of Charles the Fifth; while the second will contain that portion which, by imitating the refinement of Provence or of Italy, was, during the same interval, more or less separated from the popular spirit and genius. Both, when taken together, will fill up the period in which the main elements and characteristics of Spanish literature were developed, such as they have existed down to our own age."

The long procession of Spanish literature opens with the grand and shadowy form of the *Cid*, floating between the daylight of history and the twilight of romance to such a degree, that some writers have questioned his actual existence. But there is no more reason to doubt that there was such a personage as the *Cid*, than to doubt that there was such a man as Daniel Boone, because many things that are told of him are pure fictions and because many exploits performed by others are ascribed to him. The Canon in *Don Quixote* speaks truly when he says, (we are indebted to Mr. Ticknor for the quotation,) — "There is no doubt there was such a man as the *Cid*, and such a man as Bernardo del Carpio, but much doubt whether they achieved what is imputed to them."

The most interesting record of his life and deeds, and one of the most interesting of all literary monuments, is the Poem of the *Cid*, which consists of above three thousand lines, in a sort of rude Alexandrine measure, and



can hardly have been composed later than the year 1200. In simplicity, animation, and occasional picturesqueness, it will remind the classical reader of the poetry of Homer. Like Homer, too, the writer indulges himself in homely details and minute particulars, which give it value as a record of the times of which it treats. Indeed, no work is more full of the spirit of the age of chivalry, — not of that fantastic and ideal age which modern discontent dreams of, and which never had any real existence, — but as it actually was, a period of rude virtues, rough manners, strong arms, and plain speech. The following are Mr. Ticknor's closing observations upon this poem : —

“ It is throughout striking and original. It is, too, no less national, Christian, and loyal. It breathes everywhere the true Castilian spirit, such as the old chronicles represent it amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish wars; and has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and none at all in its imagery or fancies. The whole of it, therefore, deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give us of the rude but heroic period it represents: of the simplicity of the governments, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people; of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where we should least think to find them. It is, indeed, a work which, as we read it, stirs us with the spirit of the times it describes; and as we lay it down and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain, that, during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the ‘*Divina Commedia*,’ no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness, and energy.” — Vol. I. pp. 22, 23.

Portions of this poem have been translated into English, with infinite spirit and grace, by Mr. John Hookham Frere, one of the most accomplished scholars of our times. From this poem, from the *Chronicle of the Cid*, a later composition in prose, and from the numerous ballads on the subject of his life and adventures, Southey has compiled his entertaining *Chronicle of the Cid*, a skilful piece of literary restoration, in which, if old materials are not always used, the substitutes are nearly as good as old. Mr. Frere's translations will be found appended to this

work, of which a handsome edition was published in 1846 by Mr. Daniel Bixby, of Lowell, which would have been still better if the proof-reader had taken rather more pains in the Spanish quotations. The publication of such a book, in such a town as Lowell, is a significant and suggestive fact, which might lead a sensible and thoughtful Spaniard into a train of reflections flowing more in shadow than in sun.

To this first period belong the ballads of Spain, so well known to all who know any thing of the literature of the country. Upon their origin, much curious research has been expended; some writers tracing them to primitive models in the Latin language, and others deriving them from the narrative and lyric poetry of the Arabs. But such discussions, of which the well-known controversy upon the origin of modern romantic fiction is an instance in point, resemble the quarrel between the two knights as to the shield that was gold on one side and silver on the other, except that in these literary tilts the shield has sometimes more than two sides. But as every form of literary production must somewhere be native and spontaneous, why look abroad for influences which the inquirer will find lying at his feet? The ballad poetry of Spain was eminently the indigenous growth of the soil, and a moment's reflection will show that the circumstances of the country were highly favorable to this class of compositions. The English scholar need not be told of the number of ballads in his own language which are founded upon the border warfare between England and Scotland, in the romantic incidents to which it gave rise, and the unsettled state of society of which it was at once the cause and the effect. But for many centuries the Spanish people were engaged in a somewhat similar contest, in which their courage was sustained and their enthusiasm heightened, not only by patriotic, but by devotional feeling, for the Moors were not only foreigners, but infidels. As a ballad in its primitive form is merely a versified narrative of a particular occurrence, the varied incidents of so protracted a contest would afford numberless themes for such poems. A brilliant foray, a skirmish in the mountains, the capture of a castle, the death of a knight, the abduction of a maiden, would readily be cast into the form of rude verse by the

wandering minstrel, and sung from village to village till it was woven indissolubly into the memories of the people. Add to this a metrical structure of extreme simplicity, the liberty of using imperfect rhymes, and the effect of a luxurious climate, quickening the sensibility to all lyrical impressions, and the abundant growth of the Spanish ballads will be easily explained, without resorting to any foreign influences. Such poems, indeed, are like the natural wild-flowers of a country, which rise from no exotic seed, but are the growth of the spontaneous productiveness of the soil. They spring up along the way-side of human life. Rooted in the human heart, the air and sunshine of every day call them into bloom. They owe their birth to that universal law of Providence by which the blood is stirred by the breath of song, and the soul melted by the poet's touch.

The ballads of Spain began to be collected and published in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but many of them were composed at a far earlier period, and some are doubtless coeval with the first formation of the language. The task of arranging them in a chronological order has never been attempted, and could not be with success. As to their literary merits there may be a diversity of opinion. Southey has pronounced them inferior to those of England, a judgment to which no patriotic Spaniard will assent, and which we are not quite sure would be confirmed by an intelligent German or Frenchman. But it will be admitted by every candid mind, that they show a more refined state of society, and a higher, or, at least, gentler tone of moral feeling. The heroic ballads of Spain are of no inconsiderable value in an historical point of view. They reveal to us the character of the noblemen and gentlemen of Spain, as it was before the touch of tyranny had paralyzed the national heart, and before the Inquisition had mixed the poisonous breath of suspicion and distrust with the very air of the fireside, — brave, generous, devout, and loyal, — a vigorous shaft of manly virtues crowned with a Corinthian capital of chivalrous courtesy and romantic gallantry. No wonder that these ballads are still heard all over the Peninsula, — that the Spanish maiden sings them at her household labors, and the muleteer carols them as he drives afield over the sunny plains of Andalusia. They

bring back the old glories of Spain, and show what she still would be if her rulers had always been faithful to their trusts. Music and song have ever soothed the sorrowing heart of the exile, and with the lot of the true-hearted Spaniard is mingled a portion of the exile's bitterness,—the mournful comparison of the past with the present. If Spain is ever to rise from her fallen and degraded state, to put on "beauty for ashes," it will be mainly owing to the spirit which these ballads have had no small share in awakening and preserving among the common people,—that part of her population which has ever suffered the most and offended the least.

Mr. Ticknor divides these ballads into four classes; such as relate to fictions of chivalry, and especially to Charlemagne and his peers; next, such as regard Spanish history and traditions, with a few relating to classical antiquity; then such as are founded on Moorish adventures; and lastly, such as belong to the private life and manners of the Spaniards themselves. Of these, the second class—the historical ballads—forms the largest and most important division. Their favorite heroes are the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, and something like a connected biography of each of these personages might be gathered from the ballad poetry alone; not that the historical antiquary would accept the whole as literal truth, nor, on the other hand, would he regard it as pure fiction. No sagacious historian would fail to avail himself of the poetical illustration of Spanish history which these ballads supply. They are full of strong traits of national character, and are true to the manners of the period in which they were written.

The Moorish ballads form a brilliant and attractive class. They are later in their origin than the purely historical ballads, and were, generally speaking, the growth of a period subsequent to the fall of Granada. They show the vivid impressions made upon the susceptible Spaniards by the romantic region of which that event gave them undisturbed possession. They are full of the spirit of Andalusia, its snowy mountains, its sunny plains, its verdurous valleys, the soft beauty of its moonlight nights, and the luxurious refinement of Moorish life and manners. We feel, in reading them, that we are transported into a gentler region than we have hitherto been accustomed to. The

blast of war blows less frequently in our ears. The play of fountains in the courts of the Alhambra, whispers of passion in the orange-gardens of Granada, serenades at midnight with fair forms bending from balconies to listen, the tournament of reeds, and the mournful notes of sorrow when all these had been lost, — such are the elements which charm us in the Moorish ballads, and still throw a light brighter than that of day over the lovely region which the Moor once called his own.

The ballads upon manners and private life form a numerous class, and have that interest which belongs to all poetical expressions of popular feeling. Many of them, as might be expected, are called forth by the fruitful inspiration of love; some are pastoral, and some shrewd and homely, but all are true, and imbued with the flavor of the soil.

Mr. Hallam has remarked that these Spanish ballads are known to the English public, "but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart." With deference to so high an authority, we doubt whether this praise of these translations is not a little extravagant. They are certainly "fine and animated" poems, but they are often paraphrases rather than translations, and the student of the originals will miss some of their peculiar charm of simplicity and directness in these versions, though he will find their places supplied by graceful embellishments, such as modern taste will approve. It would not be doing justice to Mr. Lockhart to say that his translations, as compared with the originals, remind us of Prior's cold and tedious dilution, in his "Henry and Emma," of the sweetness and simplicity of the old ballad of "The Notbrowne Maide"; but a fair parallel may be found in two well-known passages, one from Shakspeare and one from Gray, cited by Coleridge in illustration of his principles of poetical criticism.

"How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind."

*Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 6.

" Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,  
While, proudly rising o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

*Gray's Bard.*

Men of taste may perhaps differ as to the comparative merit of these two passages. He who prefers Gray will also prefer Lockhart's ballads to the originals.

The portion of Mr. Ticknor's work which treats of these ballads is entitled to high praise. Its fulness of research and amplitude of bibliographical and historical information will commend it to those who are curious in such matters, while the general reader will be attracted by its genial and judicious tone of criticism, and by the occasional translations, which are alike faithful and spirited.

The prose chronicles of Spain form a most interesting and characteristic part of its literature, unrivalled in variety, richness, and picturesqueness. They extend over a period of two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth. They are subdivided into general chronicles and royal chronicles, prepared by royal hands or under royal authority, and thus clothed with a sort of official weight and dignity; chronicles of particular events; chronicles of particular persons; chronicles of travels; and romantic chronicles; the last comprising only a single specimen, and of no great merit. We can only refer our readers to Mr. Ticknor's full and luminous pages for far more ample and exact information on these works than can be found in any other writer in our language, and must content ourselves with quoting his just and pertinent concluding reflections.

" In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can, on such points, be compared to them; not even the Portuguese, which approach the nearest in original and early materials; nor the French, which, in Joinville and Froissart, make the highest claims in another direction. For these old Spanish chronicles, whether they have their foundations in truth or in fable, always strike farther down than those of any other nation into the deep soil of the popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in the long

periods of national trial and suffering, are constantly coming out ; hardly less in Columbus and his followers, or even amidst the atrocities of the conquests in the New World, than in the half-miraculous accounts of the battles of Hazinas and Tolosa, or in the grand and glorious drama of the fall of Granada. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether to the court of Tamerlane, or to that of Saint Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us ; and thus, in this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people, we are constantly discovering, not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of the old Spanish ballads, plays, and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted." — Vol. I. pp. 215, 216.

Our limits will not permit us to give any analysis of the chapters which Mr. Ticknor devotes to the romances of chivalry, whose names are preserved in the pages of the immortal work which sealed their doom, as monumental tablets transmit records of those to whom they are reared ; nor of his curious and learned inquiries into Provençal literature in Spain, and into Catalonian and Valencian poetry. Nor can we do any thing more than make mention of such names as Don Juan Manuel, the author of that curious collection of tales and apologues, the "*Conde Lucanor*,"\* and Alphonso the Wise, whose code of laws, "*Las Siete Partidas*," compiled six hundred years ago, is still cited and discussed in the tribunals of one of our own States.

In Spain, as in most other countries of Europe, the drama appeared in its first form in those religious representations, by pantomime and dialogues, by which the clergy sought to teach and enforce the doctrines and mysteries of Christianity. But no fragment of them, and no distinct account of them, now remain to us. Nor is there any thing properly dramatic among the secular poetry of Spain, till the latter part of the fifteenth century. The first composition of a dramatic form was called "*The Couplets of Mingo Revulgo*," a satirical dialogue direct-

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\* In the "*Conde Lucanor*" appears, for the first time in European literature, the story which forms the plot of the "*Taming of the Shrew*," though Shakspeare found it in some later source. In the same work is the admirable tale of the Magician and the Dean of Santiago, which was translated by Blanco White for the *New Monthly Magazine*.

ed against the unhappy state of affairs in the latter part of the weak reign of Henry the Fourth, and written about 1472. The "*Celestina*," a work of much higher pretensions and much higher character, appeared about the same time. It is a drama, or rather a dramatic poem, extending to the formidable length of twenty-one acts, and on that account alone not capable of being represented. But it exerted a strong influence upon the national drama. We find in it the same elements which we observe in its later and more finished forms; a love-plot interfered with and embarrassed by all sorts of low and vicious characters, a succession of complicated intrigues, with wild and improbable adventures. It is full of spirit and animation, and written in a style of vigorous and idiomatic purity; and on account of these merits it enjoyed an extensive popularity, both at home and abroad, and led to many imitations, in spite of its gross libertinism of thought and language. But the honor of founding the Spanish theatre belongs, so far as it can belong to any one person, to Juan de la Enzina, who lived at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. After him, Gil Vicente, a native of Portugal, wrote plays both in Spanish and Portuguese. The dramatic compositions of Naharro show much talent. But it is not probable that the plays of any of these writers were publicly acted in Spain, and whatever influence they exerted was through the press. The foundation of a popular national drama, which held the mirror up to nature as it was in Spain, was reserved to a later period. To the three last-named writers Mr. Ticknor devotes two chapters, full of curious information gathered from original sources.

Thus far we have spoken of the popular literature of the first period, which was the natural growth of the soil, and original alike in form and in substance. But contemporaneous with this there sprang up another class of writers, whose taste was formed upon Italian models. Many circumstances conspired to make the influence of Italy upon Spain early in time and important in extent. The deep religious faith of the Spaniards made them turn to the Romish See with a peculiar feeling of veneration and trust. The light of intellectual culture, too, in modern times, first dawned upon Italy, and shone with a lus-



tre brightened by the neighbouring darkness. Before the year 1300, Italy possessed five universities, while Spain had not yet one, and numbers of Spanish youth sought in Bologna and Padua the means of a liberal education not yet provided at home. The relative position of the two countries led naturally to commercial intercourse, as soon as men began to exchange the products of one region for those of another. The reader of Spanish history need not be informed of the political relations of the two countries, and how early Spain obtained a foothold in Sicily and Italy, and how the armies of Ferdinand and Louis the Twelfth drenched with mutual slaughter the fair fields of that unhappy country, equally the victim and the sufferer whatever might be the issue of the contest. But, more than all these, the language of Italy, from its resemblance to that of Spain, established an important medium of communication. An educated Spaniard would understand Dante and Petrarch with very little more trouble than it costs us to read the Scotch poems of Burns, or the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. We need not, therefore, be surprised to mark the influence of Italian literature upon the writers of Spain at an early period.

Of the authors of the courtly or Italian school, one of the most distinguished is the Marquis of Santillana, born at the very close of the fourteenth century; a man of high rank, and, like many of his countrymen, cultivating literature with energy and success through a life crowded with the labors and duties of war and statesmanship. He was a man of learning, a sound and judicious critic, and a poet of no mean order. Of his poetical powers, the finest specimen is a song, "*Una Serranilla*," or A Little Mountain Song, addressed to a maiden whom he found tending her father's herds upon the hills. The Arcadian reed never breathed a gentler or a softer strain. To fully appreciate its merits, we must imagine the Duke of Wellington writing a song which combines the airy grace of Herrick and the tenderness of Burns. In Bohn's recent edition of Sismondi there is a translation of this little poem by Wiffen, which resembles the original as a handful of raisins resembles a bunch of grapes.

Many other names will be found recorded with due honor in Mr. Ticknor's learned pages, which we cannot

even copy into our own; but we must pause for a moment at that of Jorge Manrique, whose beautiful poem on the death of his father is so well known to readers of English by the exquisite translation of Professor Longfellow. He was one of a family honorably distinguished in war and in literature. His poem, called in the original "*Coplas*," is one of those effusions of natural feeling, flowing warm from the heart, which will always charm and interest so long as love and sorrow dwell in the breast of man. The tenderness and grief which it breathes are without affectation or extravagance, and its whole tone is elevated by religious faith. Its style and versification are worthy of the truth and beauty of its sentiments. A curious proof of the estimation in which it has always been held is to be found in the fact, that it has been repeatedly published with poetical glosses or commentaries, which are generally little better than feeble dilutions of the original.

The following are Mr. Ticknor's concluding observations on the first period of Spanish literature.

"If, however, before we enter upon this new and more varied period, we cast our eyes back towards the one over which we have just passed, we shall find much that is original and striking, and much that gives promise of further progress and success. It extends through nearly four complete centuries, from the first breathings of the poetical enthusiasm of the mass of the people down to the decay of the courtly literature in the latter part of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it is filled with materials destined, at last, to produce such a school of poetry and elegant prose as, in the sober judgment of the nation itself, still constitutes the proper body of the national literature. The old ballads, the old historical poems, the old chronicles, the old theatre, — all these, if only elements, are yet elements of a vigor and promise not to be mistaken. They constitute a mine of more various wealth than had been offered, under similar circumstances and at so early a period, to any other people. They breathe a more lofty and a more heroic temper. We feel, as we listen to their tones, that we are amidst the stir of extraordinary passions, which give the character an elevation not elsewhere to be found in the same unsettled state of society. We feel, though the grosser elements of life are strong around us, that imagination is yet stronger; imparting to them its manifold hues, and giving them a power and a grace that form a striking contrast with what is wild or rude in their original nature. In short, we feel

that we are called to witness the first efforts of a generous people to emancipate themselves from the cold restraints of a merely material existence; and watch with confidence and sympathy the movement of their secret feelings and prevalent energies, as they are struggling upwards into the poetry of a native and earnest enthusiasm; persuaded that they must, at last, work out for themselves a literature, bold, fervent, and original, marked with the features and impulses of the national character, and able to vindicate for itself a place among the permanent monuments of modern civilization." — Vol. 1. pp. 452, 453.

The second period in Spanish literature extends from the accession of the Austrian family to its extinction, or from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the end of the seventeenth. Its comparative importance may be estimated from the fact, that Mr. Ticknor devotes to it the last hundred pages of the first volume, the whole of the second, and the first two hundred pages of the third, — about one half of the whole work. Within this period Spain reached its highest glory, and before its close the fatal poison of despotism and bigotry had struck to the heart of the people, and dried up the sources alike of vigorous action and original literature.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there was little of literary productiveness in Spain, and the first impulse to a better state of things came from abroad. The career of conquest run by Charles the Fifth in Italy led to more intimate relations between the two countries than had been before known; and the influence of the great writers of Italy gradually manifested itself in a class of Spanish poets who wrote in the measures, and with the spirit, of Italian verse. This Italian school met with strong opposition, but prevailed in spite of it, and has ever since produced obvious effects upon the literature of Spain. Of the writers of this class, the first in point of time is Juan Boscan, who died about the middle of the sixteenth century. His poems were published, after his death, in four books, of which the second and third, constituting by far the largest part of the volume, are composed of poems entirely in the Italian measure. He was a man of learning and taste, with various accomplishments and highly cultivated powers. His poetry was marked by grace, delicacy, and refinement, rather than by strong original genius; and in point of style he is so

admirable, that some critics have claimed for him the rank of the first classical poet of Spain.

In the innovation which he introduced in Spanish literature, he was powerfully seconded by his friend, — a man of finer genius than himself, — Garcilasso de la Vega. He was of a distinguished family, a soldier by profession, and received a mortal wound in an attempt to scale the walls of a petty fortress in the South of France, in 1536, when only thirty-three years old. But there is nothing in his poetry of the stormy music of the camp. We hear in it only the shepherd's reed and the lover's lute. It is full of sweetness and tenderness, with a shade of gentle melancholy, and a vivid sense of natural beauty. The versification is flowing and harmonious, and the style of faultless purity. His poems have always been the delight of his countrymen, and there has ever been a sort of general consent among their men of letters as to their great excellence, such as has been accorded to no other Spanish poet.

The success of Boscan and Garcilasso in transplanting into their own language the forms and spirit of an exotic literature is highly complimentary to their powers, but had they sought inspiration at native fountains and reproduced in their poems the elements of the true national character, cultivating and developing what was native and indigenous, it can hardly be doubted that their influence would have been more extended, and their fame more widely spread. Their unquestioned genius and pure taste would have commended them none the less to the fastidious and the refined, and they would also have woven their verses into the fibres of the national heart, and thus enjoyed that universal consideration and popularity which are now accorded only to Don Quixote and the best of the ballads.

Another writer, whose influence was mainly extended to the Italian forms introduced by Boscan and Garcilasso, was Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, one of the most extraordinary men to whom Spain has ever given birth, and who might fairly be taken as the type of the genuine Castilian character, in its highest state of energy and power. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a diplomatist, the military governor of Siena, ambassador at Rome, and the representative of his sovereign at the Council of Trent;

in all which capacities, he showed the most chivalrous courage, the most indomitable perseverance, the readiest address, the most skilful resources, and, when the occasion called for it, the most pitiless cruelty. But these active duties did not absorb the fiery and fervid energies which were pressed down and running over in this child of the tropic sun. In the intervals and breathing-spaces of war, politics, and gallantry, — for he made love with that irresistible union of power and passion which the Greek poets ascribe to the father of gods and men, — he acquired, as one plucks flowers on a rapid walk, a large amount of knowledge, and became, not only an accomplished, but even a learned man. He accumulated books and manuscripts with all the zeal of a modern collector and all the advantages of wealth and high position. He wrote a variety of poems, epistles, sonnets, and lyrical pieces, some of which are in Italian measures, and some in the ancient forms of Castilian verse, but all full of glowing life and stamped with the impress of original power. His satires and burlesque pieces, of which he wrote several, have never been printed, and we can only imagine the rich wit and "heart-easing mirth" which a man of such vivacious talent and such experience of life must have put into them.

In the retirement of his old age, he devoted himself to the composition of an historical work on the rebellion of the Moors, in the reign of Philip the Second. It is written in a style of rich and elaborate elegance, founded upon that of Sallust, but occasionally showing the influence of Tacitus, and it has the higher merits of weight of matter and great fairness of statement.

But as an author, Mendoza is best known, and has exerted the most marked influence upon the literature of his country, by a work written in his youth, under the inspiration of those sparkling animal spirits and that rich sense of purely sensational\* life, which must have had no small share in carrying a man through so effervescent and

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\* This is a "vile phrase," but a convenient one. Every writer must have sometimes felt the want of an expression which shall be the proper correlative of "intellectual," denoting the just and legitimate functions and satisfactions of the senses; a matter of considerable importance, so long as we have bodies, and quite too much neglected in modern education. "Sensual" has been degraded from its natural and primitive meaning, and denotes only the abuse of the senses.

tumultuous a career. We refer to his "*Lazarillo de Tórmes*," a novel of low life, the first of a class well known in Spanish literature under the name of the *gusto picaresco*, or the style of the rogues, and made famous all over the world in the brilliant imitation of "*Gil Blas*."

The humor of this class of compositions, which is rather grotesque than purely comic, depends upon the principle of contrast, illustrated not only in the efforts of rogues, thieves, and beggars to extract support from the orderly and industrious classes, but also in the discrepancy between the actual condition of reputable persons and that which they are desirous of maintaining in the eyes of others. It cannot be denied that, in the development of this element, we find evidence of that hardness of heart and want of sensibility to human suffering, of which the conduct of Spain towards the Moors, the Jews, and the Mexicans gives such mournful proofs. The pangs of hunger, for instance, are not usually esteemed, by men whose hearts are in the right place, to be a laughter-moving theme, yet a frequent character in these fictions is a well-born and proud gentleman, so miserably poor as to be constantly suffering from want of food. Certainly, such books are not the most profitable reading, but it would be carrying morality to asceticism to say that they are absolutely pernicious. Bad books may be divided into two classes, — those which confound the essential distinctions between right and wrong, and those which inflame the passions by seductive pictures. Byron's "*Don Juan*"\* is a good illustration, for it does both, and the mind that could conceive such a work was "set on fire of hell." But these fictions do neither. They introduce us to low company, and make us acquainted with low vices, but they do not make either the company or the vices attractive; and he whose moral perceptions are perverted by such books must be already in so bad a way as not to be worth the saving.

We must pass with a very rapid step over this second

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\* We remember to have met with and tried to read this poem at an inn in Martigny, in Switzerland, while on a pedestrian excursion through the Oberland, in the summer of 1847, and shall not soon forget the disgust awakened by the contrast between its mocking and licentious tone and the glories and sublimities around us.

period of Spanish literature, or else our article will swell to the dimensions of a volume. We cannot, therefore, give any analysis of Mr. Ticknor's chapter on didactic poetry and prose; nor of that on the chroniclers and historians of the time of Charles the Fifth, among whom is found the honored name of Las Casas. But we must pause for a moment to pay our due tribute to the serene and beautiful genius of Luis Ponce de Leon, the last of that series of distinguished authors, who, during the first half of the sixteenth century, gave a new character to Spanish poetry by productions composed in the spirit of the great writers of Italy or of the ancient classics. He is pronounced by Bousterwek the most correct of all the Spanish poets. His poems are few in number, and form but a small part of his literary labors, but they are of great value, and they are generally placed at the head of all Spanish lyric poetry. He was an ecclesiastic by profession, and in his life and writings the monastic character is presented in its most attractive and ideal form, adorned by gentleness, purity, religious sensibility, and tranquil submission, and crowned by profound learning and the most admirable genius. His favorite studies, like those of Milton, were the ancient classics and the Hebrew Scriptures, and his poems, like those of Milton, vindicate the excellence of these models. They are full of that devotional fervor and intense spiritual aspiration, so common among Catholic writers of the South of Europe, but rare among Protestants, though rudely expressed in some of the Methodist hymns. Indeed, the honest Sismondi frankly confesses that he is unable to appreciate their merits. They breathe that vague longing of the soul to flee away and be at rest, so often awakened in men of religious faith and sensitive temperament by the rude shocks of common life. As the language and versification of his poems are so exquisite as to call forth only unqualified praise from the most competent critics, it is not surprising that they have ever held so high a place in the regards of a devout and enthusiastic people like the Spaniards. One of the best of his poems has been admirably translated by Bryant.

A considerable portion of Mr. Ticknor's second volume is devoted to the popular national drama of Spain, which is traced from its origin under Lope de Rueda, through

the various forms of opposition it encountered, till it became firmly established in general favor at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after which it enjoyed a long period of splendid success. This is the most interesting portion of Spanish literature, because it is the most original. It is formed upon no existing models. It was the direct and immediate growth of the national spirit, and thus reflects most clearly all the features of the national character. In other European nations, the drama is more or less colored by foreign influences; but not in Spain. Here we find no trace of Greece, or Italy, or France, or England. Within the Spanish theatre, the dramatic scholar finds himself in a new world. He must lay aside all recollections of Sophocles, Shakspeare, or Racine. He must forget his choruses, his three unities, and his five acts. Every thing he sees and hears—the forms, the style, the tone of sentiment, the motives of action, the texture of the plot—is strange to him. It is intensely national. Thus the Spanish character and the Spanish drama illustrate each other as Greek art and Greek poetry do; and he who would understand the history of Spain must include in the range of his studies the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon.

This part of Mr. Ticknor's work has apparently cost him the most labor, and will doubtless be read with the greatest interest. It would be doing him injustice to attempt any such imperfect abstract as our limits would of necessity restrict us to. In point of fulness and variety of information, it is infinitely in advance of any thing which has thus far been accessible to the general reader. His chapter on the old theatres of Spain, the actors, scenery, properties, and general mode of representation, is, especially, full of curious learning, which must have been gathered by bits and fragments, from a great variety of sources, such as only a very complete Spanish library could supply.

The three great writers of Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, belong to the same period. Indeed, for sixteen years they were all living together. Cervantes died in 1616, when Calderon was sixteen years old and Lope de Vega fifty-four. They also all wrote for the stage, but with very different fortunes. Calderon is exclusively, and Lope de Vega principally, known by



his dramas; but those of Cervantes would hardly have preserved his name, had his claims rested upon them alone.

Cervantes is one of the greatest of writers, and he was also as natural and amiable as he was highly gifted. He appears to have been singularly free from the melancholy and querulousness which so often belong to the temperament of genius; even more so than his illustrious contemporary, Shakspeare, for Cervantes has left no such record of his inner life as Shakspeare's sonnets supply. He was always poor; five years a captive in Algiers; severely wounded and maimed for life while yet very young; once or twice in prison; never blessed with a sense of security and repose; till the last moment, writing for uncertain bread; yet to all this adverse fortune he opposed a front, not merely serene and tranquil, but gay, joyous, and triumphant. His sufferings left no stain of bitterness or defiance upon his mind. His good nature was as invincible as his spirit. His temper was without sediment, and the rough shocks of life could not cloud or sully it. The account of his amazing courage, fortitude, and magnanimity, while a slave in Algiers, moves the deepest springs of sympathy and admiration, but we scarcely venture to compassionate so heroic a soul. We are hardly using extravagant language when we say that the qualities he then and there displayed are nearly as rare as the genius which produced *Don Quixote*.

Beside this immortal work, Cervantes wrote several plays,—one of which, the *Numantia*, abounds with scenes of terrible power and deep pathos,—and a variety of prose fictions, of remarkable literary merit; but all are thrown into the shade by the splendor of his great romance. Upon this work, the most popular in European literature, which has been translated into all languages and read by every body who has read any thing, any critical remarks of ours would be superfluous and uncalled for. Our mite of praise could add nothing to that universal tribute of admiration which has ever been paid to the felicity of the original conception, the admirable contrasts presented by the two principal characters, the comic power of the incidents, the rich, idiomatic beauty of the style, and the air of good sense and natural cheerfulness which hangs over the whole work, like the sunny atmosphere of the region in which its scenes are laid.

A curious literary discussion has arisen as to the object which Cervantes had in view in writing *Don Quixote*. One theory is thus stated by Mr. Ticknor:—

“His purpose in writing the *Don Quixote* has sometimes been enlarged by the ingenuity of a refined criticism, until it has been made to embrace the whole of the endless contrast between the poetical and the prosaic in our natures, — between heroism and generosity on one side, as if they were mere illusions, and a cold selfishness on the other, as if it were the truth and reality of life.” — Vol. II. p. 104.

This theory, to which Sismondi has given the sanction of his great name, and which he has expounded with much eloquence and ingenuity, is doubtless of German origin. Our Teutonic cousins, if not the inventors, are the great masters of that suggestive school of criticism, which applies to the productions of genius a creative faculty akin to that which gave them birth. This principle leads sometimes to very admirable, and sometimes to very questionable results. Goethe's observations on *Hamlet*, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, are of the former class. They are equally profound, original, and just. Some of Dr. Ulrici's explanations of the plays of Shakspeare are an instance of the latter class, in which we do not know which to wonder at most, the absurdity of the views or the solemn air of authority with which they are propounded.

But, as Mr. Ticknor justly observes, this explanation of *Don Quixote* is opposed, not only to Cervantes's express statement, but alike to his own character and that of the age in which he lived. That was not an introspective period, nor was that the complexion of the mind of Cervantes. No great writer ever had more of that element of unconsciousness, which some contend to be the invariable accompaniment of genius. His main object in writing the first part of *Don Quixote* was, undoubtedly, to obtain bread for himself and his family, and he was not prepared for the great popularity with which it was received, so much beyond that of his former productions, whose inferiority he himself was not likely to have perceived or acknowledged. But this very success emboldened and encouraged him. His intellectual offspring became dearer to him from the favor which they enjoyed,

and in his second part he often lost sight of his original plan, and wrote from the strong interest he had begun to feel in his subject and in his characters. In the same manner, Spenser in his "*Faerie Queen*," as he goes on, is constantly forgetting his allegory and becoming absorbed in the adventures originally intended only to illustrate it. And, furthermore, it is true as a general remark, that every work of genius is susceptible of applications of which the author did not dream. A man cannot measure the height and depth of the inspiration which comes from the breath of God. The tones of the singer awaken echoes sweeter than themselves, and from the penetrating wisdom of genius are derived lessons of which the teacher himself was unconscious.

In a similar spirit of criticism, *Don Quixote* has been pronounced to be the most melancholy book that ever was written, because its whole effect is to discourage generous devotion and heroic self-sacrifice, and to favor a heartless selfishness and indifference to human suffering. *Don Quixote*, we are told, is a being tender, heroic, and disinterested, actuated by the highest and purest of motives, whom we are compelled to respect, yet who is always making himself ridiculous and never succeeding in any thing he undertakes. But in this statement there is a want of accurate discrimination. It is not true that we always respect *Don Quixote*. We sympathize in his motives, we admire his sentiments, but his conduct does not, by any means, command our unqualified respect. Indeed, that headlong and fantastic benevolence which discards all considerations of time, place, and circumstance, which rejects the conditions which are essential to success in all human enterprises, is not a quality worthy of respect or imitation, and we know of no law in our moral constitution which forbids the application of a little wholesome ridicule to correct its wild extravagances. It seems to us that this wise and genial book can never leave a melancholy impression, except upon an essentially morbid nature, or one whose crude enthusiasm has not been mellowed by time or lessened by experience.

The name of Lope de Vega is familiar to many who know nothing of his works, from his prodigious fertility of invention and the amazing number of his productions,

in which he surpasses the writers of every age and country. He would have been a voluminous author had he never written a drama, for his miscellaneous works fill twenty-four quarto volumes. Among these are no less than five epic poems (one a burlesque), pastorals, eclogues, romances, sacred poems, sonnets, epistles, and prose novels. None of these have any marked merit. They show scholarship, facility, metrical skill, and poetic feeling, but they want originality and genuine power. They are tame transcripts of exotic forms, and have nothing of that national spirit and indigenous flavor, without which no literary production ever attained extensive popularity or permanent influence. We doubt if any one has read them through for the last hundred years, except to win a wager or perform a penance.

Besides these miscellaneous works, he wrote upwards of two thousand dramas, of which only about three hundred have ever been printed. His facility of composition cannot be fairly comprehended from vague, rhetorical statements, but appears most astonishing when presented in the naked details of arithmetic. "According to his own testimony," says Bouterwek, "he wrote on an average five sheets a day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-five, and that, allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses." If this calculation be correct, it would require him to have written from his thirteenth year to the time of his death at the rate of more than nine hundred lines a day, which, when we consider his various active employments and his extensive learning, becomes, as Lord Holland justly observes, almost impossible. But, with all deductions, enough is left to show an activity and fertility of mind which makes the brain of a common man giddy with amazement. Compared with him, the most prolific writers of other countries — Voltaire, Goethe, Scott, Cobbett — seem to have been mere literary idlers, who now and then took up the pen to amuse themselves of a rainy forenoon.

Lope de Vega, born in 1562, began to write for the stage before he was thirty years old, and he continued to

maintain an unbounded influence over it till the time of his death, which took place in 1635, when his dramatic sceptre passed, by natural and undisputed succession, into the hands of Calderon, at that time thirty-five years old. There were many points of resemblance in their career. Both were precocious writers; both enjoyed the favor of the court and of the nation, and were rich and honored; both served as soldiers, and became ecclesiastics; and in both the poetic talent continued to advanced age.

Lope de Vega was really the founder of the proper national drama of Spain, for though others had written plays before him, yet they paled before the splendor of his productions like stars before the sun. He gave the Spanish drama the form and spirit which it maintained so long as it had an existence. He planted it so deeply in the national heart, that no efforts of bigotry and intolerance could uproot it. All its characteristic merits and defects may be studied in his plays. The prodigious influence which he exerted may be estimated from the fact which Mr. Ticknor mentions, that, when he began to write for the stage, he found at Madrid only two companies of strolling players, who acted in court-yards, and that he left there at the time of his death no less than forty companies, comprising nearly a thousand persons.

As we have before said, he who would understand the Spanish drama must approach it without prepossessions or even recollections. As we see it, in its highest forms, in the works of Lope de Vega and Calderon, we mark no division into tragedy and comedy, but tragic and comic elements are so intermingled as to defy all attempts at classification on that basis. The Spanish plays, considered in regard to their subjects, may be ranged under two heads, the religious and the secular. The former class, which are peculiar to Spain and curiously characteristic of the national character, were a peace-offering to the grim genius of the Inquisition. Their subjects are taken from the Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints, and their treatment was such as to seem often scandalous and irreverent to Protestant apprehension, though no such feeling was awakened in the devout Catholics of Spain who listened to them. Allegorical and ideal beings are also introduced, in a manner

that appears very absurd to our cold Northern temperaments.

If we give to the drama its primitive signification of action, we shall pronounce the Spanish secular plays to be the most dramatic of all compositions. Their writers do not attempt to awaken interest by tracing the growth of some overpowering passion in a single breast, to which all the conduct of the piece is made subordinate, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*, but by crowding the attention of the spectator with the most rapid succession of effective incidents. Their plays are acted romances, and we listen to them, as children read novels, mainly for the story. Events follow each other with the most breathless rapidity, the plot is entangled with all sorts of misunderstandings and cross purposes, and darkened with disguises and masqueradings, the rules of probability are set at defiance, geography and chronology are wholly ignored, and the catastrophe is often huddled up in the most inartificial manner, as if the author were weary of his work, and summoned his characters before him in order to despatch them by death or marriage, as the case may be. Thus the Spanish stage hardly presents a single marked, consistent, and individual character, in itself a high effort of creative genius, like *Hamlet* or *Lear*. Indeed, the same characters are constantly reproduced. We have the lover and the fair object of his passion, watched by a father or brother with jealous care, an envious and scheming rival, and generally an underplot, in which the main action is burlesqued by valets and waiting-maids, or other persons of inferior position.

For the morality of the Spanish stage, in either of its departments, not much can be said. In the sacred dramas we are often shocked by the incongruous and repulsive union of religious sensibility with the most abandoned life. Religious faith and good morals seem to have no necessary connection with each other. But this is never felt to be an inconsistency, at least not to any great degree, in Spain or Italy, where the imagination of the people personifies the powers of good and of evil, and conceives them as always contending for the souls of men; and it is a very common thing to find persons leading the most hardened lives, — robbers and murderers, — and yet regular in the performance of certain devotional forms, and firmly believing in their efficacy.

Nor is it any better in the secular dramas. We find ourselves among a set of men and women as little governed by moral motives as in the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve, and standing quite as much in need of Charles Lamb's ingenious defence. The relations of the sexes are controlled by a fantastic and sensitive jealousy, hardly short of insanity. Mere imprudence or misfortune on the part of a wife is supposed to leave a stain upon the honor of the husband, which only blood can wash out. And yet we find in this same drama disguised ladies engaged in no very reputable intrigues, claiming and receiving the protection and coöperation of gentlemen, who would not hesitate to put to death with their own hands a wife or a sister whom they detected playing the same pranks. Above all, the Spanish plays seem dictated by the very genius of homicide. Murders, duels, and assassinations occur in them with a frequency revolting to humanity and shocking to good taste. Human life is a mere weed, to be thrown away upon the slightest provocation. Indeed, so atrocious are some of their plays, that it would seem as if the authors wished to give to the audience a species of excitement as near akin as possible to that awakened by a bull-fight, and thus strewed the stage with dead bodies to gratify a taste already familiar with blood.

These general remarks upon the Spanish drama apply alike to the plays of Lope de Vega and of Calderon. To weigh the comparative merits of these great writers is a task for which we are not qualified, and which we shall not attempt. But the praise of mere distinct originality must, we think, be accorded to Lope de Vega, for he would have done all he did had Calderon never lived, but Calderon was under great intellectual obligations to Lope de Vega. If Calderon did surpass him in the race, we must remember how much of the way he was carried on Lope de Vega's shoulders. The Germans, with their usual confidence of tone, and especially the two Schlegels, have lavished the most extravagant praises upon Calderon, and given him a higher seat upon Parnassus than his rival; but we believe this judgment is not confirmed by the Spaniards themselves, and we doubt whether it would be by a taste formed upon English models. Of the purely imaginative faculty, which soars out of

sight of the common earth, and brings before us ideal worlds, like those of the "Tempest," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," peopling them with lovelier forms than the waking eye has seen, and bathing them in splendors beyond the light of day, Calderon doubtless had more. He was also a greater master in the expression of a certain fervid and rapturous mysticism, which absorbs all the faculties of the soul, and pours round the martyr's path the "sapphire blaze" of the heaven of heavens.

Frederic Schlegel, writing from a strong Catholic zeal, says that "Calderon is, of all dramatic poets, the most Christian, and for that very reason the most romantic," a very questionable *sequitur*, by the by. But what Schlegel would call Christianity, most Protestants would call mysticism, or fanaticism, no more like Christianity than chloroform or nitrous oxide is like air. Indeed, he leaves us an inevitable inference as to his meaning, by speaking of the "remarkable excellence" of "The Firm-hearted Prince," and "The Devotion to the Cross," as illustrating the Christian idea of spiritual purification by external sorrows. Now "The Firm-hearted Prince," *El Principe Constante*, is one of the noblest works of human genius, and worthy of most unqualified praise, but "The Devotion to the Cross" is "founded," we quote from Mr. Ticknor, "on the adventures of a man who, though his life is a tissue of gross and atrocious crimes, is yet made an object of the especial favor of God, because he shows a uniform external reverence for whatever has the form of a cross; and who, dying in a ruffian brawl as a robber, is yet, in consequence of this devotion to the cross, miraculously restored to life, that he may confess his sins, be absolved, and then be transported directly to heaven." What shall we say of a critic who praises so outrageous a production, and ranks it side by side with that noble effusion of generous self-devotion and heroic faith, "The Firm-hearted Prince"? On the other hand, the judicious Sismondi says of Calderon, that "no one ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious or morals so corrupt"; and he cites this very play in support of his severe judgment. F. Schlegel also says that it would be difficult to find two men more entirely and radically dissimilar, both



in mind and in act, than Calderon and Lope de Vega ; a remark which we quote only in illustration of the cool way the Germans have of making the most questionable or paradoxical statements, as if they were self-evident propositions, which nobody ever did or ever could question.

As was naturally to be expected, the splendid success of Lope de Vega and Calderon gave birth to a school of dramatic writers, who wrote in the forms and with the spirit of their great prototypes. Among these may be mentioned Guillen de Castro, from whom Corneille took the plot of his brilliant tragedy, "The Cid"; Tirso de Molina, who first exhibited in a distinct dramatic form the character of Don Juan, now so well known on every stage in Europe; Augustin Moreto, who, according to Bouterwek, possessed a higher degree of comic talent than Calderon; and Antonio de Solís, better known by his *History of the Conquest of Mexico*.

Contemporary with Lope de Vega and Cervantes was Quevedo, a man of genius and learning, and, like so many of the authors of Spain, engaged for many years in active life as a statesman and diplomatist. He wrote both in verse and in prose; in the latter, upon a great variety of subjects, including politics, theology, and metaphysics; but his fame principally rests upon his satirical works, which are full of spirit, boldness, and originality.

For a century, during the reigns of Philip the Second, Philip the Third, and Philip the Fourth, the press in Spain teemed with heroic and narrative poems, most of which are little better than chronicles in rhyme, and only one of which has attained a European reputation. We refer to the *Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla, the only epic poet who has recorded in verse the achievements in which he himself took part, for the subject of the poem is the war of the Spaniards against the Araucans, a brave people of South America, in which the author served as an officer. He conceived the idea of his work, and began the execution of it, in the midst of the toils and dangers of the campaign, and often recorded at night the impressions of the day, sometimes upon scraps of paper, and sometimes upon pieces of parchment or skin, which he found in the cabins of the savages. These circumstances give a peculiar interest to the poem, and form one of the elements of its

celebrity. The style is pure, the descriptions spirited, and the speeches excellent; but its merits are rather historical than epic, and, as Sismondi says, "it is sometimes merely a rhymed gazette."

In lyric poetry at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century we find a brilliant list of writers; among them, the two brothers Argensola, who wrote with taste and correctness in the spirit of Horace, Villegas, who inherited the airy genius of Anacreon, and Herrera, whose ode on the battle of Lepanto is one of the grandest strains of patriotism and devotion in all modern literature, and glows with all that exulting fervor under which the harp of Judah burns and trembles when it celebrates the triumphs of the Most High. To the lyric poets also belongs Góngora, who is more remembered for his bad taste than for the genius which made it so contagious a disease. He introduced into Spanish literature a fantastic and affected style of writing, — not unlike that of the Euphuism of his contemporary, Lyly, in England, now known to all the world in the delectable discourses of Sir Piercie Shafton, — and became the founder of a school which lasted for a considerable period, and whose influence even Lope de Vega and Calderon did not entirely escape.

In the several departments of satirical, didactic, and descriptive poetry, no considerable name occurs. The nature of the political and ecclesiastical government of Spain gave no encouragement to that freedom of thought essential to excellence in the first two we have named; and a strong sensibility to natural beauty has never been a trait in the Spanish character, in spite of the romantic contrasts of the scenery of their own country, and the grandeur and sublimity which their conquests in America unfolded before their eyes.

Romantic fiction was cultivated with spirit and success in more than one department. Pastoral romance was introduced into Spain by Montemayor, a native of Portugal, whose "*Diana Enamorada*," published in 1542, in good Castilian, immediately attained great popularity, and led to many imitations, to which the climate and rural habits of Spain gave a nearer approach to probability than those of more northern regions. In 1599, Mateo Aleman published the first, and in 1605 the second

part of his "Guzman de Alfarache," a novel in the *gusto picaresco* style, written with great acuteness, knowledge of life, and comic power. It was received with universal favor, translated into all the languages of Europe, and has not yet lost its original popularity. In "The Civil Wars of Granada," by Gines Perez de Hita, published at about the beginning of the seventeenth century, we have the earliest specimen of the historical romance, pronounced by Mr. Ticknor to be "one of the most attractive books in the prose literature of Spain; a book written in a pure, rich, and picturesque style, which seems in some respects to be in advance of the age, and in all to be worthy of the best models of the best period." Short stories or tales were also produced in great numbers in Spain during the latter part of the sixteenth century and the whole of the seventeenth, and the names and merits of their writers are recorded by Mr. Ticknor with careful accuracy, in a chapter full of curious and minute research.

Of forensic and deliberative eloquence, there is literally nothing in the literature of Spain. The political and ecclesiastical institutions of the country were unfavorable to its growth. A plant which can only live in the air of freedom soon languishes and dies upon the soil of Spain. A religion, also, like that of Spain, which appealed so much to the senses and wielded so formidable a power, could dispense with persuasive exhortations addressed to the conscience and the understanding, and thus we find in Spanish literature no distinguished models of pulpit eloquence. In that graceful department of literature, which Cowper, Walpole, and Madame de Sévigné have made so attractive, Spain has almost nothing to show, except the remarkable letters of Antonio Perez, the secretary and for some time the favorite minister of Philip the Second, of whose checkered career a brief and interesting sketch is given by Mr. Ticknor. Didactic prose, also, never took vigorous root in the Peninsula, for that requires a freedom in the expression of opinion never granted to writers in Spain, and he who wrote with the spectre of the Inquisition at his elbow was not likely to put that heartiness and earnestness into his page, without which that class of compositions is like salt that has lost its savor.

In history, the great names during this period are those of Mariana and Solís, neither of whom in European estimation stands on a level with the great historians of England and France. Mariana was a Jesuit, but a man whose independent spirit sometimes made him obnoxious to his own Order. His *History of Spain*, which he wrote first in Latin and afterwards in Spanish, was the labor of thirty or forty years of his life, and from the commendation which Mr. Ticknor bestows upon it, we judge that its literary reputation is not so high as it deserves to be. Solís, who wrote plays and lyrical poems in his youth, became an ecclesiastic in mature life, and devoted himself to the composition of an historical work on the Conquest of Mexico, of which the style is the chief merit. Robertson says of him, "I know of no author in any language whose literary fame has risen so far beyond his real merit," — a remark which Southey somewhere states is equally true of Robertson himself.

The third period into which Mr. Ticknor divides his *History* comprises the literature that existed in Spain between the accession of the Bourbon family and the invasion of Bonaparte; or from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth.

The eighteenth century rose upon Spain in clouds and darkness. Charles the Second, who died on the first day of November, 1700, by a secret political testament made shortly before his death, declared the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis the Fourteenth of France, to be sole heir to his throne and dominions. This led to the well-known War of the Succession, which, with varying fortune, raged for thirteen years upon the soil of Spain, and proved, as all wars in that country have done, the truth of the saying, that no country is so easy to overrun or so hard to conquer. The treaty of Utrecht fixed the Bourbon family upon the throne of Spain, who bought a very indifferent king by giving up Naples, Sardinia, Milan, the Netherlands, Sicily, Minorca, and (perhaps hardest of all) the rock of Gibraltar, which has never since been plucked from the paw of the British lion. Spain, stripped of so large a part of her European possessions, and weakened by the long struggle she had passed through, was not in a condition to encourage literature or literary men; and the new king,

Philip the Fifth, a Frenchman by birth, and educated at the court of his grandfather, was naturally prepossessed in favor of the literature of his own country, always so unlike that of Spain. The great literary project of his reign was the formation of a Spanish Academy, which accordingly went into operation in November, 1714, and has continued ever since, being especially charged with "the cultivation and establishment of the purity of the Castilian language." The fruits of its labors have been a good Dictionary and an indifferent Grammar. It has also published careful editions of different works of recognized authority, particularly a magnificent one of *Don Quixote*. It has also offered prizes for poetical compositions, and occasionally printed meritorious works. The Academy has been, on the whole, a truly respectable institution, and though such a body can never create original genius or find it where it does not exist, it has never attempted to shape and mould the national taste, and has no such stain upon its records as the attack by the French Academy upon the *Cid* of Corneille.

That the iron bigotry of the Church and the Inquisition suffered no relaxation may be learned from the appalling fact, that during the reign of Philip the Fifth no less than a thousand persons were burned alive for heretical or heterodox opinions, and that at least twelve times that number were in various ways subjected to public punishments and disgrace.

But during the darkness of this period, the light of literature was not entirely extinguished. The name of Benito Feyjóo would have been an honorable one in the literary annals of any country, at any time. He was a Benedictine monk, who in 1717 established himself in a convent near Oviedo, and lived there for forty-seven years, engaged in the assiduous cultivation of letters and the tranquil pursuit of knowledge. He was not a man of original genius, but one of that class of minds, not less important, who are admirably fitted to be the conductors and interpreters of genius. He was a man of various and exact learning, and what was better, of strong good sense and penetrating acuteness. He had a happy gift, like that of Franklin, of writing upon scientific subjects with precision, and at the same time in a popular style, and could also touch social follies with the delicate

lash of Addison. From his monastic post of observation, he saw clearly the darkness which rested upon the minds of his countrymen, and with equal sagacity discerned the means by which it might best be removed; and to this object he devoted himself with great singleness of purpose, urged more by considerations of the good he was to do, than of the fame he was to earn. In his numerous writings, which were mostly in the form of essays and dissertations, he endeavoured to make his countrymen acquainted with the scientific discoveries of England and France. He had imbibed the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, and learned from Bayle a wise historical skepticism. He told the reading public of Spain, that the Trojan war did not rest upon the same ground of evidence as the civil contest between Cæsar and Pompey; that Dædalus was not a real personage, like Demosthenes; that the sacred oil of Rheims was not brought down from heaven by a dove; that no mortal man had ever seen Prester John or the Wandering Jew; and that Luther, monster as he was, was not born of a devil. He laughed at astrology, alchemy, magic, and all forms of popular delusion. Upon the rights of women he wrote in a noble and generous spirit, in advance alike of his profession and his age, and had his countrywomen erected a statue in his honor, it would have been a more becoming and appropriate offering than the naked athlete set up in Hyde Park by the women of England, as a tribute to the Duke of Wellington, and called by the name of Achilles, leaving the world to wonder alike what there was in the statue to suggest Achilles, or what there was in Achilles to suggest the Duke of Wellington.

With all this, Feyjoo was a good Catholic, and if not countenanced by the Church, (indeed he was more than once summoned before the Inquisition,) he was never actually silenced by it. His influence was thus impaired by no qualifying circumstances, and became very great. His writings hit the general mind between wind and water, and at his death, which took place in 1764, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had given a powerful impulse to the intellect of his country, and in the right direction. Strange to say, the name of this excellent writer and estimable man is not mentioned either by Bouterwek or Sismondi.

The accession of a French dynasty to the throne of Spain naturally drew the two countries into closer relations than had before been known, and in 1737 a distinct effort was made to introduce into Spain a poetical system founded on the critical doctrines prevalent in France, by the publication of Luzan's "Art of Poetry," an elaborate work of more than five hundred folio pages. Luzan had been well educated in the learning of the times, and spoke and wrote both French and Italian with ease and elegance. His work is an excellent summary of the French school of criticism, written with sound judgment and from the stores of a full mind. His general view of poetry is essentially narrow, for he regards it as subsidiary to some other end, and does not recognize in the grand and beautiful creations of genius a law and purpose of their own. He is thus generally right in pointing out the literary faults of his countrymen, their affectation, their extravagance, and their bad taste; but his critical system made him do imperfect justice to their peculiar excellences, especially in the drama. Thus he blames the Spanish dramatists for violating the unities of Aristotle, which is just as reasonable as it would be to find fault with a rose for not being a lily.

In the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, which lasted thirteen years and ended in 1759, some signs of improvement in the state of Spain began to be visible. The power of advancing intelligence over the Inquisition was shown in the fact, that only ten persons were burnt alive during this reign, and these were relapsed Jews. The general policy of the government was peaceful and salutary. Velazquez, in 1754, published a work on the history of Spanish poetry, of which Mr. Ticknor says, that "it is a slight work, confused in its arrangement, and too short to develop the subject satisfactorily; but it is written in a good style, and occasionally shows acuteness in its criticism of individual authors."

Charles the Third, who ascended the throne in 1759, was a man of energy and good sense, and in general material prosperity, Spain made much progress under his government. But, occupied as he was in the cares of government, correcting abuses and restoring ruins, he could spare but little time or thought for letters or men of letters, and a sovereign, though he may encourage ge-

nus when it appears, cannot call it into existence. So long a blight had hung over the human mind in Spain, that a period of more than one generation was requisite to restore it to its natural productiveness. Indeed, it had long been settled in the opinion of all impartial observers, that the existence of the Inquisition was quite incompatible with a vigorous and original literature. Still, there was the evidence of literary vitality, and the scholar and the patriot had alike reason to look forward to the future with hopeful anticipations.

In 1758 was published, without the sanction of its author, Padre Isla, the first volume of "The History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerund," a remarkable work, and, in point of original genius, superior to any thing produced in Spain during the eighteenth century. It is a satirical novel, directed against the coarse and irreverent style of preaching then prevalent in Spain, written in a style which Cervantes and Quevedo had made so popular, combining sound sense and penetrating wisdom with rich humor, good-natured satire, overflowing animal spirits, and quaint caricature. Its author is a decent and presentable Rabelais. A book so full of wit, and showing such knowledge of the national character, met with great success, and has always enjoyed a popularity second only to that of Don Quixote. No higher compliment could be paid to it, than the horrible outcry which it awakened among the rabble rout of preaching friars, — that flock of unclean birds, — against whom it was aimed. The wolves of the Inquisition would gladly have fleshed their fangs in the blood of the champion who had dealt them so staggering a blow, but, thanks to the favor of the king and the people and to the advancing intelligence of the age, they could only wreak their vengeance upon the book, — which they suppressed as far as they could, — and the author was personally unharmed.

Padre Isla is also well known in literary history as the translator of "Gil Blas" into Spanish, claiming the work as stolen from that language, and further vindicating his country's pretensions by writing a long and not very happy continuation. This curious discussion has been revived within the present century, and the Spanish claim maintained with great earnestness by Llorente,



the well-known historian of the Inquisition, but we believe it has made no converts beyond the Pyrenees.

The efforts of men of letters, during the reign of Charles the Third, flowed in two directions; one class supporting the old national literature, and the other inclining to that of France. In the latter class was found a larger proportion of men of ability, such as the elder Moratin, a poet and a dramatist; Cadahalso, a poet and an essayist, author of a well-known work, "The Moorish Letters," of the class of "The Citizen of the World," and written with taste and good sense; and Yriarte and Samaniego, both popular and successful writers of fables.

In the drama, the same contest prevailed, and the two schools struggled for victory upon the stage; as a general rule, one favored by the cultivated classes, and the other vociferously upheld by the multitude. Among those who attempted to introduce and naturalize the more regular forms of the French theatre were Montiano, Moratin the elder, Cadahalso, Jovellanos, and Moratin the younger, the latter a man of genuine dramatic talent, who, under favorable circumstances and in peaceful times, might have done much for the stage. Of the national school, the most successful writer was Ramon de la Cruz, who produced a great number of what we should call farces, founded on the manners of the middling and lower classes, but never rising into the higher region of poetical invention.

In such a state of the literary world in Spain, it is not surprising that minds of an eclectic cast should have arisen, and made an attempt to combine excellences not absolutely irreconcilable. Such, in point of fact, was the case, and the proper founder of this school was Melendez Valdes, who was born in Estremadura, in 1754, a man of fine genius, whose sad and instructive biography is briefly and happily sketched by Mr. Ticknor. Tempted by the opportunities opened to him through literary success, he left his happy and tranquil retreat at Salamanca, where he was a professor, and embarked upon the stormy ocean of public life, from which came a transient gleam of distinction and prosperity, but in the end, ruin, poverty, exile, and death; thus illustrating most forcibly the beautiful words of Landor, — "How many, who have

abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterwards partake the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, — its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion.”

The poetry of Melendez is chiefly lyric and pastoral, and is marked by tenderness and delicacy of feeling, a lively sense of natural beauty, fine powers of description, and graceful turns of expression ; merits which seem the more touching, and make the more impression upon us, from their contrast with the hard fate and unhappy end of the author.

Among the men of letters in Spain, whose names shed an honorable light upon the latter part of the eighteenth century, are Escoiquiz, the translator of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and author of a dull epic on the Conquest of Mexico ; Cienfuegos, a poet and a patriot ; Quintana, who still lives in a serene and honored old age ; and Moratin the younger, already mentioned as a dramatic poet, and author also of a volume of lyric and miscellaneous poetry, of much merit, and who is also to be praised as a man of virtue and honor when virtue and honor were rare things, and was rewarded, as men of such qualities were then rewarded in Spain, with poverty and exile.

Our "chronicle and brief abstract" of Mr. Ticknor's work may be fitly closed with the name of a truly great man, Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, a wise magistrate, an enlightened statesman, an accomplished scholar ; one of those men whose fame, like a palm-tree in a desert, seems loftier and greener from the barren waste of public and private degeneracy around them. Living at a period when vice had ceased to pay to virtue the poor tribute of hypocrisy, — when the criminal passion of an abandoned queen, and the hardly less criminal insensibility of a besotted king, had raised a private soldier in the guards to be prime minister of Spain and the most powerful subject in Europe, — when, in a profligate court, place and preferment were venal and bought with the honor of man and the chastity of woman, Jovellanos presented in his

life and person the noble and patriotic virtues of the best ages of Spanish history. The path of such a man, at such a period, could not be always in sunshine, for his pure and elevated course was a silent reproach to the baseness around him. He was twice exiled to the mountains of the Asturias, and was for seven years confined in an unhealthy prison in the island of Majorca, exposed to privations and sufferings from which his constitution never recovered. But neither good nor adverse fortune could change the firm temper of his spirit, or abate the singleness of purpose with which he devoted himself to the interests of his country. Notwithstanding the various duties of his active career, he wrote much, on different subjects. His essays on legislation and political economy are full of wisdom, sagacity, and sound observation, and penetrated with a spirit of philosophical statesmanship long unknown in Spain. Elegant literature formed at all times the favorite amusement of this admirable person. He wrote a prose comedy, which was presented with remarkable success, a poetical tragedy, epistles in verse, satires, and burlesque ballads; all of them good enough to dispense with the protection which so great a name would have extended to even ordinary productions.

From our imperfect analysis of Mr. Ticknor's work, which resembles the original only as an index-map resembles the sheets of a voluminous atlas, the reader may form some notion of the literary rank it is entitled to claim. We should have failed of our purpose, if we had not conveyed some impression of its fulness of research, its comprehensive plan, its careful accuracy, and the good taste and sound judgment of its criticisms. We shall be surprised if the best Spanish scholars do not give it most emphatic commendation. In summing up upon its merits, we have only further to say, that it is a book richly deserving the confidence of the literary public. It is stamped with the impress of careful and conscientious preparation. There are no indications of hasty cramming, or of hurried getting up. Mr. Ticknor has had the rare virtue of literary patience, the want of which sends so many half-fledged books fluttering into print, that either fall to the ground by the mere force of gravity, or are shot on the wing by the critical sportsman. He has gone on, year after year, adding to his stores of learning,

and laying more deeply the foundations of his literary structure, and thus his work has the mellow flavor of fruit that has ripened on the bough. He had learned the extent and capacities of his subject before he began to write, and was not obliged to vary his scale of proportion as the work went on.

Nor is this History of Spanish Literature a mere chronicle of the names and works of men of letters, but it is a record of the growth and progress of the mind of Spain, as shown in its books. This, we need hardly say, is the true mode of writing literary history, and the only mode by which its vitality may be preserved. Upon any other plan, it is literary chronology, and not literary history. A mere list of names, dates, and editions is as little suggestive as a catalogue of Egyptian kings copied from the lid of a sarcophagus. In regard to the literature of Spain, we wish to know in what manner that portion of the human family which was there planted — which had its own way of building houses, composing music, painting pictures, and fashioning garments — also wrote its books; with what voice and in what words did they speak when the emotions common to all mankind took the shape of literature; what was their touch upon the “hero’s harp” and the “lover’s lute.” In this spirit Mr. Ticknor has written his history.

As to the distribution of his subject, — the space given to particular periods or individual writers, — there may be a difference of opinion. For ourselves, we should be glad to have had more about Cervantes and Don Quixote, and especially a distinct parallel between Lope de Vega and Calderon, both as to general poetical power and the purely dramatic faculty; but this is because these are familiar names. A Spaniard acquainted with all the rich and varied literature of his country, and anxious to have full justice done to the gods of the lesser as well as of the greater houses, would probably say that these writers enjoyed quite as large a space as they had any right to claim.

Another quality which we observe in this work is its general moderation of tone, and the absence of any marked personal element. It is as little subjective as such a book can well be. Mr. Ticknor has no taste for paradox, and the character of his mind makes him averse

to all extremes of opinion. Free from any partisan feeling, he abstains from taking sides on controverted points, and seeks to do justice to all men and to every form which literature has assumed. We have the impression constantly, that we are reading a conscientious book, in which the writer's views have not been warped by personal prepossessions, or by obstinate adherence to unbending theories. He is just to Racine, and no more than just to Calderon. Men of extreme opinions and enthusiastic temperament will value his volumes less than those whose cast of mind is dispassionate and judicial. Perhaps it is only making the same remark in another form, to say that it is a work without pretensions. It abstains from strong statements and positive assertions. It is free from any air of offensive dogmatism. There are no portions which will awaken a spirit of resistance, or provoke opposition. This moderateness of tone, though it may lessen its immediate popularity, cannot fail in the long run to enhance the weight of its authority, and secure it a higher place in literature.

The style of the work is not marked by any traits of decided individuality, and the reader's attention is not forcibly arrested by it as he reads. It is simple, perspicuous, and correct,—a transparent medium of thought,—doing entire justice to what is meant to be told, but not adding to its attractions by any peculiar felicity of its own. Good sense is the prevalent characteristic alike of the substance and the form of the work. Mr. Ticknor has evidently a strong aversion to fine writing. We will not quarrel with so estimable a literary trait, especially in an American writer, but in his determination to avoid those "purple patches" of rhetoric, of which we are all too fond, he sometimes comes too near the opposite extreme of dryness and coldness. We should have liked, occasionally, a more animated movement and a warmer tone of coloring, such as his excellent poetical translations show that he must have at command.

The work is throughout illustrated by copious notes, which will give a more complete comprehension of the wide range of Mr. Ticknor's reading than even the text itself; and in the Appendix will be found some very elaborate and learned discussions on points of inferior interest to the general reader.

This elaborate and every way excellent History of Spanish Literature will much increase the debt which Spain already owes to us, from the classical labors of Irving and Prescott. These are no more than becoming tributes on our part to the land which despatched Columbus on that memorable voyage, the results of which have so far exceeded the most enthusiastic dreams of the illustrious navigator. We close Mr. Ticknor's volumes with a feeling of sadness. Its last words sound like the dying strains of a solemn requiem. We feel that we are watching the going down of a great light. There is a beautiful passage in a letter of Sulpicius, the jurist, to Cicero, in which he speaks of the ruins of the once flourishing cities he had lately seen, and draws from such a spectacle a moral which rebukes the querulousness of human grief, and suggests an elevated strain of consolatory reflection.\* How trivial do the reverses of a single life, the disasters that darken our little day, seem, when compared with the decay of such an empire, the fall of such a state, as that of Spain! And yet we recognize in such a retribution alike the goodness and the wisdom of God, and pity is not mingled in the emotions which it calls forth. The reader of English poetry will recall some vigorous lines by Cowper, suggested by that sublime picture in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet paints, with a pencil grander and more tragic than that of Æschylus, the powers of hell as moved to meet the coming of the king of Babylon, and the kings of the nations as rising up to give him their stern and awful greeting.

“O, could their ancient Incas rise again,  
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!  
Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see  
The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
Thou that hast wasted earth and dared despise  
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,  
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.

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\* “Ex Asia rediens, cum ab Ægina Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Ægina, ante Megara, dextra Piræus, sinistra Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata et diruta ante oculos jacent. Cœpi egomet mecum sic cogitare: ‘Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jaceant.’” — *Cic. Epis. ad Diversos*, Lib. IV. 5.

We come with joy from our eternal rest,  
To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed."

History is ever justifying the ways of God to man, and never more forcibly than in the fortunes of Spain. If the power has been taken away from her, it is because it was abused; if the sceptre has been wrested from her grasp, it is because it was converted into a scourge. To no men it is permitted to do wrong with impunity; least of all to the rulers of the earth. The selfishness of tyranny is punished by the weakness to which it leads, and bigotry extinguishes in time the religious principle from which its power to do mischief is derived. In her present weakness, Spain is reaping the harvest of wrongdoing. If her ships, colonies, and commerce are gone, if agriculture and manufactures are neglected, if she has no railroads, no active press, no generally diffused education, it is because her rulers have been tyrants, her ministers of religion iron-hearted and narrow-minded bigots, and her nobles indolent and profligate courtiers. In her desolate estate insulted humanity is avenged, and the retributive justice which has overtaken her speaks in a voice of warning to the oppressor and of consolation to his victim.

And is there hope for Spain? Will the night pass away and the morning dawn? To hazard even a conjectural answer to these questions requires far more knowledge of the country than we possess. No traveller has visited Spain without bringing away a strong sense alike of the virtues and the capacities of her people. With God all things are possible; and for mourning Iberia the hour may yet strike and the man may yet come. Who would not rejoice to see that prostrate form reared again, and the light of hope once more kindling those downcast eyes,—the golden harvest of opportunity again waving over her plains, and the future once more unbarring to the enterprise of her sons its gates of sunrise?

G. S. H.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*The Genius of Italy.* By REV. ROBERT TURNBULL. New York : G. P. Putnam. pp. 332.

MR. TURNBULL has become known to the reading community as the compiler of various works of this description. One on the *Genius of Scotland* was quite favorably received. The volume before us will give to those who have not much acquaintance with the subject some useful information. And, in the main, it is to be relied upon, since it is chiefly drawn from trustworthy sources. The patronizing remark which is made in the Preface, about Mariotti's most excellent book on "Italy," is borne out by the whole tenor of Mr. Turnbull's sketches. They might have been written by one who had never visited Italy, but could not have been written by one who had not read Mariotti. The author states, in the beginning, that he does not intend to inflict upon his readers another tour in Italy. We think that a careful perusal of his book would prove that it is not at all the record of a tour. We have looked in vain in histories of painting for any notice of the Martyrdom of St. Jerome, and the Annunciation of the Virgin, by Domenichino, which, our author says (p. 139), are "among the most striking and beautiful paintings in Italy." The two great works of that eminent painter are the *Communion* of St. Jerome, and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. The singular blunder, several times repeated, in the title of Pellico's charming book, (*Le Mie Priglionie*, p. 52,) leads us to doubt if Mr. Turnbull has read the original, or is familiar with the language to whose authors he refers so freely.

It is rather too bad for our author to stigmatize, in a slight footnote at the beginning of his chapter on Tasso, the title of Leigh Hunt's work as awkward and inappropriate, and then proceed to borrow, in the most wholesale manner, Leigh Hunt's sketch of the life of the poet, even to the blunders. The date of the poet's death, of 1575, instead of 1595, which, in Hunt's account is a mere oversight, has no such excuse in Mr. Turnbull's notice. We might present whole columns of passages to show the wonderful similarity of expression between the two writers. The criticism of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, by Mr. Turnbull, will give a more correct idea of that poem to those who have not, than to those who have, read the original.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Turnbull is not always exact in his very numerous references to foreign writers. The "acute Villemain" would hardly recognize the title of his work on page 194.



And he often fails to make these references where courtesy, not to say justice, would demand them. On page 210, for instance, three stanzas from Mr. Roscoe's fine translation of Lorenzo de' Medici's Orazione are given. Of course, Mr. Turnbull did not intend to put forth stanzas so well known as these as his own version. And yet no reference is made to Mr. Roscoe, either in this connection or in the Preface.

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*An Historical Geography of the Bible.* By REV. LYMAN COLEMAN. Illustrated by Maps, from the latest and most authentic Sources, of various Countries mentioned in the Scriptures. Philadelphia : E. H. Butler & Co. 1849.

THIS work brings the geography of the Bible into close association with the history of the Bible, so that, as mutual aids, the inherent interest of each is communicated to the other. Beyond a naked gazetteer, or a dry treatise upon sacred geography, it furnishes help to the study of the Bible, by giving each historical event its geographical locality, and then by illustrating each locality by the concentrated lights of ancient learning and modern travel, convenient maps, or a graphic description. Running parallel with the Bible as the text-book, it commences with Eden, the terrestrial paradise, and closes with Patmos, the scene of the revealed visions of the celestial paradise; giving an attractive prominence to the places made memorable by patriarchs and prophets, by the wanderings and the abode and dispersion of Israel, by the life and death of Christ, by the travels and preaching of the Apostles. At the close of the work is a Chronological Table, which gives to the historical facts locality in time, as the Geography does locality in space. Thus, if "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," no one who has this book need complain that he has no eyes for the study of the historical parts of the Bible.

In defence of the mode which he has adopted, the author states, that "in the universities of Europe geography is taught chiefly, if not entirely, by associating it with history. Ritter, the great geographer of the age, pursues this method. His learned and voluminous works are *historical* geographies of the countries of which they treat. Röhr's Historico-Geographical Account of Palestine has had a wider circulation in Germany than any kindred work."

He moreover states, that diligent reference has been made to the latest and most authentic sources of information, in the works of such writers as Rosenmüller, Weiner, Von Raumer, Röhr, Arnold, Weiland, Jahn, Ritter, &c., together with the

travels of Drs. Olin, Durbin, and Wilson, Mr. Stephens, Messrs. Irby and Mangle, Burckhardt, Lamartine, and especially Dr. Robinson.

A work like this, coming from a ripe scholar like Dr. Coleman, as the fruit of thorough investigation, we think, ought to be welcomed as a valuable addition to the accessible stores of Biblical knowledge. And we shall be surprised if it does not come into extensive use, not only among teachers of Sabbath schools, but among the youth of our land generally, in schools, academies, and colleges, who study the geography of the Bible as a part of education.

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*The Boston Book. Being Specimens of Metropolitan Literature.*  
Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 364.

THIS volume forms the fourth series of the Boston Book, and contains selections, alternately in prose and verse, from fifty-five writers, whose names are in a greater or less degree associated with this city of our affections. Most of the pieces have already appeared in print ; but we notice several which are now published for the first time. Among the new pieces are a fine poem by Dr. Holmes, two new poems by Dr. T. W. Parsons, Jr., the translator of Dante, an amusing tale by the Hon. George Lunt, and a chapter of personal recollections of Dr. Chalmers, by the venerable Dr. Sharp, of the Charles Street Baptist Church. An article on Goodness, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, is also, we believe, new. Among the other selections are a paper on The Old Latin School-House, by Mr. Hillard, written in his usual graceful and happy manner, a very picturesque and beautiful article, entitled The Seen and the Unseen, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, a poem by Mr. Everett, Mr. Longfellow's Resignation, a poem by Mr. Andrews Norton, at once one of the greatest theologians and one of the sweetest poets in the land, Mr. Fields's lines On a Book of Sea-Mosses, an extract from Dr. Frothingham's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Greenwood, an eloquent extract from one of Mr. Choate's ablest and most practical speeches, the conclusion of Mr. Russell's Oration on the Merchant, and well-chosen selections from Messrs. Webster, Winthrop, Whipple, Sprague, Epes Sargent, Prescott, Sparks, and other able and popular writers. In these selections the editor, who has very modestly withheld his name, has displayed great discrimination ; and he is entitled to high praise for the judicious and impartial manner in which he has executed his task. He has given sufficient variety in his selections to please widely different tastes, by skillfully blending tales and light essays with graver discussions. The volume is ornamented by a beautiful engraving of the fountain on the Common, from the pencil of Mr. Hammatt Billings.

*A Review of Trinitarianism ; chiefly as it appears in the Writings of Pearson, Bull, Waterland, Sherlock, Howe, Newman, Coleridge, Wallis, and Wardlaw : with a Brief Notice of sundry Passages of the New Testament, bearing on this Controversy.* By JOHN BARLING. London : Chapman. 1847. 12mo. pp. 240.

THE title of this book is a sufficient index to its contents. The extreme and middle views which leading theologians have expressed on the doctrine of the Trinity are presented in their own words, are compared and weighed, and their inconsistencies and weak foundations are exposed. The author shows candor and acuteness. He has chosen one of the least repulsive features and methods of a controversy, with which it is now high time that the world had done for ever.

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*A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History.* By DR. JOHN C. L. GIESELER, Consistorial Counsellor and Ordinary Professor of Theology in Göttingen. From the Fourth Edition, revised and amended. Translated from the German, by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History in the Lancashire Independent College. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 396, 397.

GIESELER'S History is known to most of our professional readers by the translation of it by the Rev. Francis Cunningham, published in Philadelphia in 1836. It is in the strictest sense a compend, the text being very brief and condensed, containing merely a summary of facts, incidents, opinions, and general information, while most copious foot-notes illustrate and confirm the writer's statements. It is fit only for students, but has a very high value for them. Its introductory matter embraces a vast deal of information. Its exposition of the evangelic narratives is very elaborate. It brings its subject down to the Reformation, and furnishes in its classifications and authorities the evidence of the most unwearied research and toil, attended with impartiality and candor. The translator, in claiming to have improved upon Mr. Cunningham's labors, ought to have been careful to spell his name rightly, as he has not done.

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*Journals of the Rev. Thomas Smith and the Rev. Samuel Deane, Pastors of the First Church in Portland ; with Notes and*

*Biographical Notices ; and a Summary History of Portland.*  
By WILLIAM WILLIS. Portland : Joseph S. Bailey. 1849.  
8vo. pp. 484.

THE diaries of the two clergymen which are printed in this volume, with rich illustrative notes, cover nearly a century, and, with the parochial information which may properly be given under an account of the ministry of their living successor, the Rev. Dr. Nichols, extend over a period of one hundred and twenty-three years. The volume is rich in antiquarian lore, sanctified by a devotional spirit, and eminently worthy of its most industrious compiler. The excellent portrait of Dr. Nichols will make its value complete to many of our readers.

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*A History of the Town of Duxbury, Massachusetts, with Genealogical Registers.* By JUSTIN WINSOR. Boston : Crosby & Nichols, and S. G. Drake. 1849. 8vo. pp. 360.

THIS volume is more valuable as a chronicle of earlier than of later days. There is much of interest in the localities and in the men of the ancient town of Duxbury, because of their connection with the Old Colony of Plymouth. Ecclesiastically the volume confines its narrative to the history of the First Parish. Though such volumes have a limited interest for general readers, they may claim an honored shelf in all our libraries, and will be henceforward of supreme importance to each successive annalist of New England.

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*Annals of Salem.* By JOSEPH B. FELT. Vol. II. Second Edition. Salem : W. & S. B. Ives. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 664.

MR. FELT is a most indefatigable and painstaking antiquarian. He has had the best opportunities of any man among us for researches into New England annals, as he was employed by the Legislature of this Commonwealth to arrange its ancient archives, — which task he performed most ably, — and has been for years the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He has thoroughly chronicled all the historical incidents of Salem and Ipswich, and years of toil are here condensed in their fruits on single pages. He preserves in his style the moralizing spirit of the old Puritans whom he loves.

*The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1850.* Boston : Little & Brown. 1849. 12mo. pp. 348.

THIS is the twenty-first in the series of volumes which have been issued under the same title in as many successive years. It is equally valuable to Americans to keep with them at home, and to take with them abroad. Its astronomical department has been under the charge of Professor Peirce, as heretofore. The usual tables, statistics, and information relating to public affairs in the general and State governments, are given with the most faithful endeavours to secure accuracy. The volume contains an account of the Fairmount, Croton, and Cochituate Water-Works, in the three great cities of the Union. Such particulars relating to the other hemisphere as are of general interest, and a Chronicle of Events, and Obituaries of the departed during the previous year, at home and abroad, fill up the labored pages of this valuable annual. Who ever appreciates the toil which is given to such a volume ?

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*A Copious and Critical English-Latin Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin Dictionary of Dr. Charles Ernest Georges.* By the REV. J. E. RIDDLE, M. A., and the REV. T. K. ARNOLD, M. A. First American Edition, carefully revised, and containing a copious Dictionary of Proper Names from the best Sources. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 754.

*A System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1850. 8vo. pp. 769.

DR. ANTHON'S books grow in size, as their numbers multiply, and we think they become more and more thorough and valuable. The rising generation of pupils, at least the less diligent portion of them, cannot but be grateful to him for all that he has done to make the labor of classical studies light and easy. All his works seem to have that end in view. His edition of the English-Latin Dictionary, the original portion of which consists principally of the valuable Lexicon of Proper Names, is a great improvement upon the old, meagre, and dingy pages devoted to that service in Ainsworth. The bulky volume on Ancient and Mediæval Geography required a faithful use of the rich materials which have

been gathering during the last forty years. The author has availed himself of the most of them, and has given the valuable matter of a great many volumes.

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*Miriam, and Joanna of Naples, with other Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By LOUISA J. HALL. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. [ 1850. 12mo. pp. 404.

THIS volume does not contain all the published pieces of the highly esteemed authoress. If she omitted such of them as have appeared in the pages of the Monthly Religious Magazine, or in forms designed to serve the uses of benevolence, because she did not think them worthy to be gathered in, she mistook the judgment of those who have read them with so much pleasure and interest. Two editions of "Miriam" have given to it a wide circulation, with nothing but approving criticism. "Joanna of Naples" is a narrative truly and touchingly told. The miscellaneous pieces have their value, partly from their subjects, and partly from the fidelity and simplicity with which they are treated.

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*The Whale and his Captors ; or the Whaleman's Adventures, and the Whale's Biography, as gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the "Commodore Preble."* By REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER. With Engravings. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1850. 16mo. pp. 314.

FROM the graphic pages of this little volume, and from its startling engravings, we have actually learned more about the excitements and perils of the whale fishery, than from more ambitious and extended volumes. Whether the author was engaged in what, by a large license, he may regard as an apostolic calling, when he wrote this book, is rather doubtful. But he has made a book for the young which will have many most absorbed readers. It is well thus to have "sailors' yarns" indorsed by more deliberate witnesses. We would commend the book most highly to parents and the collectors of juvenile libraries.

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*General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* From the German of DR. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the First, revised and altered throughout according to the Second Edition. By JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Volume

Third : comprising the Third and Fourth Volumes of the Original. Boston : Crocker & Brewster. 1850. 8vo. pp. 626.

NEANDER now stands at the head of all our church historians. The portions of his great work which have successively appeared in this country have been noticed from time to time in our pages. When the work shall be completed, we shall aim to present a fair estimate of its value, and to do justice to the faithful labors of Professor Torrey. This volume, which is the eighth part of the original work, leads us through the dark and perplexing fortunes of what is called the Christian Church, during the period from A. D. 590 to A. D. 1073. The arrangement of the intricate materials, by divisions and subdivisions of general subjects, is a natural one, and will facilitate a perusal as well as a reference to the volume. The table of contents at the beginning, and the indexes at the end, are full and carefully prepared. Neander pursues the course dictated by justice and charity in taking the middle way between the exaggerated, and therefore false, delineations of the darkness of the Middle Ages, and the other extreme view of some moderns, who have depicted those ages in the hues of a fanciful perfection. We feel that we may trust the pages before us on all matters where a spirit of candor is needed.

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*The Unitarian Congregational Register, for the Year 1850.*  
Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 60.

BESIDES the almanac, which is as good in this as in either of its many other forms, this fifth number of our denominational register contains full information about all our religious, literary, charitable, and ministerial associations, a complete list of the pastors of our churches, with the dates of their respective settlements, and twenty pages of choice reading in prose and poetry.

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✓ MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, who seek most successfully to give to the gems of literature which they publish all the attractions of clear, strong paper, and fair type, and a beautiful page, have issued several new volumes, which are now diffusing an improving influence among many of our homes. An edition of the Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes seems to be called for each year, and the publishers succeed in adding one or two new pieces from his graceful and most poetic pen in each successive issue. The new edition (1850, 16mo, pp. 286) is complete now, but we hope will be superseded by the close of the year. — Professor Longfellow's new volume, "The Seaside and the Fire-

side," (1850, 16mo, pp. 142,) contains some exquisite lyrics, which, while they exhibit the sweetness and fancy of the poet, show a strength and ardor of conception and an energy of expression beyond what we have heretofore marked in the author. The closing passage in "The Building of the Ship" is in the very loftiest strain of the lyre. — The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague (16mo, pp. 206) need no introduction to our readers. A circle of attached friends around the author alone know his most estimable traits as a man, but the beauties of his style and the tenderness of his lyrical pieces have given him a most enviable introduction to the multitude of the lovers of true poetry. — Poems by J. G. Saxe (1850, 16mo, pp. 128) is the simple title of another of the volumes of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. In the poems of this author the satirical vein predominates, but it is chastened by a pure taste and a kind spirit. There is, however, something better than satire in the volume. Fine touches of sentiment, pathos, and real genius meet us on its pages, and entitle the writer to a place among our poets. — Of the beautiful edition of Browning's Poems by the same publishers, we shall give a more extended notice in our next number. — "Greenwood Leaves, a Collection of Grace Greenwood's Stories and Letters," (1850, 12mo, pp. 406,) is the title of a pleasant, and often humorous volume, with the contents of which the readers of some of our best newspapers are more or less familiar. The authoress has a facile pen to accompany a keen eye and a lively mind. There is a humanity, a love of truth and of good things, and a geniality of nature, manifested in all her writings.

All these volumes, some of which are called for by the hundred, — faster, indeed, than they can be prepared, — indicate the prevalence among us of a pure literary taste, and also a friendly relation between authors and publishers, which always marks a period of peculiar culture. The same firm will very soon issue other volumes of equal merit, which are looked for with interest. The Lectures, Essays, and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Giles; a Collection of Orations and Public Addresses, by Charles Sumner; A History of the Acadians, by Professor Felton; a new volume by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Angel World, and other Poems, by the author of "Festus"; A Few Thoughts to Young Men, by Horace Mann; The Nooning, by James Russell Lowell; and Songs of Labor, by John G. Whittier, are among the volumes promised.



## INTELLIGENCE.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*The American Unitarian Association.* — The officers of this Association are using their best endeavours to enlist the sympathy and aid of Liberal Christians, with the least possible exercise of a merely sectarian spirit, in missionary agencies of the highest character. The Unitarians of this neighbourhood contribute far more each year to moral, religious, and charitable objects, apart from the uses of their own denomination, than they do for the extension or maintenance of their own doctrinal opinions. This is an offence to some persons, and a marvel to others, but it indicates one of those exercises of an irresponsible freedom which no one can control in another. Many of our churches out of the city have contributed according to their means to the purposes for which the Association asks their aid. Now it is desired that our churches in this metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood should give a patient hearing to the appeal of the Association for funds, to be employed in circulating religious books and in sustaining preachers in distant places. What less can they do who appreciate their own privileges, than help, and that not stintedly, but liberally, towards enlightening and cheering others who lack such privileges? The last thing of which our denomination or our "household of faith" needs to stand in fear, is a sectarian spirit. Indeed, the best security against such a spirit will be found in giving liberally towards the spread and support of agencies which shall enlighten and elevate men and women through the instrumentality of pure Christian truth.

*Domestic Missions in England.* — This is the title under which our brethren in England express the benevolent agency which is known among us as the Ministry at Large. The London Inquirer, which, as the organ of the English Unitarians, is edited with remarkable ability and faithfulness by Mr. Lalor, contains in its issue for November 17, 1849, a very full report of a conference of domestic missionaries, held at Leeds, October 31st, and November 1st and 2d. It was the fourth annual conference, and was attended by seven missionaries, as well as by other ministers who have charge of societies. The discussions, as reported by the Inquirer, were of the most vigorous and improving character, going directly to the root of the matters debated, proving that those who engaged in them had a thorough practical knowledge of their vocation, were heartily interested in their Christian work, and seriously felt its trials, though without being in the least discouraged by them. The systematic order of the discussion, under a definite arrangement of topics, which were kept apart as they were debated, and were so treated as to lead to practical results, very much facilitated the objects of the conference. We wish that our brethren could read the whole report, which seems to us to be a model account of a model meeting, for if we

have as good speakers, we certainly do not often have as profitable conferences as this. We copy the heads or topics of the discussion : —

“What are the best Means of bringing Christian Influences to bear on the Working Classes?”

“Topics for Preaching.”

“What is the Value of Visiting as an Influence of Good, compared with other Agencies connected with our Missions?”

“Juvenile Congregations.”

“The Causes and Extent of Juvenile Crime.”

“How to raise the Character and improve the Management of our Sunday Schools.”

“Is it desirable to form Adult Evening Classes?”

“The Literature in Circulation amongst the Poor, and an Improved Series of Tracts.”

*Ordinations.* — MR. WILLIAM F. BRIDGE, a member of the last class graduating from the Divinity School at Cambridge, was ordained as Pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Lexington (East Lexington), on November 7th, 1849. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Joshua Young, of this city. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Hasbrouck Davis, of Watertown. Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury. Prayer of Ordination by Rev. H. A. Miles, of Lowell. Charge, by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, of Belfast, Me. Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Fiske Barrett, of Lexington.

MR. RUSH R. SHIPPEN, of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., was ordained at that place on November 11th, 1849, as an Evangelist. Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, by Elder W. A. Fuller. Sermon, by Professor Stebbins. Prayer of Ordination and Charge, by Professor Folsom. Fellowship of the Churches, by Professor Huidekoper.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*University Hall, London, and the Irish Colleges.* — An important, though an indirect, agency in the cause of Liberal Christianity in England has lately gone into operation in the opening of University Hall, London. This is a collegiate edifice, erected by funds subscribed by Unitarians, to whom the institution also looks for support. Rooms and other accommodations, such as a dining-hall, a library, and a chapel, are provided for the use of young men who are availing themselves of the literary and scientific advantages offered by the London University. The new institution is to supply instruction in other departments of learning, and is expected to mingle a religious influence with academical pursuits. There is a generous basis recognized in the institution, and as those who avail themselves of its almost domestic advantages will enjoy all the innumerable opportunities which London offers for a knowledge of the world, for converse with men, and for the most liberal culture, we may expect that those of its pupils who shall enter the Christian ministry will be thoroughly furnished to meet the necessities of the age.

Other institutions, whose liberal and catholic influences must operate,

however indirectly, towards the freest and highest Christian improvement, are the Queen's Colleges lately established in Dublin, Galway, and Cork, Ireland. Most, if not all, of the collegiate and academical institutions of Great Britain heretofore existing, have been exclusive and sectarian. Even those which the Unitarians have controlled, by being sustained and patronized only by Unitarians, have contributed towards the subdivisions of Protestantism. The new colleges of Ireland are to be free of all religious tests, and are to furnish only academical and literary instructions. Professors and officers of all religious denominations, Roman Catholic and Protestant, are united in their administration, and pupils from each Christian fold are to look to their respective religious teachers for spiritual advice. There are forty free scholarships in each college, thirty of which are of the value of £ 30 each per annum, and ten of £ 50 each. The colleges were opened on October 30th, 1849. Their prospects are encouraging. No trouble is apprehended in the operation of either of them, except it may be in that at Galway, the head of which is a Roman Catholic partisan. The Rev. William Hincks, former editor of the London (Unitarian) Inquirer, — whose visit to this country, two years ago, introduced him to many of our brethren as a man of learning and of high excellences of character, — has been appointed Professor of Natural History in Queen's College at Cork. By a letter from him we learn that he has entered on his duties, and that, though the cares and responsibilities of the institution will by no means lie lightly on himself and his colleagues, yet they have given themselves to the work in good hope. If these Irish colleges do indeed prosper, their influence will be greatly felt over that unhappy land.

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
AND  
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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MARCH, 1850.

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ART. I. — GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

THE greatest obstacles in the way of investigating the laws of the distribution of organized beings over the surface of our globe, are to be traced to the views generally entertained about their origin. There is a prevailing opinion, which ascribes to all living beings upon earth one common centre of origin, from which it is supposed they, in the course of time, spread over wider and wider areas, till they finally came into their present state of distribution. And what gives this view a higher recommendation in the opinion of most men is the circumstance, that such a method of distribution is considered as revealed in our sacred writings. We hope, however, to be able to show that there is no such statement in the book of Genesis; that this doctrine of a unique centre of origin and successive distribution of all animals is of very modern invention, and that it can be traced back for scarcely more than a century in the records of our science.

There is another view, to which, more recently, naturalists have seemed to incline; namely, the assuming several centres of origin, from which organized beings were afterwards diffused over wider areas, in the same manner as according to the first theory, the difference being only in the assumption of several centres of dispersion instead of a single one.

We have recently been led to take a very different view  
VOL. XLVIII. — 4TH S. VOL. XIII. NO. II. 16

of the subject, and shall presently illustrate the facts upon which the view rests. But before we undertake to introduce more directly this subject, there is another point which requires preliminary investigation, which seems to have been entirely lost sight of by all those, without exception, who have studied the geographical distribution of animals, and which seems to us to be the keystone of the whole edifice, whenever we undertake to reconstruct the primitive plan of the geographical distribution of animals and plants. The distribution of organized beings over the surface of our globe in its present condition cannot be considered in itself, and without an investigation, at the same time, of the geographical distribution of those organized beings which have existed in former geological periods, and had become extinct before those of the present creation were called into being. For it is well ascertained now that there is a natural succession in the plan of creation, an intimate connection between all the types of the different periods of the creation from its beginning up to this day; so much so, that the present distribution of animals and plants is the continuation of an order of things which prevailed for a time at an earlier period, but which came to an end before the existing arrangement of things was introduced.

The animal kingdom, as we know it in our days, is therefore engrafted upon its condition in earlier periods, and it is to the distribution of animals in these earlier periods that we must look, if we would trace the plan of the Creator from its commencement to its more advanced development in our own time.

If there is any truth in the view that animals and plants originated from a common centre, it must be at the same time shown that such an intimate connection between the animals existed at all periods, or, at least, we should, before assuming such a view for the animals living in our days, discover a sufficient reason for ascribing to them another mode of dispersion than to the animals and plants of former periods. But there is such a wonderful harmony in all the great processes of nature, that, at the outset, we should be carefully on our guard against assuming different modes of distribution for the organized beings of former periods, and for those which at present cover the globe. Should it be plain that the ani-

imals and plants did not originate from a common centre at the beginning of the creation, and during the different successive geological periods, we have at once a strong indication that neither has such been the case with the animals of the present day. And, on the other hand, if there were satisfactory evidence that the animals and plants now living originated from a common centre, we should consider the matter carefully, before trusting to the views derived from geological facts. Let us, therefore, examine first the value of the evidence on both sides.

We have already expressed, and we repeat here, our earnest belief that the view of a unique centre of origin and distribution rests chiefly upon the supposed authority of the Mosaic record, and is in no way sustained by evidence derived from investigations in natural history. On the contrary, wherever we trace the animals in their present distributions, we find them scattered over the surface of our globe in such a manner, according to such laws, and under such special adaptations, that it would baffle the most fanciful imagination to conceive such an arrangement as the mere result of migrations, or of the influence of physical causes over the dispersion of both animals and plants. For we find that all animals and plants of the arctic zones agree in certain respects and are uniform over the three continents which verge towards the northern pole, whilst those of the temperate zone agree also in certain respects, but differ somewhat from each other within definite limits, in the respective continents. And the differences grow more and more prominent as we approach the tropical zone, which has its peculiar Fauna and Flora in each continent; so much so, that it is impossible for us to conceive such a normal arrangement, unless it be the result of a premeditated plan carried out voluntarily according to predetermined laws.

The opinion which is considered as the Biblical view of the case, and according to which all animals have originated in a common centre, would leave us at a loss for any cause by which to account for the special dispersion of animals and plants beyond the mere necessity of removing from the crowded ground to assume wider limits, as their increased number made it constantly more and more necessary and imperative. According to this view,

the animals of the arctic zone, as well as those of the tropics, — those of America, as well as those of New Holland, — have been first created upon the high lands of Iran, and have taken their course in all directions to settle where they are now found to be strictly limited. It does not appear how such migrations of polar animals could have taken place over the warmer tracts of land which they had to cross, and in which they cannot even be kept alive, in our days, with the utmost precautions; nor how the terrestrial animals of New Holland, which have no analogues in the main continents, could have reached that large island, nor why they should have all moved thither. And, indeed, it is impossible, with such a theory, to account, either for the special adaptation of types to particular districts of the earth's surface, or for the limited distribution of so many species which are found only over narrow districts in their present arrangement. It is inconsistent with the structure, habits, and natural instincts of most animals, even to suppose that they could have migrated over any great distances. It is in complete contradiction with the laws of nature, and all we know of the changes our globe has undergone, to imagine that the animals have actually adapted themselves to their various circumstances during their migration, as this would be ascribing to physical influences as much power as to the Creator himself.

And, again, the regular distribution, requiring precise laws, as we find it does, cannot be attributed either to the voluntary migration of animals, or to the influence of physical causes, when we see so plainly that this distribution is in accordance with the geographical distribution of animals and plants in former geological periods. But about this presently. We will only add, that we cannot discover in the Mosaic account any thing to sustain such a view, nor even hints leading to such a construction. What is said of animals and plants in the first chapter of Genesis, what is mentioned of the preservation of these animals and plants at the time of the deluge, relates chiefly to organized beings placed about Adam and Eve, and those which their progeny had domesticated, and which lived with them in closer connection. That Adam and Eve were neither the only nor the first human beings created is intimated in the statement of Moses himself,

where Cain is represented to us as wandering among foreign nations after he was cursed, and taking a wife from the people of Nod, where he built a city, certainly with more assistance than that of his two brothers. Thus we maintain that the view of mankind as originating from a single pair, Adam and Eve,—and of the animals and plants as having originated from one common centre, which was at the same time the cradle of humanity,—is neither a Biblical view nor a correct view, nor one agreeing with the results of science, and our profound veneration for the Sacred Scriptures prompts us to pronounce the prevailing view of the origin of man, animals, and plants as a mere human hypothesis, not entitled to more consideration than belongs to most theories framed in the infancy of science. It is not for us,—for we have not the knowledge necessary for undertaking such an investigation,—it is not for us to inquire further into the full meaning of the statements of Moses. But we are satisfied that he never meant to say that all men originated from a single pair, Adam and Eve, nor that the animals had a similar origin from one common centre or from single pairs.

Let us now look at the results of geological investigations respecting the origin of earlier races of animals and plants. It is satisfactorily ascertained at present, that there have been many distinct successive periods, during each of which large numbers of animals and plants have been introduced upon the surface of our globe, to live and multiply for a time, then to disappear and be replaced by other kinds. Of such distinct periods, such successive creations, we know now at least about a dozen, and there are ample indications that the inhabitants of our globe have been successively changed at more epochs than are yet fully ascertained. But whether the number of these distinct successive creations be twelve or twenty, the fact stands in full light and evidence, that animals and plants which lived during the first period disappeared, either gradually or successively, to make room for others, and this at often-repeated intervals; and that the existence of animals and plants which live now is of but recent origin, is equally well ascertained.

There is another series of phenomena, not less satisfactorily established, which go to show that the extent of



dry land rising above the surface of the ocean has neither been equally extensive at all times, nor has it had the same outline at all periods. On the contrary, we know that, early in the history of our globe, there has been a period, when but few low groups of islands existed above the surface of the ocean, which, through successive elevation and depression, have gradually enlarged and modified the extent and form of the mainland.

Again, in examining the remains of organized beings preserved in the different strata constituting the solid crust of our globe, we find that at each period animals and plants were distributed in the ocean and over the mainland in a particular manner, characteristic of every great epoch. A closer uniformity in their distribution is found in the earlier deposits, so much so that the oldest fossils discovered in the southern extremity of Africa, on the eastern and southern shores of New Holland and in Van Diemen's Land, in North America, or in various parts of Europe, are almost identical, or at least so nearly related, that they resemble each other much more than the animals and plants which at present live in the same countries; showing that uniformity in the aspect of the surface of the globe, as well as in the nature of animals and plants, was at first the prevailing rule, and that, whatever was the primitive region of these animals and plants, their types occupied much more extensive districts than any race of living beings during later periods. Are we to infer from this fact, that, at that period, these animals and plants originated from one common centre, and were distributed equally all over the globe? By no means. Though slight, we find nevertheless such differences among them in distant parts of the world as would rather sustain the view of an adaptation in the earliest creations to more uniform circumstances, than that of one centre of origin for all animals and plants of those days. During later periods, indeed, we find from geological evidence that large islands had been formed, more extensive tracts of land elevated above the surface of the ocean, and the remains both of the animals and plants derived from these different regions present already marked differences when we compare them with each other,—varieties similar to those which exist between the respective continents at present, though perhaps less

marked. Shall we here again assume that animals and plants originated from another centre, or from the same centre as those of former periods, to migrate over those different parts of the world, through the sea as well as over land? It is impossible to arrive at such a conclusion, when we consider the distribution of fossil remains in the more recent geological deposits, or in those strata which were formed during the latest geological periods, immediately before the present creation. For we find in these comparatively modern beds a distribution of fossil remains which agrees in a most remarkable manner with the present geographical arrangement of animals and plants. For instance, the fossils of modern geological periods in New Holland are of the same types as most of the animals now living there. Again, the recent fossils of Brazil belong to the same families as those prevailing at present in Brazil; though, in both cases, fossil species are distinct from living ones. If, therefore, the organized beings of the recent geological periods had arisen from one central point of distribution, to be dispersed and finally to become confined to those countries where their remains are found in a fossil condition, and if the animals now living had also spread from a common origin over the same districts, and had then been circumscribed within equally distinct limits, we should be led to the unnatural supposition, that animals of two distinct creations, differing specifically throughout, had taken the same lines of migration, had assumed finally the same distribution, and had become permanent in the same regions, without any other inducement for their removal and final settlement than the mere necessity of covering more extensive ground after they had become too numerous to remain any longer together in one and the same district. This were to ascribe to the animals themselves, or to the physical agents under which they lived, and by which they may be influenced, as much wisdom, as much providential forethought, as is evinced throughout nature, both in the distribution of animals and in their special adaptation to particular portions of the globe in which they are closely circumscribed at present, and to which they were limited under similar circumstances during those periods which preceded immediately the present arrangement of things. Now these facts in themselves leave not the shadow of a

doubt, in our mind, that animals were primitively created all over the world, within those districts which they were naturally to inhabit for a certain time. The next question is, Were these organized beings created in pairs, as is generally thought and believed? The opinion, that all animals must be referred to one single, primitive pair, is derived from evidence worthy of consideration, no doubt, but the value of which may fairly be questioned by naturalists; since this point, at least if we except Adam and Eve, is entirely of human construction, and only assumed because it is thought to show a wise economy of means in the established order of things which exists. It is supposed, that, if one pair were sufficient, there is no reason why the Creator should have introduced at one time a greater number of each kind, as economy of means is always considered an indication of high wisdom. But are not these human considerations? And if they are, and if we are entitled to question their value, let us see how they answer the object which was intended, namely, the peopling of the whole world with various races of organized beings.

Whenever we consider the economy of nature, we observe great varieties in the habits of different animals. There are, indeed, some which live constantly in pairs, and which by nature are designed to perpetuate their races in that way, and to spread generation after generation over their natural boundaries, thus mated. But there are others to which it is equally natural to live in herds or shoals, and which we never find isolated. The idea of a pair of herrings or of a pair of buffaloes is as contrary to the nature and habits of those animals, as it is contrary to the nature of pines and birches to grow singly and to form forests in their isolation.

But we can go further. There are animals in which the number of individuals of different sexes is naturally unequal, and among which there are either constantly more males or constantly more females born, as the result of their peculiar nature and habits in the creation. A beehive never consists of a pair of bees, and never could such a pair preserve the species, with their habits. For them it is natural to have one female and many males devoted to it, and thousands of neutral bees working for them. And this is the natural original mode of

existence among that species of animals, which it would be utterly contrary to the laws of nature to consider as derived from a single pair. There are a number of birds, on the contrary, in which only a few males are universally found with many females living together in companies, such as the pheasants, and our domesticated fowls. It were easy to multiply examples in order to show that a creation of all animals in pairs would have been contrary to their very nature, as we observe it in all. To assume that they have changed this nature would be to fall back upon the necessity of ascribing to physical influences a power which they do not possess,—that of producing changes in the very nature of organized beings, and of modifying the primitive plan of the Creator.

Again, there are animals which, by nature, are impelled to feed upon other animals. Was the primitive pair of lions to abstain from food until the gazelles and other antelopes had sufficiently multiplied to preserve their races from the persecution of these ferocious beasts? Were all animals, and the innumerable tribes of ferocious fishes which live upon smaller ones, to abstain from food till these had been multiplied to a sufficient extent to secure their preservation? Or were, perhaps, the carnivorous animals created only at a later period? But we find them everywhere together. They constitute natural, harmonious groups with the herbivorous tribes, both in the waters and on land, preserving among each other such proportions as will maintain for ages an undisturbed harmony in the creation.

Again, we find animals and plants occurring in distinct districts, unconnected with each other, in such ways that it would seem almost impossible for either to migrate from any point of their natural circle of distribution over its whole surface. Have, for instance, such animals as are found identical both in America and Europe been created either in Europe or in America, and wandered from one of the continents over to the other? Have those species which occur only in the far north, and upon the higher summits of the Alps, been created either in the Alps or in the north, and wandered from one place to the other? We are at a loss for substantial arguments for believing that either one or the other place has been the primitive location of such animals, or for denying their simultaneous creation in both.

Evidence could be accumulated to show, we will not say the improbability only, but even the impossibility, of supposing that animals and plants were created in single pairs, and assumed afterwards their present distribution. But the facts mentioned will be sufficient to introduce our argument, and from all we know of the laws of nature and of the distribution of animals, we conclude that they could neither originate from a single pair, nor upon a single spot. And as for plants, we would ask naturalists whether it were not superfluous to create more than a single stock of most plants, as vegetables, with a few exceptions, may multiply extensively from a single stem. But if it is granted that animals could not originate from a single pair, nor upon a single spot, what is the more natural view to take of the subject?

Without entering fully into this question, we may as well state that we have been gradually led to the conclusion, that most animals and plants must have originated primitively over the whole extent of their natural distribution. We mean to say that, for instance, lions, which occur over almost the whole of Africa, over extensive parts of Southern Asia, and were formerly found even over Asia Minor and Greece, must have originated primitively over the whole range of these limits of their distribution. We are led to these conclusions by the very fact, that the lions of the East Indies differ somewhat from those of Northern Africa; these, again, differ from those of Senegal. It seems more natural to suppose that they were thus distributed over such wide districts, and endowed with particular characteristics in each, than to assume that they constituted as many species; or to believe that, created anywhere in this circle of distribution, they have gradually been modified to their present differences in consequence of their migration. We admit these differences to be primitive and contemporaneous, from the fact, that there are other animals of different genera extending over the same tracts of land which have different representatives in each, circumscribed within narrower bounds, and this particular combination in each special district of the wider circle covered by the lion seems, in our opinion, the strongest argument in favor of the view that the particular districts of distribution have been primitively as-

cribed, with definite limits, to each species. Why should the antelopes north of the Cape of Good Hope differ from those of Arabia, or those of the Senegal, or those of the Atlas, or those of the East Indies, if they were not primitively adapted with their special modifications to those districts, when we see the lion cover the whole range? And why should the varieties we notice among the lions within these boundaries not be primitive, though not constituting distinct species, when we see the herbivorous species of the same genus differ from one district to another? And why should the differences in that one species of lion be the result of changes in its primitive character, arising from its distribution into new districts, when we see that the antelopes are at once fixed as distinct species over the same ground?

This argument cannot be fully appreciated by those who are not extensively acquainted with natural history, but we may, perhaps, make it plainer by alluding to some other similar facts. Our fresh waters teem everywhere with animals and plants. Fishes and mollusca are among the most prominent of their animals. Let us compare for a moment the different species which occur in the Danube, in the Rhine, and in the Rhone, three hydrographic basins entirely unconnected with each other throughout their whole extent. They spring from the same mountain chain, as we may take the Inn as the source of the Danube. These three great rivers rise within a few miles of each other. Nevertheless, most of their fishes differ, but there are some which are common to the three. We find the pickerel, the European pickerel, in the three basins. The eel is also common to them all. One kind of trout occurs in the three. But how strange the distribution of some others!—for instance, the perches. In the Rhine we find *Perca fluviatilis*, and *Acerina cernua*; in the Rhone, *Perca fluviatilis* and *Aspro vulgaris*; in the Danube, *Perca vulgaris*, *Lucioperca Sandra*, *Acerina cernua*, *A. Schraitzer*, *Aspro vulgaris*, and *A. Zingel*. If these animals had not originated in these rivers separately, why should not such closely allied species, some of which occur in the three basins, have all spread equally into them? and if they originated in the separate basins, we have within close limits a multiple origin of the same species.

And that this multiple origin must be admitted as a fact is shown by the following further evidence. Among the carps we find, for instance, *Barbus*, *Gobio*, *Carpio*, common to the three. But the Danube has three *Gobios*, whilst the others have but one, one of the Danube being identical with the one of the other two rivers. The most striking fact, however, occurs in the genus *Leuciscus*. *Leuciscus Dobula* is common to the three; but in addition to it, the Danube has several species which occur neither in the Rhine nor in the Rhone. The basin of the Rhone, again, has several species which occur neither in the Danube nor in the Rhine; and in the Rhine there are species which belong neither to the Rhone nor to the Danube. Now we ask, Could all these species of *Leuciscus* have been created in one of the basins,—in the Danube, for instance,—and have migrated in such a way, that a certain number of the species should remain solely in the Danube, while some others left the Danube altogether to settle finally only in the Rhone, and others to settle only in the Rhine; that one accompanying those species peculiar to the Rhone remained in the Danube with those species peculiar to it, and settled also in the Rhone with those species peculiar to that river, and also in the Rhine with the species peculiar to the Rhine? And whether we assume the Rhone as the primitive centre, instead of the Danube or the Rhine, the argument holds equally good. We have one species common to the three rivers, and several species peculiar to each, which could never have migrated (if migration took place) in such a manner as to assume their present combinations. But if, on the contrary, we suppose that all the species originated in the rivers where they occur, then we have again a multiple origin of that species which is common to the three, for it were wonderful if that one alone had migrated, when they are all so closely allied. Here, again, we arrive at the conclusion, that the same species can have a multiple origin, in the same manner as, from the considerations alluded to before, we have decided that species do not originate from single pairs, but in their natural proportion with the other species with which they live simultaneously over the whole ground which they cover. And this is the view which we take of the natural distribution of animals, that they originated primitively over the whole extent of their

natural distribution; that they originated there, not in pairs, but in large numbers, in such proportions as suits their natural mode of living and the preservation of their species; and that the same species may have originated in different unconnected parts of the more extensive circle of their distribution. We are well aware that there are very many species which are known to have spread beyond what we would call their natural limits; species which did not occur in North America before the settlement of the whites, that are now abundant here over very extensive tracts of country; other species which have been introduced from America into Europe, and also into other parts of the world, in different ways. But these are exceptional facts; and, what is more important, these changes in the primitive distribution of organized beings, both animals and plants, have taken place under the influence of man,—under the influence of a being acting not merely from natural impulses, or under the pressure of physical causes, but moved by a higher will. So that these apparent exceptions to the rule would only go to confirm it; as, within the limits of these secondary changes, we see a will acting, just as we consider that the primitive distribution of all organized beings has been the result of the decrees of the Creator, and not the result of mere natural influences.

Having thus led the way to what we would consider as a fairer ground for investigating the natural geographical distribution of animals and plants, let us now examine the natural lines which seem to regulate this distribution. Nothing can be more striking to the observer than the fact, that animals, though endowed with the power of locomotion, remain within fixed bounds in their geographical distribution, although an unbounded field for migration is open to them in all directions, over land, through the air, and through the waters. And no stronger argument can be introduced to show that living beings are endowed with their power of locomotion to keep within genial boundaries, rather than to spread extensively. There is another fact which shows that animals are made to remain within these natural limits. We would allude especially to the difficulty we experience whenever we attempt to transport animals from their native country into other countries, even if we secure for them as nearly as can be the same



conditions in which they used to live. Again, observe the changes which animals undergo when they are once acclimatized to countries different from their native land. There can be no more striking evidence of this than the endless variety of our domestic animals, and there is no subject which more requires a renewed and careful investigation than this. We do not, however, feel competent to introduce this point more fully to the notice of our readers. Some facts bearing upon the question may best be mentioned in a reference to the different animals which man has thus made subservient to his social condition. We shall here allude only to the laws of distribution of wild animals in their natural condition.

It has already been stated, that the present distribution of animals agrees with the distribution of extinct types belonging to earlier geological periods, so that the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of animals seem to have been the same at all times, though modified in accordance with the successive changes which the animal kingdom has undergone from the earliest period of its creation to the present day. The universal law is, that all animals are circumscribed within definite limits. There is not one species which is uniformly spread all over the globe, either among the aquatic races, or among the terrestrial ones. Of the special distribution of man, who alone is found everywhere, we shall speak hereafter. The special adaptation of animals to certain districts is not merely limited to the individual species. We observe a similar adaptation among genera, entire families, and even whole classes. For instance, all Polypi, Medusæ, and Echinoderms, that is to say all Radiata without exception, are aquatic.\* That large group of animals has not a single terrestrial representative upon any point of the surface of the globe; and during all periods of the history of our earth, we find that they have always been limited to the liquid element. And they are not only aquatic, they are chiefly marine, as but exceedingly few of them are found in fresh waters. Among Mollusca we find almost the same adaptation. Their element also

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\* The following statements have been strictly considered, and are made in reference to a revised classification of the animal kingdom, the details of which must, however, be omitted here, as they would extend this article beyond our allotted bounds.

is the sea. The number of fresh-water species is small compared with that of marine types; and we find terrestrial species in only one of their classes. In former periods, also, Mollusca were chiefly marine; fluviatile and terrestrial types occurring only in more recent periods.

With the Articulata we find another state of things. Two of their classes, the worms and Crustacea, are chiefly marine, or at least aquatic, as we have a number of fresh-water worms, and some fresh-water Crustacea. But insects are, for the most part, chiefly terrestrial, feeding upon terrestrial plants, at least in their full-grown condition; though a large number of these animals are fluviatile, and even some marine, during their earlier periods of life. In the Vertebrata, the adaptations are more diversified. Only one class of these animals is entirely aquatic, the fishes; and the number of the marine species is far greater than that of the fresh-water kinds. Among reptiles there are many which are aquatic, either throughout life, or through the earlier period of their existence. But, as if animal life rose to higher organization as it leaves the ocean to inhabit dry land or fresh waters, we find that the greater number of the aquatic reptiles are fluviatile, and but a few marine. This fact agrees wonderfully with the natural gradation of the classes already mentioned. The lower type of animals, the Radiata, is almost exclusively marine. Among Mollusca we have a greater number of marine types, a large number of fluviatile species, and fewer terrestrial, and these are the highest in their class. Again, among Articulata the lower classes, worms and Crustacea, are marine, or at least fluviatile, whilst the highest class, that of insects, is chiefly terrestrial, or fluviatile during the earlier periods of their growth. Among the Vertebrata we see the lowest form, that of fishes, entirely aquatic, and the same rule applies partially to the reptiles; but as the class rises, the number of the fluviatile species is greater than that of the marine types. Next, among birds, which by their structure are exclusively adapted to live in the atmospheric air, we find the larger number to be terrestrial, and only the lower ones to live upon water, or dive occasionally into it, always seeking the surface, however, to breathe and to perform their most important vital functions. It is, nevertheless, not a little strange, that this class should by nature be adapted to rise into the air, just as if

the first tendency towards liberating them from the aquatic element had been carried to an excess, and gave them a relation to the earth which no other class, as a whole, holds to that degree, except, perhaps, the insects, which are placed among the Articulata in the same relation to the lower classes and the natural element, which the class of birds maintains among Vertebrata. The highest class of Vertebrata affords us examples of these three modes of adaptation, the lowest of these being entirely aquatic, and even absolutely marine; next we have fluviatile types of the large terrestrial Mammalia in the family of Manatees, again a swimming family among Carnivora, another flying, most of them, however, walking upon their four extremities on solid ground, but at the head of all man, standing upright, to look freely upwards and to contemplate the whole universe.

This wonderful adaptation of the whole range of animals, as it exists at present, shows the most intimate connection with the order of succession of animals in former geological periods. The four great types, Radiata, Mollusca, Articulata, and Vertebrata, were introduced at the beginning simultaneously. However, the earliest representatives of these great types were all aquatic. We find in the lowest beds which contain fossils, Polypi, together with star-fishes, bivalve shells, univalves, chambered shells, cases of worms, and Crustacea, being representatives of at least seven out of nine classes of invertebrate animals, if we are not allowed to suppose that Medusæ existed also, and if insects were still wanting for a time. But in addition to these, fishes among Vertebrata are introduced, but fishes only, all of which are exclusively marine. At a somewhat later period insects come in. We find next reptiles in addition to fishes, the lower classes, or invertebrates, continuing to be represented through all subsequent epochs, but by species changing gradually at each period, as all classes do after they have once been introduced. The first representatives among reptiles are marine, next huge terrestrial ones, some, perhaps, flying types, and with them, and perhaps even before them, birds, allied to the wading tribes. Still later Mammalia, beginning again with marine and huge terrestrial types, followed by the higher quadrupeds. And last only, Man, at the head of the

creation in time as well as in eminence, by structure, intelligence, and moral endowments.

Besides the general adaptation of animals to the surrounding media, there is a more special adaptation, which seems not less important, though it is perhaps less striking. Animals, as well as plants, do not live equally at all depths of the ocean, or at all heights above its surface. There must be a deep influence upon the geographical distribution of animals in a vertical direction derived from atmospheric pressure above the surface of the waters, and from the pressure of the water itself at greater and greater depths, — the level of the ocean, or a small elevation above its surface, or a shallow depth under its surface, being the field of the most extensive and intensive development of animal life. And it is not a little remarkable that in the same classes we should find lower types at greater depths in the ocean, and also lower types at greater heights above. We will quote a few examples, to show how much we may expect from investigations pursued in this direction, for at present we have but little information which can aid us in ascertaining the relationship between atmospheric and hydrostatic pressure and the energies of animal life.

Among Polypi, the higher forms, such as Actiniæ, are more abundant in shallow water than the lower coral-forming types. Among Medusæ, the young are either attached to the bottom, or grow from the depth, while the perfect free forms of these animals come to the surface. Among Echinoderms, the Crinoids are deep-water forms; free star-fishes and Echini, and above all Holothuriæ, living nearer the surface. Among Mollusca, the Acephala, which are lowest, have their lower types, — the Brachio-pods, entirely confined to deep waters; the Monomyarians appear next, and above them the Dimyrians; among these latter, the highest family, the Nayades, rises above the level of the ocean into the fresh waters, and extends even to considerable heights above the sea, in lakes and rivers. A number of examples of all classes should be mentioned to show that this is the universal case; as, for instance, among Crustacea the Macrura are in general species of deeper water than the true crabs, of which some come even upon dry land. Again, on the slopes of our mountains, the highest forms among Mammalia which

remain numerous are the Ruminants and Rodents. There are no Carnivora living in high regions. Among birds of prey, we have the vultures, rising above the highest summits of mountains, while eagles and falcons hover over the woods and plains, by the water-sides, and along the sea-shores. Among reptiles, salamanders, frogs, and toads occur higher than any turtles, lizards, &c. But the same adaptation may be traced with reference to the latitudes under which animals are found. Those of the higher latitudes, the arctic and antarctic species, resemble both the animals of high, prominent mountain chains, and those of the deep-sea waters, which there meet in the most unexpected combinations (and it is surprising to see how extensively this is the case); while, in lower latitudes, towards the tropics, we find everywhere the higher representatives of the same families. For instance, among Mammalia we observe monkeys only in warm latitudes, and they die out in the warmer parts of the temperate zone. The great development of Digitigrades — lions, tigers, &c. — takes place within the tropics, smaller species, like wolves and foxes, weasels, &c., occurring in the north, whilst the Plantigrades, which come nearer and nearer to the seal, follow an inverse progression, the largest and most powerful of them being the arctic ice-bear, which meets there his family relations, the Pinnipedia, that are so numerous in the polar regions. Again, the families of Ruminants and Pachyderms seem to form an exception, for though belonging to the lower types of Mammalia, they prevail in the tropical zone; but let us remember that they were among the earlier inhabitants of our globe, and the fact of their occurring more extensively in warm climates is rather a reminiscence of the plan of creation in older times, than an adaptation to the law regulating at present the distribution of organized beings. The gradation of animals among birds being less satisfactorily ascertained, we do not venture to say any thing respecting their geographical distribution in relation to climates. But among reptiles, we cannot overlook the fact, that the crocodiles, which are the highest in structure, are altogether tropical, and the Batrachians, which rank lowest, especially the salamandroid forms, are rather types of the colder temperate zone, than of the warm, &c. From these facts it is plain that

the geographical distribution of all groups has a direct reference to atmospheric and hydrostatic pressure on one side, and also to the intensity of light and heat over the surface of the globe.

The special adaptation of minor groups begins very early in the history of our globe, and extends at present all over its surface. In the same manner as animals are adapted to natural limits in their large primitive groups which we call classes, we find also the minor divisions more closely adapted to particular circumstances of the physical condition of all parts of the globe. Among Mammalia, the great type of Marsupialia is placed in New Holland, and extends little beyond that continent into the adjacent islands. A very few representatives of that family are found in America. Asia, Africa, the colder parts of North America, and its southern extremity, are entirely deprived of this type. The family of Edentata again has its centre of development in South America, where the sloth, dasypus, ant-eaters, &c., form characteristic types, of which a few analogues occur in Africa along its southern extremity and western coast. Now it is a fact upon which we cannot insist too strongly, that the same districts of New Holland and South America were, during an earlier geological period comparatively recent, the seat of an equally wide development of the same animals in the same extensive proportions as at present. We need only refer to the beautiful investigations of Dr. Lund, upon the fossil Mammalia of Brazil, and to those no less important of Professor Owen, upon the fossil remains of Mammalia of New Holland, to leave not a shadow of a doubt upon this adaptation, which indicates distinctly these two regions, at two distinct periods remote from each other, as the points of development of two distinct families, which have never spread over other parts of the globe at any period since the time of their existence, indicating there at least two distinct foci of creation, with the same characters, at two successive epochs; a fact, which, in our opinion, can never be reconciled to the idea of a unique centre of origin of the animals now living. But though other families have never been and are not now localized in so special a manner, we nevertheless find them circumscribed within certain limits, in particular districts, or, at least, in particular zones.

As already mentioned, the monkeys are entirely tropical. But here, again, we notice a very intimate adaptation of their types to the particular continents, as the monkeys of tropical America constitute a family altogether distinct from the monkeys of the Old World, there being not one species of any of the genera of *Quadrumania*, so numerous on this continent, found either in Africa or in Asia. The monkeys of the Old World, again, constitute a natural family by themselves, extending equally over Africa and Asia; but the species of Africa differ from those of Asia; and there is even a close representative analogy between those of different parts of these two continents, the orang of Africa, the chimpanzee and gorilla, corresponding to the red orang of Sumatra and Borneo, and the smaller long-armed species of continental Asia. And what is not a little remarkable is the fact, that the black orang occurs upon that continent which is inhabited by the black human race, whilst the brown orang inhabits those parts of Asia over which the chocolate-colored Malays have been developed. There is again a peculiar family of *Quadrumania* confined to the island of Madagascar, the Makis, which are entirely peculiar to that island and the eastern coast of Africa opposite to it, and to one spot on the western shore of Africa. But in New Holland and the adjacent islands there are no monkeys at all, though the climatic conditions seem not to exclude their existence any more than those of the large Asiatic islands, upon which such high types of this order are found. And these facts more than any other would indicate that the special adaptation of animals to particular districts of the surface of our globe is neither accidental, nor dependent upon physical conditions, but is implied in the primitive plan of the creation itself. Whatever classes we may take into consideration, we shall find similar adaptations, and though, perhaps, the greater uniformity of some families renders the difference of the types in various parts of the world less striking, they are none the less real. The Carnivora of tropical Asia are not the same as those of tropical Africa or those of tropical America. Their birds and reptiles present similar differences. The want of an ostrich in Asia, when we have one, the largest of the family, in Africa, and two distinct species in Southern America, and two cassowaries, one in New Holland and an-

other in the Sunda Islands, shows this constant process of analogous or representative species repeated over different parts of the world to be the principle regulating the distribution of animals, and the fact that these analogous species are different, again, cannot be reconciled to the idea of a common origin, as each type is peculiar to the country where it is now found. These differences are more striking in tropical regions than anywhere else. The rhinoceros of the Sunda Islands differs from those of Africa, and there is none in America. The elephant of Asia differs from that of Africa, and there is none in America. One tapir is found on the Sunda Islands, there is none in Africa, but we find one in South America, &c. Everywhere special adaptation, particular forms in each continent, an omission of some allied type here, when in the next group it occurs all over the zone.

As we ascend into the temperate zone, we find, however, the similarity greatly increased. The difference between the species of the same family in temperate Asia, temperate Europe, and temperate America is much less than between the corresponding animals of the tropical zone, and no doubt it is to this great assemblage of more uniform animals, living originally within the main seat of human civilization, that we must ascribe the idea of their common origin, which has so long prevailed and been so serious an obstacle to a real insight into these natural phenomena. What, indeed, could be more natural for man, when for the first time reflecting upon nature around him, — when seeing, as far as he could extend his investigations, all things alike, — than to imagine that every thing arose from a common centre, and spread with him over the world, as it has been the fate of the white race, and of that only, to extend all over the globe, and that, influenced by the phenomena of the zone in which he lived, and wandered, and from which he extended farther, he took it for granted that all animals followed the same laws? But now that we know the whole surface of our globe so satisfactorily, there can no longer be a question about the difference between animals and plants in the lower latitudes in all continents. Besides, we see them equally striking in the southernmost extremities of the three great continents, so that there can no longer be any doubt about the primitive adaptation of



these various types to the continents where they live, as we do not find a single one naturally diffused everywhere over all continents. Notwithstanding, therefore, the slighter differences we notice between the animals of different continents in the temperate zone, we are thus led step by step to ascribe to them also a special origin upon those continents where they now occur.

But as soon as we rise to the highest latitudes, the uniformity becomes so close, that there is no longer any marked difference noticed between the animals about the arctic regions, either in America, Europe, or Asia; and we are naturally led to restrict the idea of a common centre of origin, or at least of a narrow circle of primitive development, to those animals which spread equally over the icy fields extending around the northern pole upon the three continents which meet in the north. The phenomena of geographical distribution which we observe there among the terrestrial animals are repeated in the same manner among the aquatic ones. The fishes in the arctic seas do not materially differ on the shores of Europe, Asia, and America, and through the Northern Atlantic and through Behring's Straits they extend more or less towards the colder temperate zone, or migrate into it at particular seasons of the year, as do most birds of the arctic regions also. But in the temperate zone we begin to find more and more marked differences between the inhabitants of different continents, and even between those of the opposite shores of the same ocean; as, for instance, the fishes of Europe (some of the northern species excepted) are not identical with those of the temperate shores of North America, notwithstanding the very open field left for their uniform distribution across the Atlantic. Such is also the case between the fishes of Western Africa and those of Central America, and between those of the southern extremities of these continents. The fishes of the Indian Ocean and the fishes of the Pacific vary greatly, and, though some families have a wider range, there are many which are circumscribed within the narrowest limits. It is one of the most striking phenomena in the geographical distribution of aquatic animals, to find entire families of fishes completely circumscribed within particular groups of islands, such, for instance, as the *Labyrinthici*, which are peculiar to the

Sunda Islands, and the family of Goniodonts, which are found only in the rivers of South America.

A similar narrow limitation occurs also among the terrestrial animals, as the family of Colubris is entirely circumscribed within the boundaries of the warmer parts of the American continent. The appearance during the warmer season of the year of a few species of that family in the Northern States does not make this case less strong. Examples might be multiplied without end to show everywhere special adaptation, narrow circumscription, or representative adaptation of species in different parts of the world; but those mentioned will be sufficient to sustain the argument that animals are naturally autochthones wherever they are found, and have been so at all geological periods; that in northern regions they are most uniform; that their diversity goes on increasing through the temperate zone till it reaches its maximum in the tropics; that this diversity is again reduced in the aquatic animals towards the antarctic pole, though the physical difference between the southernmost extremities of America, Africa, and New Holland seems to have called for an increased difference between their terrestrial animals.

We are thus led to distinguish special provinces in the natural distribution of animals, and we may adopt the following division as the most natural. First, the *arctic province*, with prevailing uniformity. Second, the temperate zone, with at least three distinct zoölogical provinces: the *European temperate zone* west of the Ural Mountains, the *Asiatic temperate zone* east of the Ural Mountains, and the *American temperate zone*, which may be subdivided into two, the *eastern* and the *western*, for the animals east and west of the Rocky Mountains differ sufficiently to constitute two distinct zoölogical provinces. Next, the tropical zone, containing the *African zoölogical province*, which extends over the main part of the African continent, including all the country south of the Atlas and north of the Cape Colonies; the *tropical Asiatic province*, south of the great Himalayan chain, and including the Sunda Islands, whose Fauna has quite a continental character, and differs entirely from that of the islands of the Pacific, as well as from that of New Holland; the *American tropical province*, including Central America, the West Indies, and

tropical South America. *New Holland* constitutes in itself a special province, notwithstanding the great differences of its northern and southern climate, the animals of the whole continent preserving throughout their peculiar typical character. But it were a mistake to conceive that the Faunæ or natural groups of animals are to be limited according to the boundaries of the mainlands. On the contrary, we may trace their natural limits into the ocean, and refer to the temperate European Fauna the eastern shores of the Atlantic, as we refer its western shores to the American temperate Fauna. Again, the eastern shores of the Pacific belong to the western American Fauna, as the western Pacific shores belong to the Asiatic Fauna. In the Atlantic Ocean there is no purely oceanic Fauna to be distinguished, but in the *Pacific* we have such a Fauna, entirely marine in its main character, though interspread with innumerable islands extending east of the Sunda Islands and New Holland to the western shores of tropical America. The islands west of this continent seem, indeed, to have very slight relations in their zoölogical character with the western parts of the mainland. South of the tropical zone we have the *South American temperate Fauna*, and that of the *Cape of Good Hope*, as other distinct zoölogical provinces. Van Diemen's Land, however, does not constitute a zoölogical province in itself, but belongs to the province of New Holland, by its zoölogical character. Finally, the antarctic circle incloses a special zoölogical province, including the *antarctic Fauna*, which, in a great measure, corresponds to the arctic Fauna in its uniformity, though it differs from it in having chiefly a maritime character, while the arctic Fauna has an almost entirely continental aspect.

The fact that the principal races of man, in their natural distribution, cover the same extent of ground as the great zoölogical provinces, would go far to show that the differences which we notice between them are also primitive; but for the present we shall abstain from further details upon a subject involving so difficult problems as the question of the unity or plurality of origin of the human family, satisfied as we are to have shown that animals, at least, did not originate from a common centre, nor from single pairs, but according to the laws which at present still regulate their existence.

## ART. II.—AMERICAN ART AND ART UNIONS.\*

THERE is a perceptible increase of the love of art in this country. A purer taste is apparent. The productions of the painter and the sculptor excite a wider interest. Foreign travel has opened to multitudes the wonders of the Old World, and the works of ancient genius, there to be seen, have awakened in many minds a new sense of the beauties of art; while the advantages of education here possessed, and the general culture of our people, have enlarged the circle in which works of taste are enjoyed.

The fine arts should never be looked upon as mere matters of luxury. Their province is far higher than this. By their potent spell, beauty and truth are made visible to the eye, noble sentiments are embodied, and thus the most holy and exalted feelings are appealed to and quickened. In landscape-painting, the varied aspects of nature, the mountain and valley, the quiet rivulet and breezy coast, appear before us, and, if we are rightly influenced, our minds are brought into harmony with that Being who created all things by his wisdom; while the Historic canvas, in depicting memorable events, calling up the grand achievements of the past, and shedding over them a never-fading lustre, is calculated to move the heart, and excite the mind to more generous efforts. For evil or for good, art has ever had a tremendous power; either corrupting or ennobling the soul, as it has been true or false to its high office. It appeals at once to the senses. Its lesson may be imparted at a glance, and its image remain stamped for ever upon the memory. The preëminent function of art is to exert an elevating and humanizing influence, to touch the finer sensibilities, and bring the mind into sympathy with what is pure and good. And when it does this, revealing to the soul more clearly the greatness of creation and the glory of God, it rises to its true dignity, and becomes of incalculable importance in its effect upon the world.

What is Art? It is more than the portrayal, it is the

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\* 1. *Report of the Council of the Art Union.* London. 1847-48.

2. *American Art Union. Transactions for 1847 and 1848.*

interpretation, of Nature : not her mere outward fac-simile, but her inward life. The best landscape is not that which represents so many rocks and trees, but that which brings us into mysterious harmony with the scene presented ; which gives not only tone and tint, but the power of thought, the infusion of mind. The true portrait is not simply a representation of the length and breadth of features, it is the embodiment of intellect, feeling, soul. There is often character which only a gifted eye may see ; it is for genius to detect and portray this inherent principle. In statuary the outward form should be illumined from within. The sentiment that kindled in the bosom of the sculptor must transfuse itself into the work of his hand. The chisel must tremble and glow till the flexible marble throbs with life, and represents, as through a transparent medium, his idea. When Art thus expresses to the world pure and ennobling thought, then her mute language is the language of heaven, and she becomes one of the chief instrumentalities in spiritualizing mankind. This she often has been. In the early ages of the world, she lifted the soul into the realm of the ideal. In Greece she appealed to the better feelings of the heart, and kept alive within it a love for the beautiful. And in Italy, in the midst of a thousand errors, she has embodied the sublime history of the Gospel. At her word the forms of prophets and apostles stood before the eye. The loveliest creations of the human mind sprang into being, and through their presence the principles and promises of Christianity were more fully realized. "Have not," said Sir James Mackintosh, — "have not dying Christs taught fortitude to the virtuous sufferer ? Have not holy families cherished and ennobled the domestic affections ? The tender genius of the Christian morality, even in its most corrupt state, made a mother and her child the highest object of affectionate superstition." There can be no question but that art has done much, in all ages, to develop and exalt the mind. Who can think of such names as Titian and Rubens and Claude ; of Guido, Correggio, and Rembrandt ; of Salvator Rosa and Leonardo da Vinci ; or above all, of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and not feel that the artist has held a high place amid the august agencies of the Almighty ?

If there were no great instruction in art, were it only a

source of innocent pleasure, yet, in this life of many cares and trials, it would still be worthy of respect. But when it can bring before us the inexpressible loveliness of nature, seizing its fleeting charms and revealing its finer mysteries, when it can give lofty sentiment and impart an enduring existence to the noblest deeds of man, surely our warmer admiration may be awakened, and we should be ready to pay homage to genius, and to do what may be in our power to raise the general standard of taste.

If we turn to the condition and prospects of the fine arts in our country, we find much to awaken pleasure and hope. Why should it not be so? Certainly on this continent there are many advantages. The extent of our country gives us every variety of climate and of scenery. We know that the lights and shades in the coloring of Rubens and of Titian had their origin partly in the different aspects of the atmosphere by which each of them was surrounded. The air of Flanders and of Venice was reflected from their canvas. In our own land there is every variety, from the frosty atmosphere of the North to the burning sun of the tropics. The landscape may be studied under the driving mists of spring, or the smoky light of autumn. The reader who has perused the splendid chapters, in the lately published work by an Oxford graduate, upon the sky and the clouds, the water and the mountains, must admit that in our land there are unequalled opportunities of testing their truth. Here are rivers measuring half a continent, and shores washed by an ocean stretching from zone to zone. Here are skies cold and clear as those of Sweden, — or mellow and deep as the transparent heavens of Italy.

Where can be found such studies as are presented in our forests and cataracts, — our magnificent mountains and shady glens? All that is divinely fair, or awfully sublime, Nature has lavished upon us; and with such a country, may we not justly hope to see a true development of the highest art?

It may be said that we are an unimaginative people; absorbed, generally, in practical avocations. But are there not with us the same deep longings and infinite wants which have existed in other times and elsewhere? Is there not the same instinctive love for the beautiful? Does not as natural a refinement of feeling prevail among

our people as in other lands? Is there no enthusiasm for what is lofty and true? The results of our civilization are no doubt to a certain extent mechanical. Still, there are finer influences woven in with it. If it encircles, it need not imprison the mind, but may aid it rather to a nobler freedom. In the very din of the busiest life there may be true aspirations. We deny that there is any thing incompatible in an honorable devotion to active pursuits and the culture of a pure taste. The very enterprise which prevails is calculated to call forth the energies of the soul, and may even give it a keener relish for the beautiful in art.

Among log-huts and newly-burnt clearings, it was not to be expected that a love of art should prevail. This country has hitherto had much to accomplish in preparing the way for better things which are to follow. There is a time for every thing under the sun, and it is certainly no surprising fact, that we are not yet able to compete in art with those countries which have existed as many thousand years as we have hundreds. The great artists of the past may be named in a breath, but they were scattered, in fact, through long centuries. Even the great collections in Europe have been, as we all know, the slow accumulation of great labor and immense wealth, from a wide surface, through successive generations. The life of Europe is in the past; our life is in the future.

But we need not look to the future alone. This land has already produced artists whose names the world will not willingly let die. Who would forget Benjamin West, the simple Quaker of Pennsylvania? If he lacked some of the higher characteristics of genius, yet in his compositions he stood avowedly at the head of English historical painters. He became the second President of the Royal Academy, — which was a distinguished honor, when its first President was Sir Joshua Reynolds and its third Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Our country has produced also her Stuart, who understood thoroughly the principles of his art, and added to the bold stroke of his pencil that warmth and life which come only at the call of genius.

It is worthy of note, that John Singleton Copley, (who was born in Boston, 1737,) while there were many obstacles and few means of instruction in this land, pro-

duced works which, for exquisite finish, natural grace, and beauty of coloring, are hardly surpassed by any of the ancient masters. His son, the present Lord Lyndhurst, (who was also born in Boston,) has gathered around him, with filial affection, his father's splendid historical pictures, which are justly counted among the treasures of Great Britain, though many of his best portraits and paintings are to be found in the private dwellings and public institutions of New England.

No artist has done more, for the honor of his country and his age, than Washington Allston, whose productions, for harmony of conception and perfection of finish, have seldom, if ever, been surpassed. In him an intellect highly cultivated, a powerful imagination, and exquisite delicacy of taste, were heightened and refined by the most beautiful spirit of devotion. He possessed a calm and abiding enthusiasm for his art, and consecrated all his powers to the highest objects. He poured over his landscapes a transparent atmosphere, and his ideal heads, pencilled as by the hand of Titian, glowed with inward sentiment and thought. Who that has ever seen the pensive beauty of his Beatrice, or the inspiring grace of his Miriam, — who that has looked upon the majesty of his Jeremiah, or been thrilled by the mysterious grandeur of the Vision of Spalatro, — will deny that here was a power to attain the highest summit of creative art? Both as a poet, a painter, a scholar, and a man, he has left behind him a name to be held in cherished remembrance.

We might speak of Trumbull and Cole, of Inman and Leslie, and of yet others who have been gifted with rare genius; but we have aimed only to show, that, young as we are as a nation, something has already been accomplished on these shores for the honor of art.

And not only by the departed has true greatness been attained. Many of our living artists have acquired merited distinction. In sculpture the names of Greenough, Crawford, and Powers will at once arise to the mind, suggesting those who can touch the marble with a master's hand and breathe into it the very spirit of life.

What are the present aspects of art among us? And what indications are there that a love of art is increasing in this country? A purer taste may be witnessed in the private and public edifices which are erected. Where



formerly the simplest rules of adaptation and harmony were violated, there is now some respect for architectural proportion. The hostility of our fathers to the usages of the Established Church led them, while they swept away ceremonies which were considered injurious, to sweep away also paintings and altar-pieces along with them; and associating these, as they did, with splendid cathedrals and imposing architecture, they naturally went to an extreme, and abjured not only these, but every thing like ornament, and, it might almost be said, every thing like comfort, in their places of worship. The early and the later Reformers, in laying their axe at the root of the tree, struck down many a green branch and blossoming bough, which would have done no harm if they could still have been left to wave in beauty towards heaven. In their great love for God, they drove art from the Church. But there were extravagances and superstitions which led them to do so. Rather than truth should suffer, they eagerly renounced what, under other circumstances, might have been valued. We revere the stern spirit of the Puritans, and look with a degree of veneration upon the most uncouth "meeting-house" which was the object of their love, while, at the same time, we rejoice to see temples now erected more appropriate to the solemn purposes for which they are designed. They may be simple and unexpensive, and yet in perfect harmony of proportion. We need not always wish for clustering columns of chiselled stone, but we may ask for that which shall satisfy a cultivated eye, and be some faint type of the surpassing beauty of Eternal Truth,—something which shall blend with the spirit of devotion, and lift the thoughts upward in aspirations to heaven. It is gratifying to see the vast improvement which has been going on, and while it is the part of wisdom scrupulously to avoid extravagance, it is also reasonable to meet the demands of a just taste. The same remarks are in a measure true of domestic architecture. The private residences, the rural cottages, of our land very generally display a greater symmetry, and more simple elegance, than they did in former days. It is pleasant to know that, in these things, comfort, and taste, and economy, can be made harmoniously to combine.

The same increasing and improving taste is seen in

the number of excellent engravings, richly illustrated books, busts, and other works of art which abound. The facilities are now great for multiplying copies of valuable works, which place them within the reach even of those of very limited means. Modern science has brought new materials to the aid of art, and if these are used for circulating only good models, it will tend incalculably to foster a more refined taste.

The panoramas, which have become centres of attraction to multitudes, manifest the same popular tendency. It is true that many of these are very rudely executed. Yet they are an infinitely more refined means of pleasure than many which have hitherto been offered, and some of them deserve to be spoken of as works of art. The representation of "The Mississippi," by Banvard, was remarkable on several accounts. It was the production of a young man of ardent enthusiasm, who, with a deep love for nature, wandered amid the cities and solitudes of a vast region, and there seized the grand idea of depicting upon one canvas three thousand miles of country; giving an accurate delineation of its geological features; of its prairies, now gleaming with flowers, and now wrapped in flames; of its hunting-grounds, with the wild-deer and the buffalo; and of its Indian huts, its extended plantations, its thriving villages, and its populous towns. This work was completed amid severe privations, and was at length presented to the public with the unique distinction of being the largest picture in the world. In the language of the painter, "it was not exhibited as a work of art, but simply as a correct transcript of nature." It certainly possessed great merit, — more than the artist modestly claimed for it, — and its success is seen, not only in its own popularity, but in the multitude of panoramas it has called into being. Among these, none has had such merit as "The Rhine," by Champney, which is in truth a finished specimen of artistic skill. Its fine perspective, its accuracy of coloring, with the lifelike aspect of all the groups seen amid the picturesque villages that border that beautiful river, stamp the whole as the work of one familiar with the higher walks of art. The luxuriant valleys and castle-crowned heights actually stand before us; and we feel that the hand which has the magical power to accomplish this, can give us, with the same

freedom, and a more elaborate finish, works which shall enroll his name among the first artists of the country.

We know there is great danger of vitiating, instead of improving, the public taste, where quantity rather than quality is considered. A good picture is seldom to be measured by the mile. Still, this is a fair field for talent, and in proportion as such works possess real merit, they open to the multitude a source of innocent gratification, and often of positive improvement. They bring delineations before the eye, which may lead to a closer observation of nature itself; and the portrayal of beauty, even thus given, will awaken in many minds a taste for works of a higher order. It is an interesting fact, that hundreds and thousands, throughout our land, after the toils of the day, seek in such exhibitions a refined pleasure.

One peculiar feature of the present time, both in this country and in different parts of Europe, is the increasing number of societies for the promotion of art; institutes, galleries, academies, art unions, and schools of design, — all intended to offer encouragement to artists by the wider diffusion of their works, and leading to an improved taste on the part of the public.

Many picture-dealers in Great Britain, who have hitherto carried on a profitable trade in smoked paintings, "said to be by the old masters," have found their sales much diminished from the increasing love of modern art, and the conviction that it requires something more than a black ground, with a dash or two of light, to make a Rembrandt, or Salvator Rosa.

A pleasing instance of the private cultivation of the fine arts occurred during the last year in the advertisement of a public exhibition of etchings by her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert. An application was soon made by the Attorney-General, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, to prevent the exhibition, as the etchings, it was declared, had been surreptitiously obtained from private apartments in Windsor Castle. The affidavit of Prince Albert affirmed that her Majesty and his Royal Highness had occasionally, for their private amusement, respectively made drawings and etchings for their own use, and that impressions of these had been unlawfully taken. Thus, by the impertinence of those who daringly obtained these designs, a curtain has been drawn

aside by which we see how some of the hours of royalty are passed. If this domestic employment of time in Windsor Castle were in harmony with the occupations in the humbler homes of England, it would certainly present the picture of a contented and happy people. If the walls of the peasant's dwelling cannot be adorned by a Correggio or a Claude, it is a satisfaction to feel that the poorest cottager and his children may still possess a love for the beautiful, and that, in the midst of their toils, they may derive pleasure from those scenes from which the artist himself gathers inspiration.

We wish to speak more particularly respecting one plan which has been extensively resorted to for the encouragement of art. We allude to Art Unions. These have been very popular both in Europe and America. They have been established in Germany, France, England, and Scotland, and, among ourselves, in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, and an act of incorporation has lately been granted for one in Massachusetts. The subscription for membership, here or in Europe, is equivalent to about five dollars. The whole sum thus subscribed is expended in the purchase of paintings, engravings, and statuary. At the end of the year, each subscriber has an engraving, and a certain number of persons (to be decided by lot) receive paintings and statuary of differing values, while a few of the subscribers draw very considerable prizes. We shall speak of the extent of these Unions, their principles of action, their advantages, and their dangers.

The "London Art Union" was established in 1836. During the first year, the subscription amounted to £489. In 1847 the annual subscription had increased to £17,871. Five hundred pounds premium was offered for the best group or single figure in marble, and for this twenty models were received. Seven hundred works of art were distributed among the subscribers. The total sum appropriated was £14,933. In addition to which, in 1847, there was a reserved fund of £2,150, and in 1848, of over £2,820. In 1848, £9,989 was appropriated for the production and purchase of works of art to be distributed among the prize-holders. More than two hundred thousand persons are said in one year to have visited the exhibition.

The "Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts

in Scotland" has done much for the encouragement of art in that country. During the last year, over six hundred works were in their exhibition; for sixty-one of these they paid £ 2,038, and since the establishment of the society more than £ 35,000 has been expended for works in painting and sculpture. Arrangements are now making for a permanent gallery.

The "Düsseldorf Academy," which was dissolved during the ascendancy of Napoleon, has been reëstablished by the king of Prussia, and has now become associated with the names of the most distinguished artists of Germany. Lessing, Schadow, Cornelius, Kaulbach, Overbeck, and Hess, have thrown around it the halo of their genius. During the present season, there was an exhibition of paintings by artists of the Düsseldorf Academy in New York. This splendid collection presented a favorable opportunity for studying the style of the modern German school. Some sixty paintings were exhibited, most of which were very elaborate, indicating the severest study of nature, and the most minute attention to the details of art. There was a perfection of finish, which could hardly be surpassed; so much so, at times, as even to obtrude itself upon the eye, and cause one to be amazed at the mechanical execution, rather than to be lost in the subject. In the great work of "Desdemona," for instance, we do not behold Shakspeare's creation, but simply a beautiful form, to which the eye is attracted by an exquisite perfection of dress and the surprising lustre of jewels. The historic pictures and landscapes and representations of common life, in the same manner, force one to think of the artist, rather than to forget the art in the realization of the scene presented. The mere pen-stroke of Flaxman may have more meaning than the most elaborate nicety of finish. We are tempted to request some artists, as Diogenes did Alexander, to stand out of the sunlight. It is *that* we would see, not *them*. We wish to hear the dash of the water and feel the passing breeze, or to mingle in the festive scene, or to look with awe and love upon some sacred presence, and not to become absorbed in the mere touch of the brush, however exquisite.

We do not forget the distinguished excellences of this collection. The "Adoration of the Magi," with its marvellous arrangement of light, the Norwegian scenery, and the marine views, both in calm and in storm, were

all masterly productions, and the excellence of the works, as a whole, was such as we have seldom seen equalled.

A person was always present at this exhibition to take the names of subscribers, but it may surprise some whose names were thus recorded, that none of the paintings there seen are to be distributed among subscribers, but simply pictures by the same artists. Neither the subjects selected, nor the merit of the works to be obtained, are known on this side of the Atlantic.

There is also in this country an "International Art Union," the object of which is to have a free gallery, containing the *chefs-d'œuvre* both of the European and American schools of art,—which works will be annually distributed by lot among the subscribers. A sufficient sum is also to be set apart for defraying the expenses of an American student in Europe, for a term of two years. Several paintings have been exhibited by this Union in our various cities. These were mostly, if not exclusively, of the French school. How much money has been expended for American productions, we are not informed, or what, by this Union, has thus far been accomplished.

The "American Art Union" was established at New York in 1838, and is now more extended in its operations than the Art Union of London. The number of subscribers for 1847 was 9,666, and the amount of receipts \$ 48,733. Two hundred and seventy-two works of art were distributed, besides two hundred and fifty medals in bronze and fifty in silver. There are at the present time more than sixteen thousand subscribers, contributing \$ 80,000. Since its organization, it has circulated nearly seventy thousand engravings and paintings, and has appropriated for the advancement of art more than two hundred thousand dollars. The paintings purchased are exhibited gratuitously to the public. During the last year it is estimated that more than half a million of persons visited the gallery. A monthly bulletin is also printed, containing much valuable information, and many just criticisms and essays on art.

The "Art Union of Philadelphia" was established about two years since, and, though less extended in its operations, at the present time, than the Art Union of New York, has yet met with great success, having opened a free gallery, and distributed among its subscribers, in

addition to an engraving, twenty-four hundred dollars for works of art. The Philadelphia Union differs from that of New York in its system of distribution. The latter distributes pictures as prizes, not allowing the subscriber to select. The former gives the subscribers certificates of various value, which are available for the purchase of such American paintings as the holder may prefer. At the last annual meeting, an able address was delivered before this Union by Professor Reed of the Pennsylvania University.

The "Western Art Union" was established in the city of Cincinnati in the spring of 1847. The amount subscribed the last year was \$ 5,450, and fifty-four paintings and fifty busts were distributed among the subscribers. The exhibition, comprising several hundred works of art, was highly attractive, and formed, as in other cities, a valuable feature of the enterprise.

In Massachusetts, an act of incorporation has been granted, for an association to be entitled the "New England Art Union." Hon. Edward Everett, Franklin Dexter, Esq., Professor Longfellow, and others, are upon the Board of Managers. The association will go into operation immediately, under the most favorable auspices.

It will be seen that these institutions are increasing in number, that some of them have large subscriptions, and that their real influence becomes a subject of serious import. What, then, are the principles of their action? In regard to the object desired, there can be no question. To promote the knowledge and love of the fine arts, to encourage talent, to raise the standard of taste, — these, all will agree, are honorable and important ends. But what is the moving wheel in this plan, the central principle that gives the impulse? It is the system of prizes. It is the prospect of obtaining, for a small sum, that which is of great value. This is the same idea which has always been the basis of the lottery and the raffle. Now it is well known, that such injurious effects have resulted from lotteries, that express provision has been made wholly to abolish them. The law provides that no property, houses, lands, real estate, or goods of any kind, shall be disposed of by lot or chance, under severe penalty. This is a palpable evidence that the principle, when unrestrained, is injurious. The very existence of the London Art Union was threatened solely on this account. Her Majesty's gov-

ernment entertained doubts of its legality, and it was not until after much discussion that a bill could be passed and receive the royal assent. In Scotland and other parts of Great Britain, it was necessary to apply for special charters to free themselves from penalties to which they would otherwise have been exposed. In our own country, in most if not all of the States, there are statutes to meet the same case, and it is only by particular indulgence that Art Unions are permitted to pursue this course. The London Art Union offered for its highest prize the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, and the American Union, the last year, offered four paintings by Cole, which originally cost, and were intrinsically worth, the sum of six thousand dollars. Each subscriber who paid five dollars had a chance of obtaining these splendid prizes. One may naturally question whether this is more likely to refine the popular taste, or to excite a spirit for gambling. If the system is good as applied to art, why should it not be good applied to other things? Conceive of various Associations, for the promotion of their separate plans, resorting to this method;—consider the variety of prizes which would be offered;—the more desirable the prize, of course, the stronger would be the passion excited;—and with large prizes and the spirit of rivalry and competition, who can say where it would end? There are large and attractive stores, at this moment, in Broadway, where the same principle is practically carried out; articles of different value are placed upon wheels, and a person, for a stated sum, turns a hand which finally rests at a blank or a prize. This system may be carried into every transaction, from the smallest to the greatest, and the man who purchases a house or a horse may resort to a system of chance. Much, therefore, as one may honor the design of the Art Union, and desire the accomplishment of its proposed end, the lottery system, which is at present connected with it, should be looked upon at least with distrust. Under its present restrictions it may do no harm; but give it free scope, and disaster must follow. The officers of these associations are intelligent and high-minded men. They have no object in view but the encouragement of art, and the public good. Thus far they have fulfilled their important trust in a most honorable manner, and have avoided, as far as



was possible, the evils to which a portion of their system is liable.

Not to dwell longer upon this, we would refer to the various modes of action in the different Art Unions. Some, as has been stated, distribute works of art, without the liberty of choice, — others appropriate certain sums to be devoted to the purchase of such works as the subscriber may select. There has been much controversy respecting these rival systems. The London Art Union considers the liberty of choice as a fundamental principle, and essential to its existence. The association in Scotland makes its distributions by lot. The American Art Union does not grant the liberty of selection, while the power of choice is given by the Union in Philadelphia. We confess the liberty of choice seems to us very desirable; otherwise, the most distasteful production may be received, the possession of which might be considered an infliction, rather than a favor.

Each Union distributes to every subscriber an engraving, which the annual reports state to be worth the full amount of the subscription; in addition to which the subscribers are entitled to the reports and bulletins; and, at times, to an engraving in mezzotint, or a volume of etchings. Much depends upon the subject and style of these engravings. When it is considered that twenty thousand are sent out by the American Union alone, it must be allowed that their merits are of the utmost consequence. They are seen by young and old in every part of our land, the thoughts they suggest will dwell in millions of minds, and, in addition to their moral effect, they exert an influence in relation to art. If the execution of the engravings is poor, the very frequency with which they are seen wearies and disgusts the mind. No engraving should be sent out, unless it possesses the highest order of merit. Would it not be better to devote a portion of the amount, which is now expended for the great prizes, to the production of engravings far superior to any which have been yet issued? The number of paintings distributed by the American Art Union in 1848 was four hundred and fifty-four, whereas the number of engravings scattered over the country amounted to more than twenty thousand. The London Art Union, after paying for a fine engraving, and also for an illustrated edition of Milton's *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, defraying the

expense of publishing its reports, the cost of the public meetings, and the whole expense of carrying on the large operations of the society, together with a reserve of two and a half per cent. of all money received, had still expended not one half of the total amount subscribed, leaving the remaining half to be given in prizes. Would it not be better that a portion of this remaining half should be expended in the more perfect execution of the engravings, which are so widely diffused and must exert so great an influence? Even in the bulletins issued by such associations, every engraving should be worthy, in some way, of art. In some of the past numbers the wood-cuts have been worse than disagreeable,—bad in design and wretched in execution. From such a source let there be no engraving rather than a bad one. An association whose distinctive object is the promotion of art should not, even in these things, expose art to ridicule. The outline illustrations of *Rip Van Winkle* are to a high degree creditable.

There are dangers which should be scrupulously guarded against by the Art Unions. In the competition that is springing up, there is an increasing rivalry; and also, in some instances, a spirit of contention. This may, both directly and indirectly, exert a bad influence. It may induce various parties to seek more for popular effect than real excellence, and rather to follow the caprices of public opinion, than to lead it. It may reduce painting to a species of manufacture, in which a certain mechanical dexterity, that shall catch the eye, shall be encouraged, instead of that finer grace which it may require a cultivated mind to perceive. In the master works of genius there is a grandeur and a beauty which the mind must gradually grow up to. Such productions might not, perhaps, satisfy the multitude as readily as exaggerated tone, and theatrical attitude, and an outside brilliancy. And yet it is the master skill which is most needed. It is this which exerts a more magical influence the longer it is studied, opening within us new depths of feeling and unfolding around us a new world of beauty. Any word of strife or spirit of animosity is to be regretted, and any tendency to descend from the loftiest standard of art will rather degrade the popular taste than elevate it. It is, we know, a delicate and difficult task to satisfy the public mind, and at the same time be faithful to the highest conceptions of beauty and truth; but we hope that

those who have the management of these Unions, which are to exert so important an influence upon the country, will be conscientious in the discharge of their trust.

When wisely conducted, these associations have great advantages. They offer to the artist the impulse and encouragement of a certain reward. It may be said that no one should give himself to the service of art, except from a deep inward prompting and a natural call to his vocation;—that then he will love art for its own sake, and will need no other impulse. But may not a genuine enthusiasm exist, without the means of gaining the comforts of life? Are there no instances of sterling merit struggling with difficulties? It is very easy to talk of the love of art as being its own reward, but even men of genius find it painful to starve. One may readily theorize about the natural development of genius, and maintain that its fair creations will come forth spontaneously, and, without any effort, be duly appreciated; but who does not know that there are many instances of modest talent paralyzed by embarrassment, where the assurance of reward would be like the breath of inspiration? Many a mind toiling in the silence of thought will take new courage, and images of beauty, floating before it, will grow brighter, while with firm and patient pencil the artist will transfer his thoughts to the canvas, from the knowledge that his work will be appreciated and sought when it is finished.

Again, such Unions, when conducted in the true spirit, bring the subject of art before the community in an attractive form, particularly by means of the free gallery. When it is remembered that half a million of persons visited the Free Gallery in New York during the last year, it can readily be inferred that many must have derived therefrom a most innocent and salutary pleasure. These exhibitions are open to the poorest citizen; and if high thought and sentiment are presented, who can estimate the refinement of taste thus cultivated, and the good influence which has been diffused?

We believe, therefore, that Art Unions have enlarged the sphere of intellectual enjoyment, that they have rendered a liberal and discriminating encouragement to native talent, and have thus far promoted the true interests of art. If we have some misgivings in regard to a portion of their system, we honor their object, and believe

that in most respects they have been instrumental of great good.

We have often wished there were some institution in this country for the cultivation and encouragement of art, adequate to meet the just demands of our people,—a National Academy worthy of the name,—in order that artists should not be compelled to wander to foreign lands before they can see the best specimens of art, and obtain the advantages of a thorough education. Of course, there must always be some resources abroad which can never be found here. Still, there might be in this land a noble national academy, so largely endowed and so richly furnished, that artists should be able to find within it every opportunity for the best culture. It should be provided with an appropriate library, with models, casts, statues, engravings, paintings, both ancient and modern. Besides these, there should be lectures upon anatomy, drawing, architecture, and instruction in every branch which could qualify the student for high attainment in his profession. Here the student might begin with the first elements, and go through the most perfect course of discipline. It is often the case now, that success is a mere matter of chance. Many begin to color while they cannot accurately draw; and the most difficult subjects are attempted before an acquaintance is gained with the first rudiments of art. There is no thoroughness, no system, but a groping in the dark without models, or instruction, or the requisite means, so essential to the truest growth in excellence. In art, as in other things, there is need of discipline. The more fully the mind is cultivated, the more vigorous will be its exertions, and the more successful its efforts.

If we turn to the Italian school, we shall see how much art has gained from the erudition of Michel Angelo, and the varied acquirements of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. In the Flemish school, also, the power and magnificence of art were upheld by artists of profound attainments. Rubens was deeply versed in the learning of his time, and the artists of that day, instead of feeling that genius was superior to culture, made the most earnest improvement of every opportunity for progress which could be obtained. In modern art it has been the same with those who have excelled. Wilkie, we are told by

Cunningham, even towards the close of his life, worked in the Academy "with the diligence of an unpractised student." It is true that one may toil like Caliban, and another produce marvels as with the wand of Prospero, but still there are laws to be observed by both. Genius may indeed rise above obstacles, and, by its native force, soar triumphantly into excellence; but even the most gifted would be aided by special advantages, and many without them will never be able to rise above mediocrity. If we had a National Academy, liberally endowed by government, it might contain specimens of the highest art in every department. It is stated that, during the last year, over two thousand works of art were sold at Rome, on account of the late revolutionary struggle, some of which were the masterpieces of genius. Were there a national academy, under the patronage of government, many of the greatest productions, now in the galleries of Europe, would find their way to our own land, and would be where artists might be able to derive advantage from them. It was the advice of Pericles in regard to Athens, that she should spend the superfluity of her wealth for works which should be an eternal monument to her glory. Why should it not be so with us? The resources of wealth in this land are incalculable. Why may not a portion of that wealth be devoted to the higher culture of the mind? Let the hand of the sculptor be tasked to embody acts of intrepid patriotism, to keep before the eye the deeds of our fathers, that the statesman and the Christian may be nerved to a truer devotion. Instead of the warrior, let the martyr and the philanthropist be crowned with honor, and let those sentiments alone be appealed to which will strengthen within us what is best. Let the pencil be employed in the interpretation of nature, of history, and religion. Let the national government establish an academy where such works of genius might be collected, and where, with professorships and every other requisite, the artists of our land may kindle their minds to loftier aspirations, and devote themselves with fresh energy to the good of their country. Is the expense objected to? Consider the wealth lavished upon objects less worthy. Since 1789 there has been expended upon the military establishment of this country more than three hundred and seventy millions of dollars, and for the naval establishment one

hundred and seventy millions ; making, for both, over five hundred millions of dollars. Might not this vast sum, (or at least a portion of it,) have been better expended ? If this nation can thus appropriate hundreds of millions, could it not easily do more for the elevation and refinement of the public mind ? Some twenty or thirty millions are expended by our government every year, which might be put to wiser purposes. We would have this devoted to objects of learning and beneficence, to the promotion of peace and industry, of talent and genius, and among these objects we would have an Academy of Art to be in some measure commensurate with the wisdom and generosity of a great people.

There are indications of talent among us springing up on every side, manifestations of genuine power which have a peculiar claim for encouragement, and we have a country the variety and beauty of which present the widest field for study. There is American scenery to be depicted, American character to be portrayed, American history to be embodied. Why should not our native energies be called forth, and these natural and inexhaustible resources be developed ? It seems to be the very purpose of God, that each people should have some distinctive characteristic ; why should not this nation, gathering wisdom from all lands, rise to a greatness equalled only by its advantages ? Let our own rocks and rivers, our wooded glens and mountains, our ocean and our coast, be reflected from the canvas, and let the genius of our country breathe its own life into the imperishable marble.

Something has, indeed, already been accomplished, but we stand, as yet, only upon the threshold of the great temple. What has hitherto been achieved is but a faint shadow, compared with what remains to be done. We know of no reason whatever why as mighty spirits may not yet live as have ever existed ; why there may not be minds here that shall attain to the splendor of Rubens, and the grace of Raphael, — that like Claude shall pour the hue of sunset and of dawn over the dewy landscape, and call forth shapes of grandeur even with a power like that of Angelo. Not reproducing the forms of the past, but embodying the spiritual ideas of the present, and catching inspiration at the thought of a more glorious future.

R. C. W.

## ART. III. — POETRY.

## A SABBATH-MORNING PSALM.

GOD ! on this lovely Sabbath morn,  
I, with Thy world, again am born !  
Raised up from slumber's breathing death,  
I feel Thy blissful, heavenly breath  
Flow round me in the vital air,  
Thy breath, my Father, everywhere.  
Again Thy sun smiles forth, — again  
Thou liftest on the earth and men  
The light of Thy benignant face.  
Thy finger and Thy form I trace,  
O God of Light and Life and Love,  
In lines of grace, below, above ;  
In clouds, suspended by thy hand,  
In waves that curl along the sand, —  
Where sunbeams glance or shadows sweep  
Across the field or o'er the deep.  
Mysterious One ! the kindling sight  
Awakes me to a loftier light,  
The Sun of Righteousness, that brings  
Heaven's healing breeze upon its wings.  
Though nature tells of winter near,  
No winter of the heart I fear.  
Though fields grow brown, and bleak, and bare,  
Beneath the cold and cheerless air,  
And earth turn stiff, and inland streams  
Smile cold like stone at noon's cold beams ; —  
I look far out upon the sea, —  
The waves, unfrozen, sparkle free :  
I lift my eyes, and lo ! on high  
Spring sparkles in the pure, blue sky.  
O for a tongue Thy name to praise,  
Beginning, Blessing, of my days !  
Who to Thy thankless child hast given  
Such glimpses of the spirit's heaven, —  
Of that unfading summer-shore,  
Where pure love's flowers can die no more ;  
Where night is not, — wherein the ray  
Of every star is endless day !

## SONG OF PRAISE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

## CHORUS.

SUNS, as they roll flaming in splendor,  
Publish to suns the praise of the Lord ;  
Heavens with heavens, in majesty tender,  
Praising Jehovah, sublimely accord.  
Praise to Jehovah, endlessly hymning,  
Sweeps the high chorus from star to star ;  
Worlds without number, in beauty swimming,  
Thrill to His glory from near and far.

## SINGLE VOICES.

With praise to God let earth resound, —  
Earth, too, is His and His alone ;  
From pole to pole, the wide world round,  
Yield Him a temple and a throne !  
The little Samoyed be telling  
His praises to the icy shore ;  
On balmy gales of Sheba swelling,  
The thanks of Bedouin bosoms soar !

The Indian, where Niagara thunders,  
To Thee, in wild delight, exclaim,  
And in the seven-fold rainbow's wonders  
Show to his little one Thy name !  
And, ere revenge the sod hath wet,  
Bury the hatchet in the sand,  
Share with his foe the calumet,  
And slake his thirst with friendly hand.

God's sun shines free in heaven above,  
Towards all His mild moon nightly yearns ;  
O, then, that love might answer love,  
Where'er a man with man sojourns !  
Father, to Thee, with every morrow,  
Be opened every human breast ;  
Each share his neighbour's joy and sorrow,  
And love be each one's constant guest.

Father of lights, whole nations groping  
Thou seest in midnight shades profound,



And us, who in Thy light are hoping,  
 The clouds of evil days surround.  
 Lord, in this night of desolation,  
 My harp shall be attuned to Thee ;  
 Thou didst the day's, the night's, duration,  
 Before the birth of sun, decree.

The naked hill with flowers adorning,  
 I see a sudden verdure spring ;  
 I see a fair and glorious morning  
 Abroad its golden pinions fling.  
 Like doves, when wild the tempest lowers,  
 Who flee before Jehovah's hand.  
 Hail, Israel, in thy goodly bowers,  
 Welcome to Jacob's promised land !

I see the fiery pillar blazing,  
 Where the cloud-column long since sank ;  
 The ransomed tribes their Lord are praising,  
 All nations join their God to thank.  
 Morn meeteth eve with tender greeting, —  
 Night shares with noon its secret bliss, —  
 And righteousness and mercy, meeting,  
 Seal their long union with a kiss.

#### CHORUS.

From heights and from depths all creatures, adoring,  
 Sing to Jehovah with solemn accord ;  
 Strong as an eagle, heavenward soaring,  
 Rises the anthem of praise to the Lord.  
 Angels, descending, mingle with mortals ;  
 Love's breath unsealeth, like blossoms, the tombs ;  
 Heaven above flings open its portals ;  
 Earth, a new Eden, eternally blooms.

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#### A GAZELLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

I SAW a strong-winged eagle up at the sun's face stare,  
 And, in the shadow cooing, of turtle-doves a pair.  
 I saw the East come driving his cloud-flocks up the sky,  
 And lambkins on the meadow circling the shepherd there.  
 I heard the stars all asking, O, when shall we arise ?  
 And the germs in all the kernels, O long night, faster fare !

I saw a blade at morning bloom, and decay ere night,  
And cedars of ten centuries defy the wintry air.

I saw the ocean's billows, like kings, all crowned with foam,  
Bow at the rock's high altar like lowly great in prayer.

I saw a droplet sparkle, a jewel, in the sun,  
That dreaded not the danger of burning in the glare.

I saw men swarm in millions to build them house and town,  
And crawling ant-tribes rearing their hills with toil and care.

I saw the war-steed trampling whole cities in the dust,  
Till, red with blood, his hoofs were as morning's rosy air.

I saw the winter weaving a robe of fleecy white  
For earth, when spring had left it all naked, cold, and bare.

I heard the shuttle whirring that spins the veil of suns,  
And saw a caterpillar weaving his tomb of hair.

I saw both great and little, and found the little great,  
For I saw, in God's creation, God's likeness everywhere!

C. T. B.

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#### ART. IV. — ORESTES A. BROWNSON'S ARGUMENT FOR THE ROMAN CHURCH.\*

WE intend to speak in this present article of Mr. Brownson, and of his argument for the Roman Church. Mr. Brownson is an active thinker, an energetic writer, and a man who has assumed an important position in American literature by years of steady labor. He has devoted himself during that time to the highest questions of philosophy, ethics, and theology, and has treated none of these subjects in a superficial or commonplace way. He has also belonged for a time, after a fashion of his own, to our communion. He has repeatedly created sensations by his ultraism on several subjects, and he finally astonished our community by going over from extreme Neology and Transcendentalism to Romanism of the most Ultramontane kind. Since then, he has occasionally addressed some arguments to his old friends, in behalf of his new Church. He has sometimes referred to our own periodical; and in April, 1845, addressed us, in a somewhat elaborate argument, inviting us to become

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\* *Brownson's Quarterly Review.* January, 1844, to January, 1850. Boston: Published by Benjamin H. Greene.

members of the Church of Rome, or to show cause why we reject the invitation.

For all these reasons, it would seem proper that we should take some notice of his writings. When a man of no mean abilities assumes such a position, it seems proper for a journal like ours to consider it. And, indeed, we should probably have weighed his arguments long before this time, had we not been expecting a reply from an abler hand, — namely, from Mr. Brownson himself. We thought it hardly worth while to exert our ingenuity in exposing the fallacy of arguments, which, judging by experience, Mr. Brownson would himself be ready to confute in the course of a year or two. No man has ever equalled Mr. Brownson in the ability with which he has refuted his own arguments. He has made the most elaborate and plausible plea for Eclecticism, and the most elaborate and plausible plea against it. He has said the best things in favor of Transcendentalism, and the best things against it. He has shown that no man can possibly be a Christian, except he is a Transcendentalist; and he has also proved that every Transcendentalist, whether he knows it or not, is necessarily an infidel. He has satisfactorily shown the truth of Socialism, and its necessity in order to bring about a golden age; and he has, by the most convincing arguments, demonstrated that the whole system of Socialism is from the pit, and can lead to nothing but anarchy and ruin. He has defended the course of Mr. Dorr in Rhode Island, and argued before a crowd in State Street, in this city, that the people of Massachusetts should aid him in taking possession of the government by force. Afterward, he confuted the whole argument of Mr. Dorr, showing it to be hostile to all true democracy, and fatal, if it should succeed, to republican institutions. In 1841 he defended Theodore Parker, and declared him to be a Christian, in an article on Mr. Parker's Discourse at South Boston; asserting that he was guilty of no heresy, but only of defects, in his view of Jesus. But in 1845, Parkerism is infidelity, and Mr. Parker stands in the ranks of the disobedient and rebellious, among proud, conceited, and superficial infidels, and is, to all intents and purposes, a rejecter of the Gospel. But especially in relation to the Church question has Mr. Brownson's change of opinion

been the most radical and extreme. He labors now with great ingenuity and extraordinary subtilty to show that there must be an infallible church with its infallible ministry, and that out of this church there can be no salvation. But formerly he labored with equal earnestness to show that there could be no such thing as a church at all, no outward priesthood or ministry. His former arguments, then, for aught that we can see, were just as acute, plausible, and effective as his present ones. In the year 1840, he wrote a long article, proving, by a subtile chain of reasoning, the exact reverse of his present propositions. He then declared that it was necessary to destroy the Church and abolish the priesthood. He said, "We oppose the Church as an Antichristian institution"; "because we find no Divine authority for it; because we cannot discover that Jesus ever contemplated such an institution; and because we regard it as the grave of freedom and independence, and the hotbed of servility and hypocrisy." "We object to every thing like an outward, visible church; to every thing that in the remotest degree partakes of the priest." "Christianity is the sublimest protest against the priesthood ever uttered." "Jesus instituted no priesthood, and no form of religious worship. He recognized no priest but a holy life. He preached no formal religion, *enjoined no creed*." "The priest is universally a tyrant, universally the enslaver of his brethren. Priests are, in their capacity of priests, necessarily enemies to freedom and equality. The word of God never drops from the priest's lips," &c., &c.

Mr. Brownson himself is far from denying these inconsistencies; he does not claim to be consistent with his past self; he rather makes it a matter of boasting that he has been through so many varieties of belief. He says, for instance (April, 1845),—"Some years ago we were an Eclectic, as we have been in the course of our life 'all things by turns and nothing long.'" He renounces all the opinions in philosophy and religion which he held before he became a Roman Catholic, and says, "We have very little confidence in the value or soundness of any thing we advanced on our own authority prior to our conversion to Catholicity." In fact, he has given the best possible description of his own creed before that time in the following passage:—"It is in perpetual mo-

tion, and exemplifies, so far as itself is concerned, the old heathen doctrine that all things are in a perpetual flux. You can never count on its remaining stationary long enough for you to bring your piece to a rest and take deliberate aim. You must shoot it on the wing; and if you are not marksman enough to hit it flying, you will have, however well charged and well aimed your shot, only your labor for your pains. It is never enough to take note either of its past or its present position; but we must always regard the direction in which it is moving, and the celerity with which it moves; and if we wish our shot to tell, we must aim, not at the point where it was, or where it now is, but at the point where it will be when the ball now fired may reach it." Mr. Brownson thinks that he is here describing Protestantism. But he must allow us to say that he has merely given us a very happy description of the working of his own individual intellect. It is an old trick of proselytes to ascribe to the party they have left all the blunders and errors which were peculiar to themselves. An irreligious and formal Roman Catholic, when converted to Protestantism, often tells us that all Roman Catholics are irreligious formalists. "I was so," he says, "and I know all about it." A bigoted Calvinist, becoming a Unitarian, thinks that all Calvinists are as bigoted and superstitious as he himself was. So Mr. Brownson thinks, because *he* had no firm convictions when a Protestant, that no Protestants have any; and believes himself to be describing the gyrations of Protestantism, when he has given us merely the natural history of his own intellectual instability. When, therefore, we find that Mr. Brownson's mind is in the habit of experiencing such extraordinary revolutions, we may perhaps be excused for not paying much attention to his position at any particular time. In a land of earthquakes, men do not build four-story houses; neither do we spend much time in refuting the arguments of a man whom we know to be in the habit of refuting himself about once in every three months. We are inclined to say with Mr. Emerson, "If we could have any security against moods! If the profoundest prophet could be holden to his words, and the hearer who is ready to sell all, and join the crusade, could have any certificate that to-morrow his prophet shall not unsay his testimony! But the Truth sits veiled

there on the bench, and never interposes an adamant syllable; and the most sincere and revolutionary doctrine, put as if the ark of God was to be carried forward some furlongs and planted there for the succor of the world, shall in a few weeks be coldly set aside by the same speaker as morbid, — '*I thought I was right, but I was not,*' — and the same immeasurable credulity demanded for new audacities."

But it may be said, "Will you not allow a man to make progress? May he not discover and correct his errors? Shall he not honestly say, 'I was wrong, but I am wiser now'? Will *you*, who profess to believe in progress, think less of a man because he changes his opinions and cares less for consistency than he does for *truth*?"

To this we reply, that *progress* is one thing, and an *intellectual somerset* is another thing. Progress consists in moving *onward* from one belief to another; adding truth to truth; supplying defects; enlarging our narrow views; making perfect our partial views. Progress is growth. A tree makes progress by sending out new shoots every spring, covering itself with new buds every autumn, adding to its trunk an annual ring of solid wood, and growing with every decade of years into a vaster form and more luxurious development. But a tree which should be transplanted every few years from one soil to another, and occasionally turned topsy-turvy, with its roots in the air and its branches in the ground, would, we fancy, make but very little progress. We take this to be a good illustration of the difference between the progress demanded by St. Paul, and that exemplified by Mr. Brownson.

In fact, progress becomes impossible when a man, with every change of opinion, throws away his whole past belief. To rip out all your work and begin anew may be sometimes necessary, but is no sign of any rapid progress. There must be something fixed, and fixed for ever; some permanent convictions, some central truths, which are the foundations on which every thing else is built, the roots out of which every thing else grows. The misfortune of Mr. Brownson, as it seems to us, and the explanation of his whole past course, is simply this; that he has had no such central truths, no primal convictions. Acute as a logician, able to see the sequences and de-

pendences by which one proposition is connected with another, his mind appears to have no power of intuition. He cannot see a truth, a principle; and he has therefore no insights, but only thoughts.

Mr. Brownson will not accuse us of doing him any wrong in this description of his mind, for he himself denies the possibility of such insights. Moreover, his whole course shows that this is the correct account of his mind; for it is impossible for a man ever to question the truth of what he has once seen to be true. Our insights may be enlarged, may be made more clear, but cannot be reversed. A mental experience, once given, is given for ever. Beliefs and opinions, depending for their evidence upon something out of themselves, may be entirely changed with the change of evidence. But truths which are seen by the mind carry their own evidence with them, and consequently, as Wordsworth says, "They wake to perish never." Therefore, when a man tells us that he has changed all his convictions, he in fact tells us that he never had any convictions to change. He may have had a belief, he may have had a creed; but if he has ever seen any thing to be true, he cannot deny or disavow that insight.

There are two classes of intellects. In some men, the intuitive faculty is most active, and the reasoning faculty comparatively dormant. These are the seers, the prophets, men who make discoveries in the world of thought. They are capable of seeing a truth, of apprehending a principle. In other men, the reasoning faculty is most active, and the intuitive comparatively dormant. These men are great logicians, but never great philosophers. When a principle is given them, they can show all the consequences which flow from it. Their minds proceed in the way of argument; they prove one thing by another. In the highest class of minds, as in Plato and Bacon, both faculties are to be found, in well-balanced activity. In the majority of men, there is an inclination to the one side or to the other. In a few, one of these organs seems entirely wanting, while the other is preternaturally active. Thus, Mr. R. W. Emerson is a man who has a great deal of intuition, but very little logic. Mr. Brownson, on the other hand, is a man who has a great deal of logic, but no intuition at all.

This mental peculiarity of Mr. Brownson gives, as we have intimated, a satisfactory explanation of his intellectual career. The principles from which he has at any time reasoned, he has adopted from other minds, from Cousin, from Channing, from St. Simon, from Leroux. He has taken from one of these writers a principle which has interested him, and then has occupied himself in advocating and defending it with the whole power of his mind. For the time, he is incapable of seeing any other truth than this. It is to him a matter of life and death; he clings to it; he fights for it, with the whole energy of his mind. With strict logical consistency he carries it out into its remotest consequences, into its farthest applications. No practical results to which he may arrive alarm him. His theory may require him to defend the greatest absurdities: he does it cheerfully, and does it very well. His theory may require the overthrow of the most cherished institutions of society. He attacks them as if they were utterly valueless. His theory may bring him into collision with the best established facts of history. He charges upon them with a gallantry only equalled by that of Don Quixote in his attack upon the windmills. A logical hero, a perfect Bayard of dialectics, without fear and without reproach, he has thus done his devoirs in succession for Transcendentalism, Eclecticism, St. Simonism, and now finds himself more at home than ever in the service of the Church of Rome.

More at home than ever. For if our account of the working of Mr. Brownson's mind be correct, he has always, even when most a Protestant, been a Roman Catholic in principle. The main distinction between the Church of Rome and its opponents regards the final ground of our belief. The Protestant relies, in the last result, upon personal conviction; the Romanist, on outward authority. Individual faith is the principle of Protestantism; submission to an outward teacher, the principle of the Church of Rome. But Mr. Brownson, even when most a Protestant, took his first principles from some one else; and he does no more than that now. And certainly it is more satisfactory to rest on the authority of a Church claiming to teach in the name of God, than to rest on the authority of Victor Cousin or Claude Henri St. Simon. We think, indeed, that Mr. Brown-



son, loving fight as well as he does, must enjoy himself not a little in his present position. He there has an opportunity of fighting as much as he pleases, with all his old friends. He has not been slow in availing himself of this opportunity; and he has in turn attacked High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen, Transcendentalists and Rationalists, Unitarians and Socialists, holding also an occasional argument with other Roman Catholics, not quite as orthodox as himself.

Having thus endeavoured to give the true explanation of Mr. Brownson's career, in which we have used a plainness of speech of which *he* at least will not complain, since it is only an imitation of his own, we now proceed to consider his main argument in support of the claim of the Roman Catholic Church. He has stated this argument, we believe, most fully in the article addressed to ourselves, in his Review for April, 1845.

The claim of the Church of Rome, as advocated in this article, is as follows:—The true Church of Christ is, and must be, an authoritative and infallible corporate body of pastors and teachers; and this true Church consists exclusively of the bishops of the Church of Rome; and out of this true Church there is no salvation.

Mr. Brownson endeavours to prove that our Saviour has established this infallible and authoritative body, by the following course of argument.

In order to be saved, one must be a Christian. To be a Christian, one must believe Christianity. That is, one must believe Christian truth, which is supernatural truth, supernaturally communicated. But this faith or belief, which the Scriptures declare essential to salvation, rests, not on intuition, for then it would be knowledge, nor on reasoning, for then it would be science, but upon testimony. As this truth is supernatural, the only being competent to testify to it is God. Yet, as the revelation is made to intelligent beings, it must be made in intelligible and formal propositions. But these propositions may be misunderstood; therefore we need an infallible interpreter to explain to us the way in which they are to be received. Now this, for reasons given by Mr. Brownson, cannot be human reason, nor the Bible, nor private illumination, and must therefore be the only possible witness remaining, which is *the Church teaching infallibly*, or an

infallible ministry. Having thus proved negatively that there must be an infallible ministry, Mr. Brownson proceeds to prove it positively, by certain texts of Scripture.

Before we undertake to examine this argument, we will suggest one or two considerations which might almost make such an examination unnecessary.

First, we ask, Is it possible that we are left to find the true Church of Christ by means of such a subtle chain of reasoning as this? Can this be one of those truths concealed from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes? Is this path into the true Church that highway spoken of by the prophets, in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err? What sort of satisfaction, what sort of confidence, is produced by such a course of reasoning? It may seem fair and plausible enough while we read it, but we know that another argument just as fair and just as plausible can be made in support of the opposite side of the question. We know that Mr. Brownson himself has argued as earnestly and as plausibly to prove that no such Church was ever instituted by Christ. Now, according to Mr. Brownson, our *salvation* depends on our belonging to the true Church; therefore, our *salvation* depends on our being able to investigate and understand the whole of the great question at issue between the Roman Church and its opponents. He thinks that he has reduced this question to its simplest form in the argument before us; and he thinks that this argument is perfectly simple and intelligible. Nevertheless, it occupies some sixty pages of pure argument, making a chain of propositions and deductions, *any one of which failing, the whole must go to the ground*. Now we say, that it is not very likely, at the outset, that God has made the salvation of his creatures to depend on the logical faculty and clearness of insight necessary in order to do justice to such a piece of pure reasoning as this.

Again, Mr. Brownson justly says, that in matters like this, on which our salvation depends, we need not probability, but *certainty*. But such a course of reasoning as that on which he builds the infallibility of the hierarchy, and argues that the Church of Rome is the only true Church, never produced, nor can produce, *certainty* in any mind. His argument is perhaps the strongest that can possibly be made in defence of his proposition. But the

strongest argument ever made never produced any thing, but a strong probability. Certainty is never produced by any amount of argument. Certainty comes only from experience, outward and inward,—from sight and insight. He demands an infallible Church, on the ground, that we need certainty in matters of salvation, and then gives us nothing but probabilities in proof of his infallible Church.

It may be said that such a kind of proof is the only kind possible. We admit that it is the only logical proof possible. But the true Church of Christ might commend itself to us by evidence which would produce certainty in any pure mind; by arguments addressed, not to the intellect, but to the heart. If there were in the world a church so pure that not a flaw could be found in it; a church whose only weapons were the power of truth and love; which had never encouraged crusades to root out heretics with fire and sword; which had never struck medals and sung *Te Deums* to commemorate a Bartholomew massacre; which had never established an Inquisition, to produce an outward conformity by tortures and the stake, and so to make men hypocrites when it could not make converts; a church which never had a murderer for its head, and licentious priests for its ministers; a church like this, filled throughout with truth, love, and holiness, might do what the first disciples did, cause men "to take knowledge of it, that it had been with Jesus." But as, unfortunately, there is no visible church extant which can show by such infallible signs that it is a perfect church, while the rest are all imperfect, it is apparent that we can have no assurance of any infallible church. There is no evident goodness, no superior holiness, which we can see and feel; but only a claim to be in the right place, and in the right line of succession, which is a matter to be determined by appeals to history and by a chain of argument.

Again. If it were essential to our salvation to be in outward connection with the true Church, and if the true Church could not be known by its fruits, by its evident holiness, its manifest superior usefulness,—if it were so that our salvation depended on our getting into the Church which stood in the right line of descent, and not that which regenerates our soul,—if this proposition, in-

credible as it seems, be true, *we shall at least be told of it* by Jesus and his apostles. Jesus will, at any rate, say, "It is necessary to your salvation to belong to the true Church; and the true Church is the one which will stand in the right line of succession, and have an infallible priesthood." Jesus came to teach the way of salvation; he clearly taught with his own lips what was necessary to salvation. But he has not taught *this*. How are we to explain the omission?

Once more. If an infallible Church be necessary in order to teach us certainly what are the truths of Christianity, it is even more necessary that we have an infallible guide to show us which is the infallible Church. For whether is it easier to understand the words of Christ, or to understand the merits of the argument in support of the claims of the Church of Rome? If we cannot understand the Sermon on the Mount and the parable of the good Samaritan without an infallible Church to teach us what they mean, still less can we find our way through the tangled thicket of the Roman Catholic controversy without an infallible guide to show us which party is in the right. This simple consideration, we are bold to say, is a sufficient answer to the whole argument for the necessity of an infallible Church. If an infallible Church is necessary, an infallible guide to an infallible Church is still more necessary. Nor does the difficulty stop here. We should also need an infallible witness to the infallible guide, and an infallible proof of the infallible witness to the infallible guide. There is plainly no end to it. Every argument which goes to show the necessity of an infallible Church, shows the necessity of an infinite succession of infallibilities to direct us to it.

We might reasonably enough stop here. When Mr. Brownson shall have replied to these suggestions, it would be time enough to consider his main argument. But as this argument seems to us singularly unsatisfactory, we wish to point out some few of its most apparent errors.

It will be remembered that Mr. Brownson commences his argument with the following propositions. In order to be saved, one must be a Christian; to be a Christian, one must believe Christianity; to believe Christianity is to believe supernatural truth, supernaturally communi-

cated; and this is that faith which the Scriptures declare to be essential to salvation.

So far we agree with Mr. Brownson, that there is but one way of salvation, and that is through faith. But we differ from him as to the nature of faith, and as to the nature of the object of faith. We are aware that we differ also in this respect from many Protestants; perhaps from the majority, and probably from some who are included in the same brotherhood. We therefore speak only for ourselves in this part of our argument; though we believe our view of faith to be that to which the Protestant Church is tending, and the only one which can be satisfactorily maintained.

Faith, according to Mr. Brownson, is equivalent to belief. Its object is a formal proposition. It is, he says, "eminently, though not exclusively, an act of the understanding."

Now we maintain, on the other hand, that the saving faith demanded by Christ in the New Testament is not belief, but reliance. It is an act of trust. It is trust in the love of God, or, rather, in the God of love. Its object is not a doctrine or proposition concerning God, but its object is God himself, as seen in Christ as a pardoning and saving God. It is not, therefore, eminently an act of the understanding, but it is eminently a moral act. It includes, no doubt, something intellectual, and something affectionate. It carries within it something of the intellect, and something of the heart; but it is itself an act of the will. It is reliance on God, seen in Christ to be Love.

In support of this view of faith, we adduce the following considerations:—

1. Jesus, in the New Testament, *demand*s faith. He commands his disciples to "have faith in God." He says, "Only believe." Paul, when asked by the jailer what he must do to be saved, replied, "Believe [in the original "Have faith"] on the Lord Jesus Christ." Faith is spoken of as something capable of degrees; you can have more or less of it. Men are blamed for want of faith, and praised for having it. But all this is wholly inconsistent with the idea of belief in propositions. Such a belief is independent of the will. It depends on the amount of evidence before the understanding. We can-

not be blamed for being without it, or praised for having it. Finally, it is not susceptible of increase or diminution. A proposition must be either accepted or rejected. We cannot believe it a little, and disbelieve it a little. Until we are ready to believe it altogether, we do not believe it at all.

2. Faith, in the New Testament, is spoken of as *certain* to save the soul. But an intellectual belief in propositions has no such necessary influence. Nothing is more striking than the difference between men's creeds and their lives. Men of noble ideas live ignoble lives, men of low creeds live spiritual lives. Men believing that all things are fixed by a Divine decree labor energetically for the reformation of the world. Men believing that the reformation of the world depends on human effort fold their hands and do nothing. The drunkard believes as much as we do in the misery of intemperance, in the blessings of temperance, but his belief does not save him. Most of us believe intellectually all the truth necessary for salvation, but we are not saved.

Undoubtedly, in the long run, opinion acts powerfully on conduct and character. But it is an indirect influence, certain in the long run, uncertain in any particular instance. In fact, the belief of a proposition does not necessarily make us any better in the particular moment, for this reason, that we are not looking at the fact itself, but only at the proposition which tells us something about it. Faith, on the contrary, makes us necessarily better at the moment, because it places us in the presence of the fact itself. We realize the presence of things not outwardly seen, by the power of faith. They become realities to us. Faith, therefore, is not, like belief, the *result* of evidence; but is *itself* evidence of the existence of things not outwardly seen. By faith, we feel their presence. It gives us already the substance of that heaven which we hope for, and of which belief only gives us the intellectual form.

Every religious man knows this difference between faith and belief. In the intellectual act of belief, we can collect the arguments in support of the existence of God, of heaven, of hell, of judgment, of eternity, unawed, and as calmly as if arguing about the most trivial

worldly interests. We are not looking at the things themselves, we are looking only at thoughts about them. But there are other moments of life in which we feel the presence of God, the reality of eternal things. We are then awed and moved; made humble, hopeful, happy. The sight of God is one thing; the contemplation of a proposition concerning him quite another. The first is faith or insight, an inward experience, an act of the whole soul. It differs from sight by being inward; it differs from belief by being a moral act; it differs from feeling, for it is an act of the will.

3. That this is the character of the faith demanded in the New Testament appears, finally, from every example of faith recorded in the Gospels, or referred to in the Epistles. What kind of intellectual belief concerning the truths of Christianity was possessed by those whom Jesus healed, and to whom he said, "Thy FAITH hath saved thee"? What was the intellectual belief in Mr. Brownson's truths of the supernatural order of the centurion, concerning whom Jesus said, "I have not found so great FAITH, no, not in Israel"? What was the creed of the woman who touched his garment, and to whom he said, "Thy FAITH hath made thee whole"? What was Abraham's faith, according to St. Paul, when he offered up his son? What was the faith of all those worthies mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews? In all these instances, there is no evidence of any special intellectual belief of any kind. The faith, in each of these instances, is an act of reliance on the love of God.

We therefore object wholly to Mr. Brownson's definition of saving faith. And as the whole of his argument depends upon this definition, his whole argument falls with it to the ground. But, even supposing that he is right in this definition; and granting, for the sake of argument, that faith is the same thing as the belief of propositions, we have other objections which seem to us equally fatal. We have already shown, that if it be necessary to have an infallible Church to give us certainty as to what we ought to believe, it is necessary to be made certain by some other infallible proof, which is the infallible Church. But there are other difficulties. Suppose that we have an infallible Church, and are able to know certainly that this is the Church of Rome. We

accordingly submit ourselves to her guidance; we put ourselves under her instruction, and she teaches us certain truths, by the belief of which we are to be saved. These truths are expressed in her creeds. They are expressed, of course, in words. But the meaning of words is uncertain. How do we know that we understand them in the sense she intends? We go to our priest, and receive his explanation. How do we know that we do not misunderstand him? What we hear always takes a coloring from our own mind. Our teacher's word always means something different to us from what it means to him. We have, then, our infallible Church, but we have not yet attained to certainty. That eludes us still.

But let us suppose, (what is impossible,) that we *can* be certain of the meaning of the proposition we are called to believe. Have we the *power* to believe it? Suppose that it seems to us incredible, ridiculous, absurd? Can we believe it while it seems so? To *believe* a thing is to have it seem *true*. Can it seem true, while it seems false? We may try to believe it; we may think that we ought to believe it; we may think we do believe it; but we *cannot* believe it, until it commends itself to our intellect as true. It is one thing to believe that a proposition is true, and quite another to believe the truth contained in the proposition. As a confiding child of the Church of Rome, I may believe that what she tells me is true. But I do not believe what she tells me, till I can see it to be true.

For example. The Church of Rome teaches me the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Now, there are two things here to be believed. First, we are to believe that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is true. This we believe on the authority of our teacher. Secondly, we are to believe the doctrine of Transubstantiation itself, and this we cannot believe, until it appears reasonable and credible.

All this is so evident, that the Church of Rome does not pretend to require its children to believe its doctrines; though, according to Mr. Brownson, we are only saved by the belief of these very doctrines. She merely requires them to believe that the doctrines are true; that is to say, in other words, she requires of them, not belief, but obedience. She requires of them merely to submit



to her authority, and not to express any outward dissent from her doctrines. In this she is very reasonable, for she knows that belief is not in our own power. All she demands, therefore, is conformity.

We were lately conversing with a very intelligent lady, one of the recent converts to the Church of Rome. She said that she had long been interested in its ritual, had enjoyed its services, and earnestly wished to become a member and receive its sacraments. But a serious difficulty lay in her way, which, to her guileless mind, bred up in the honesty of Protestantism, seemed insuperable. The difficulty was merely this; that she did not believe the doctrines of the Romish Church, and could not believe them. But the Romish bishop, in conversation with her, at once removed this difficulty. "My dear lady," said he, "we do not wish you to believe our doctrines. That is not necessary. You are simply to *submit* to the Church. You are not to have any belief about it. You are to be a little child, and receive passively, as true, what the Church teaches." This, she said, quite satisfied her. It was so very simple, she was ashamed not to have seen it before. She was quite willing to believe, so soon as she found that she might believe with her *will*, instead of believing with her intellect.

See, then, to what a curious result we have arrived. The *Ecclesia Docens*, or Teaching Church, does not, as it seems, teach at all. It merely commands. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo; stat pro ratione voluntas.*" An infallible Church, teaching infallibly, would, one might suppose, infallibly teach. It would convince the understandings of men, clear up difficulties, remove doubts, pour a flood of light into the intellect, and make, not obedient servants, but clear-sighted friends. So did Jesus teach. He says, — "Henceforth I call you not servants; *for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth*: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." So likewise did the Apostles teach. They asked no blind submission, though clothed with undoubted apostolic authority. They called themselves only ministers; through whom their disciples believed. They told them to prove all things, to retain what was good, but to abstain from whatever appeared to be evil. Full of light, they let their light shine, and

the world was filled with the glory of it. God, who commands light out of darkness, had shined into their hearts; and in the fulness of their knowledge, they were able to dispel the darkness of the world. What they saw clearly, they spoke plainly. They did not put a veil on their face, like Moses, but they told the whole truth of God. They were *φωσφόροι*, Light-bearers; and in this consisted their apostolic power.

But the Church which to-day claims most loudly to be apostolic, and whose Head claims to be in the place of Christ,—which professes to be infallible, as the Apostles did not profess,—hides its infallibility in a napkin, and, instead of showing us God's truth, requires of us even to receive its doctrines with closed eyes. Never did such magnificent pretension end in so small a result. An infallible Church is demanded on this ground, that we can be saved only by the belief of certain supernatural truths; and, after all, the infallible Church does not pretend to show us those truths, but merely requires submission to herself.

Finally, we say to Mr. Brownson, that our Saviour himself has given us the test by which to distinguish his prophets, and to know his Church. "By their fruits, ye shall know them." "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." We are not to know the fruit by the tree, but the tree by the fruit. We are not to say, "This church is orthodox, therefore its disciples are Christians"; or, "This church is in the line of apostolic succession, therefore those who belong to it are in the way of salvation." This method is the reverse of that of Christ. Christ teaches us to know the tree by the fruit. Mr. Brownson would have us know the fruit by the tree. Mr. Brownson virtually says, "These dissipated cardinals, these domineering popes, these crusading bishops, belonged to the true Church, and therefore are in the way of salvation." Christ says, "These little ones are pure, are humble, are loving, and therefore they belong to my kingdom. This man, though he follows not my Apostles, yet, because he is doing good in my name, belongs to me." We prefer, we confess, the method of Christ to that of Mr. Brownson. Tried by this test, we see little reason for admitting the claims of the Church of Rome to be the only channel of the Holy Ghost. We find

holy men, men of God, in all churches. Wesley and Baxter, Doddridge and Jeremy Taylor, Channing and Ware, and tens of thousands of others, whose lowly piety and large philanthropy have sweetened life, were certainly holy men. And if so, the Church of Rome is not the only true Church of Christ. And if we take a wider range of observation, and compare the condition of Roman Catholic and Protestant countries, we shall find that the tone of morals in Italy, Portugal, Spain, and South America is not so much superior to that in Prussia, England, Scotland, and New England, as to convince us that these Catholic countries alone are blessed with the presence of Christ. But if the claims of Rome are valid, and she be the only channel of the Holy Ghost, then the difference between the moral condition of Catholic and Protestant nations should be so marked that no one could mistake it. Each Catholic nation and people should be an oasis of purity, truthfulness, honesty, industry, and of every Christian virtue. Family ties should be all sacred, the sacrament of marriage never violated, female chastity touched by no stain. All should be order and peace, undisturbed by intestine dissensions, civil struggles, or domestic strife. All Protestant influences have been rooted out of Portugal, Spain, and Italy by the Inquisition, and kept out by the strong hand of law. Here, then, ought to be found the earthly paradise of purity, peace, and moral virtue. Does any one pretend that it is so?

We will not dwell on this argument, — we merely hint at it. We have not sought to bring together in our present article our reasons for denying the claims of Rome. We have only pointed out a few of the flaws in Mr. Brownson's argument. We feel a certain movement of compassion toward a strong mind laboring in a hopeless cause. It is not by argument, even as close and ingenious as that of Mr. Brownson, that the stream of time can be turned back, and the ideas of a past century grafted on our own. A man who, in the nineteenth century, devotes himself to the defence of the Papal and hierarchical Church of the Middle Ages, is like one who should attempt to garrison anew one of the ruined towers which overhang the Rhine, and to levy contributions on the steamers which pass by it every day. The time of

the Church of Rome has gone, and gone for ever, for the past never comes back. It can never again become a universal church, unless we can abolish the work of the past three centuries. If there be a Divine Providence in the world, the great movements of history are not accidental nor the result of human will. It is a sort of impiety to ascribe the Reformation to Luther and his companions. It was the work of God, for no power but that of God could have enabled a poor monk to have accomplished it.

We mentioned that Mr. Brownson, having concluded his negative argument for the position that Christ must have commissioned a body of teachers with authority to teach infallibly, attempts to prove this also positively, by quotations from the New Testament. The passages quoted by him he maintains to be clear, distinct, and express. Let us see what they are.

The first is Matt. xxviii. 18-20, — "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, . . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you always ["all days" says Mr. Brownson] unto the consummation of the world." Also Mark xvi. 15, — "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature"; and Eph. iv. 11, — "And some indeed he gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and others pastors and teachers."

We should suppose that Mr. Brownson was in sport in quoting such passages as these, were not the subject so serious. The first one fails in the very point attempted to be proved by it; namely, that it was addressed to the Apostles and their successors as a corporate body. We assert that it was addressed to all Christians in all time, and that all Christians are successors of the Apostles and bound to preach the Gospel. The Apostle says, "We believe, therefore have we spoken." The same reason for speaking applies to every believer.

Mr. Brownson argues that this commission could not be to the Apostles in their personal character, for the Apostles did not and could not fulfil it in their personal character. It must therefore have been to a body identical with them as a corporation, i. e. to the infallible Church.

But we reply, that his argument proves too much; for

his infallible Church did not and could not fulfil this command. The Church has never had the power to preach the Gospel to every creature. In all ages, since Christ died, thousands and millions have lived and died where Mr. Brownson's infallible Church had no access to them.

We reply, again, that whatever means of fulfilling this command the Roman bishops have had, even far more means the universal Church, truly catholic, has had, — for that has included the Roman Church and all other Christians beside.

Mr. Brownson says that this commission must be addressed to a body identical with the Apostles. True, and all Christians, as members of Christ's body, are identical with the Apostles. For Paul addresses not the bishops, but the *people*, when he says, — "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members one of another."

Again, Mr. Brownson quotes 1 Cor. xii. 28, — "God has set some in the church; first, apostles, secondly, prophets," &c. Hence he argues that pastors and teachers, &c., are of Divine appointment. So most Congregationalists believe, but it bears very slightly on his argument. For if God has set a body of teachers in the Church to continue through all time, as proved by this text, then he has also set a body equally permanent of apostles and prophets, with miracles, healers, kinds of tongues, and interpretations of tongues, — for what is said of the teachers is said also of these.

We do not think that Mr. Brownson shines in exegesis, and we advise him not to meddle with Scripture proofs. The Romanist had better let Scripture alone, — it is likely to do his cause more harm than good.

Here, for the present at least, we leave our friend. His strenuous and laborious efforts to support the Church of Rome remind us of nothing so much as of Captain Parry's attempt to reach the north pole. Captain Parry sailed till he reached an immense mass of ice, north of Spitzbergen, and then began to travel north upon it, on foot. With immense labor, he would accomplish some thirty miles a day over this rough and broken surface; but on taking an observation at night, he found, to his surprise, that he was farther *south* than he had been in the morning. After this had occurred for several days, he discovered

the reason. While he was travelling north, on the ice, the current was taking the whole mass of ice south faster than he could travel north. He was therefore obliged at last to desist from the attempt. So it is with Mr. Brownson. He is laboring manfully to reach the north pole of a frozen and arctic religion,—a religion in which all life is checked, all free movement of the human mind stifled,—a religion which has thrown a lethargy upon the minds of nations wherever it has rested during the last three hundred years. But, meantime, the currents of thought are all moving the other way, and carry him with them, whether he chooses it or not. The whole life of the age is moving in the direction of free thought and free action. The Church of the Priests must give place to the Church of the People; and Rome, if it refuses to reform itself, must at last go down before this onward tide of Christian sentiment. Christ to-day preaches to the common people, and they hear him gladly, and the scribes and doctors shake their heads in vain. The conversions to Romanism are mere eddies in the stream,—dimples of water turning backward, and showing thereby the power with which the main current is setting forward. For all reaction merely proves the strength of the action. It is the wave falling back a little, that it may return again farther up the shore.

J. F. C.

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ART. V.—DANA'S POEMS AND PROSE WRITINGS.\*

THIS collection of the writings of one of our deepest and most suggestive thinkers ought to have been made before, although, from the Preface, we should judge that the author had undertaken a somewhat unwilling duty in making it even now. It contains all of Mr. Dana's poems and prose writings formerly published, together with a large addition, in the shape of reviews and essays originally contributed to various periodicals, and now for

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\* *Poems and Prose Writings.* By RICHARD HENRY DANA. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 443, 440.

the first time collected. The matter in the second volume will be new to most readers who are familiar with "The Buccaneer" and "The Idle Man," it being wholly composed of articles reprinted from the *North American Review*, the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, and a few other sources. The volumes will undoubtedly take a prominent place in American literature, among the best mental productions of the country, and our object in the present article is, to give a hasty view of the qualities of mind and disposition they display, and the peculiar individuality pervading the whole. We would not do Mr. Dana the injustice to judge his writings by any less exacting principles than those which apply to the higher class of minds.

In Mr. Dana's nature there is evidently no divorce between literature and life, and he belongs to a class of authors widely different from those who follow letters as a profession, as a trade, as a means of amusing others or displaying themselves. His writings carry with them the evidence of being the genuine products of his own thinking and living, and are full of those magical signs which indicate patient meditation and a nature rooted in the realities of things. From his prevailing seriousness, every thing, too, has a meaning and purpose, and bears directly on the conduct of life, and there are passages of a certain still and deep intensity which seem forced from a mind eloquent from restrained agony, and expressive at the expense of impairing its vitality. The objects of thought seem to press so closely upon his heart and brain, that he cannot remove them to that safe distance which admits of their being cheerily contemplated, and he therefore has little of that free swing and felicitous audacity of manner, natural to thinkers in whom subject and object are in genial companionship. The general impression which his works leave on the mind is the combination of earnestness and conscientiousness in the spirit of the author, — an earnestness which, in spite of his clear-seeing and quick-shaping imagination, is apt to become didactic when it might be representative, and a conscientiousness which has a nervous and morbid, as well as a muscular and healthy movement.

There is, indeed, in Mr. Dana's nature a singular disagreement between faculty and disposition. His intellect has an instinctive tendency to objects, is clear, sure, and

bright in its vision, endowed with the discerning power of the observer and the divining power of the poet, and, in its natural action, equally capable in the region of facts and in the region of principles. His sensibility, also, is strong and direct, quick to feel the flush and stir of great passions, and impatient of obstacles which obstruct the expression of its wealth of emotion. As far as regards intellect and passion, he appears the most objective and sympathetic of our poets; but the moment we pass into the more subtle sources of character, curious to scan the qualities which lie nearer the heart of his being, we discover widely different elements at work in the region of his sentiments. As shy and sensitive as they are deep and delicate, these sentiments exact more of society and mankind than either can give, and the result is a peculiar development of mental disgust, compounded of self-distrust and dissatisfaction with the world, which reacts both upon his intellect and his sensibility, introduces a subjective element into his clearest representations, and sometimes hurries his mind from objects into ideal reveries suggested by objects. His finer affections, the saint-like purity of his moral feelings, the sentiments of awe, wonder, reverence, and beauty incorporated with his religious faith, though fine and rare elements of his soul, are hardly elements of power, for they have not been harmoniously blended with the other qualities of his character. Had these, which are most assuredly the deepest things in his nature, flowed in a healthy current through his intellect, the creative power of his mind would have been increased, a more joyous and elastic spirit would bound through his productions, and his large nature would have had a grander impetus in its lyric expression, and a sunnier energy in its representations of external life. As it is, we have in these volumes the records of a great mind, but of one which appears to have been placed in circumstances not conducive to its genial development,—a mind in whom noble virtues and refined sentiments have acted as restraints rather than inspirations;—humility being separated from force; modesty producing a slightly morbid self-consciousness, generating self-distrust, and impairing the will's vital energies; exquisite sensibility to the beautiful expended more in contemplating than in creating beauty; moral sentiment



divorced from moral audacity;—and all these subtile inward workings and cross movements of elusive emotions going on in a really broad and high mind, resolute in its grasp of the realities of things, with instincts for the great in thought and the daring in action, and, at times, tearing its way into expression with a fierce rending apart of the fine web of feelings in which its activity is entangled. In many of his writings he seems a kind of Puritan-Cavalier, with the Puritan's depth of religious experience without his self-will, with the Cavalier's tastes and accomplishments without his self-abandonment; and he accordingly has neither the strength of fanaticism nor the impetus of sensibility.

This inward shrinking from the exercise of undoubted power, this moral fastidiousness of a strong moral nature, this mental disgust "sickling o'er" the energies of a great mind, though doubtless to be referred, in some degree, to inward constitution, must be accounted for principally by the fact, that Mr. Dana's life has been one of antagonism to the tastes and opinions of the community in which he was placed. As a poet, as a critic, as a speculator on government and social phenomena, he has shown the force, grasp, and comprehensiveness of his intellect, but he has always been in opposition to current schools and systems. If this had been owing to a natural combativeness of disposition, it would have brought with it its own "exceeding great reward," for, on the ground of mere self-satisfaction, few persons are more to be envied than pugnacious disputants; but Mr. Dana's nature is as averse to controversy as it is solicitous for the truth, and he found himself in opposition because he had positive principles in art and philosophy as distinguished from conventional rules and empirical generalizations. At present his views would, generally, excite nothing more than respect and admiration for the thinker; but at the time they were first announced, they fell upon a politely unsympathizing audience, disposed to consider them as the freaks of spiritual caprice, and perfectly masters of that subtile superciliousness which eats into the very heart of a man who is at once modest and earnest. His critical principles were radically those of Lessing and Schlegel, of Wordsworth and Coleridge, principles which are an accurate philosophical state-

ment of the processes of all creative minds ; but he did not possess the peculiar egotism which enabled Wordsworth, and the peculiar dogmatism which enabled Coleridge, to bear with dogged contempt, or voluble and passionate replication, the common smiling indifference and the occasional sharp attacks of his opponents. This lack of recognition when there is really nothing in the mode of presentation to excite silent or stormy opposition, — this struggle of one man against ten thousand, to substitute positive principles for empirical rules, — is especially saddening to a nature as sympathetic as it is strong, and as shy as it is earnest. Mr. Dana persisted in spite of unpopularity, it is true, and wrote in verse and prose according to his own ideas ; but his persistence lacked geniality. A notion appears to have risen in his mind of a natural antithesis between popularity and excellence, — a sure sign, perhaps, that popularity was necessary to the healthy action of his nature ; that he required echoes of his mind from without to assure him that there was really power within. Cheerfulness, and the joyous exercise of creative energy, are so characteristic of assured genius, that we doubt if such an antithesis ever arose in a thoroughly live and sunny nature. If Mr. Dana had been as popular as he deserved, if the richness and depth of his mind had been gladly recognized, the present volumes would hardly have been a tithe of his contributions to literature, and we should have had now a different class of personal qualities to emphasize as characteristics. There are, in authorship, professors of the impudent and supercilious, who require a sharp resistance on the part of the public to tame their wilful and aggressive egotism ; but Mr. Dana belongs to a class who arrive at the fact of their excellence rather by an induction from the results they produce on the public mind than by self-esteem ; and to such, a lack of recognition is hurtful.

The compositions of Mr. Dana, produced under the circumstances we have indicated, evince sufficient intensity both of sensibility and intellect ; but it is that kind of intensity which declares rather than disputes with power, which is strong on positive grounds but unavailable in attack. Accordingly, in many of the articles published in the second volume, we discern, in the side references to opposite opinions, no hearty invective, no bold strokes of

satire; but the fine superciliousness of the mechanical school of critics is met, on his own part, with a scorn as fine. Mr. Dana is not a good hater, because his mind needs sympathy more than it dislikes antagonism, and because austere principles are connected in his mind with gentle feelings, not with aggressive passions; and his impatience at error, therefore, rather frets than foams into expression. Hot anger and indignation may not be good qualities, but the dogmatism in opinion they inspire has the heartiness of impulse, and to us they are more pleasing than that cool and refined contempt which just passes the bounds of humane sympathy, without overstepping conventional proprieties. The subdued controversial innuendoes, peeping out here and there in Mr. Dana's critical articles, are their most ungenial quality, and one flashing outbreak of scornful passion would be worth them all. Hudson's process in the verbal warfare of letters is a model both of wrath and magnanimity. He arms himself to the teeth, rushes into the thickest of the fight, recklessly exposes his person in order that he may deal his blows with more certainty, and glories equally in wounds given and wounds received; but after the battle, there is a shaking of hands all round. In Mr. Dana there is no sure sign of an open engagement, but the fine animosities engendered in the concealed strife seem to pass down all the more into the vitalities of his being, and dislikes tend to deepen into antipathies.

Though there is hardly a page in Mr. Dana's writings which does not declare him a poet, his poems are comparatively few. These are now generally well known, though their rare merit has not yet been heartily recognized. Mr. Dana is properly of no particular "school" of poetry, but in the direction given to his poetic faculty we perceive the influence and inspiration of Wordsworth and Coleridge. In his preface to *The Idle Man* he speaks of his friend Bryant as having lived, when quite young, where few works of poetry were to be had, "at a period, too, when Pope was still the great idol in the Temple of Art"; and that, upon his opening Wordsworth's *Ballads*, "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart, and the face of nature, of a sudden, to change into a strange freshness and life." Something of this effect Wordsworth appears to have exerted upon Mr. Dana, an

effect, however, which never was manifested in a conscious or unconscious imitation of his author, and which tended to develop rather than submerge his individuality. Though he looks at nature somewhat in Wordsworth's spirit, he never looks with Wordsworth's eyes, but always with his own. The leading characteristics of his poems are the calm, clear intensity of his vision of objects, and his power of penetrating them, through and through, with life and spiritual significance. His imagination has a Chaucerian certainty in representing a natural object in its exact form, color, and dimensions, the image before his intellect being as real as if it were before his eyes; and if he fail at all as an objective poet, he fails in interpreting its true life and meaning. Nature to him is ever symbolical of spirit, but, instead of evolving hers, he will often superadd his own. In both processes there is life as well as form, but in one case we have the life of nature, in the other the life of the poet. There are grand examples of pure objective imagination in Mr. Dana's poems, in which what is peculiar in the author's spirit does not penetrate the description, and the whole scene has the delicious remoteness of artistical creation; but commonly a subtile tinge of individual sentiment is diffused over the picture he so distinctly presents, and the impression which it leaves tells us that the life communicated to our hearts is not the life of nature, but of one individual's experience. Were Mr. Dana a purely subjective poet, his imagination playing whatever freaks with objects the caprices of his individuality might dictate, the difficulty of describing the action of his mind would be greatly lessened; but the elusive quality in his genius, which analysis is continually toiling after in vain, comes from the conflict in his nature between the objective tendency of his intellect and the subjective tendency of his disposition. We will give a few extracts illustrative of the varying operation of his imagination, according as it works impersonally or with his peculiar moods. The following, for instance, is pure picture:—

“ And inland rests the green, warm dell ;  
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;  
From out the trees the Sabbath bell  
Rings cheerful, far and wide,

Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale among the rocks."

Here we have complete self-forgetfulness, the mind gazing at the scene it has conjured up, and representing it as a distinct reality. In the following, there is a faint intrusion of the individual in the picture:—

" 'T was twilight then; and Dian hung her bow  
Low down the west; and there a star  
Kindly on thee and me, from far,  
Looked out, and blessed us through the passing glow."

In the following exquisite poem, the imagery is so clear, that we are at first hardly aware that the whole takes from the sadness of the mood in which it is contemplated a dreamy melancholy, delicious but slightly morbid.

" THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD.

"Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,  
And with that boding cry  
Along the breakers fly?  
O, rather, Bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice!

"Thy fitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,  
As driven by a beating storm at sea;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared  
The doom of us: Thy wail,—  
What doth it bring to me?

"Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,  
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord  
With the motion and the roar  
Of waves that drive to shore,  
One spirit did ye urge,—  
The Mystery,—the Word.

"Of thousands, thou, both sepulchre and pall,  
Old Ocean! A requiem o'er the dead,  
From out thy gloomy cells,  
A tale of mourning tells,—  
Tells of man's woe and fall,  
His sinless glory fled.

"Then turn thee, little Bird, and take thy flight  
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring  
Thy spirit never more ;  
Come, quit with me the shore,  
And on the meadows light,  
Where birds for gladness sing!" — Vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

We might extract from "Factitious Life," "Thoughts on the Soul," "The Dying Raven," and "Daybreak," numerous passages where this melancholy deepens into gloom, if not despair, and while the poet's hold upon the form of natural objects is as sure as ever, the spirit is thoroughly individual. These poems could only have come from a deep experience of life, and there is a breadth of solemnity to them which is not without its charm; but the fatal objection to them is, that they do not communicate life. Their tendency is rather to awaken a conviction of wickedness than to inspire the energy of virtue. As lessons in psychology, however, they have great value.

One of the best of Mr. Dana's minor poems is that on Chantrey's Washington. We extract it, as one of the very few tributes to Washington worthy the grandeur of the subject.

"Father and Chief, how calm thou stand'st once more  
Upon thine own free land, thou wonn'st with toil !  
Seest thou upon thy Country's robe a soil,  
As she comes down to greet thee on the shore ?

"For thought in that fine brow is living still, —  
Such thought as, looking far off into time,  
Casting by fear, stood up in strength sublime,  
When odds in war shook vale and shore and hill ;

"Such thought as then possessed thee, when was laid  
Our deep foundation, — when the fabric shook  
With the wrathful surge which high against it broke, —  
When at thy voice the blind, wild sea was stayed.

"Hast heard our strivings, that thou look'st away  
Into the future, pondering still our fate  
With thoughtful mind ? Thou readest, sure, the date  
To strifes, — thou seest a glorious coming day.

"For round those lips dwells sweetness breathing good  
To sad men's souls, and bidding them take heart,

Nor live the shame of those who bore their part  
When round their towering chief they banded stood.

"No swelling pride in that firm, ample chest!  
The full, rich robe falls round thee, fold on fold,  
With easy grace, in thy scarce conscious hold:  
How simple in thy grandeur, — strong in rest!

"'T is like thee: Such repose thy living form  
Wrapped round. Though some chained passion, breaking  
forth,  
At times swept o'er thee like the fierce, dread north,  
Yet calmer, nobler, cam'st thou from the storm.

"O mystery past thought! that the cold stone  
Should live to us, take shape, and to us speak, —  
That he, in mind, in grandeur, like the Greek,  
And he, our pride, stand here, the two in one!

"There 's awe in thy still form. Come hither, then,  
Ye that o'erthrong the land, and ye shall know  
What greatness is, nor please ye in its show, —  
Come, look on him, would ye indeed be men!"

Vol. I. pp. 127, 128.

"The Buccaneer" is the most celebrated of Mr. Dana's poems, and though the plan of the story is open to objections, and it fails to reach that mystical element of the mind which it addresses, the characterization and scenery evince great closeness and force of imagination. With some obvious faults, it appears to us to exhibit more of the depth, strength, and daring of genius than any other American poem. Every thing is realized with such intensity, that it could not have been written without tears and shudderings, and there are portions of it so vividly real and lifelike, that the reader almost reproduces the author's mental agony in reproducing his conceptions. The stern condensation of the diction corresponds admirably with the concentrated strength with which the author grasps the central idea and every minor detail of the poem. The fierce passions raging through the whole are relieved by numerous passages, replete with the sunniest beauty and repose. Throughout the whole, nothing is described, every thing is represented; and we can hardly recollect a stanza in which the attention is drawn

away from objects to note the words which present them.

But in this poem, and in all of Mr. Dana's poems, we notice two defects which must always interfere with his popularity as a poet. He has great distinctness of mental vision, but little visionary charm; a shaping imagination, but no poetic atmosphere encircling the forms he creates. He realizes with great power, but the ideal is almost lost in the realization. This is the more remarkable, as it is in atmosphere more than form that the great poets of the present century, and especially his own favorites among them, excel all others. The other defect of his Muse is a lack of melody. This, we think, is not a natural, but a somewhat wilful defect,—a mode of showing his contempt for the smooth conventional versification which he has so much decried as a critic. As a prose-writer he is often exquisitely melodious. Let the reader compare the essay on Domestic Life, or that entitled "Musings," with any poem in the present collection, and he cannot but be struck with the musical flow of the one, as contrasted with the comparatively rugged tramp of the other.

As a prose-writer Mr. Dana is principally known by his essays and stories published in *The Idle Man*. The second volume of the present collection of his works contains, in the shape of fugitive articles originally contributed to periodicals, as strong evidences as are furnished by his more elaborate production, that his rank as a writer, in respect to mere excellence of style, is second to no other author in the country. The prominent figure in *The Idle Man* is Paul Felton, certainly a creation which no reader could have dreamed would glare out upon him from the pages of a book bearing such a title. In respect to mere power over the sensibilities, the story of Paul and Esther is the greatest of Mr. Dana's works, and it exhibits a mingled firmness and vividness of vision, in gazing into the blackest gulfs of Satanic passion, which cannot but awaken at times the reader's admiring wonder. But the impression it leaves upon the mind is one of unrelieved horror, and we suppose that the author, on his own principles of taste, would declare that such an impression was altogether removed from the purpose of art. Should an actor imitate nature



so perfectly, that, when he is stabbed on the stage, he conveyed to our minds the same feelings we should experience in witnessing a murder committed in the streets, he would be called a bad actor. The line separating the sympathies awakened by ideal and actual distress cannot be mistaken, and the novelist who aims to call out the latter succeeds only in producing the horrible, not the beautiful or sublime. The power displayed in "Paul Felton," therefore, is not communicated to the reader, but leaves him both weak and miserable. In the story of "Tom Thornton," we have almost equal power, with more relief. "Edward and Mary" is a simple story, in which the author throws himself confidently upon the finer sentiments in their primitive action, and the result is true romance. The article on Kean's Acting is probably the finest piece of critical writing which any English performer ever called forth. In a far different style are the essays entitled "Domestic Life" and "Musings." The serene and beautiful wisdom so melodiously conveyed in these has a still, searching power, which penetrates into the very substance of the soul, and both purifies and tranquillizes.

As a critic Mr. Dana manifests the same hold upon the solidities and realities of life, and the same dislike for the superficial in intellect and the conventional in manners, which characterize the whole strain of his meditations. His sensibility to poetic excellence has a depth and acuteness which no mere critic could reach, and his statements are often better and truer than the most labored analysis of a less sympathetic and imaginative mind. The articles in the present collection on Allston's Sylphs of the Seasons, Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, Pollok's Course of Time, The Sketch Book, and Edgeworths' Readings on Poetry, are generally of the highest order of critical merit. The author deals always with concrete principles, not with abstract propositions, and his articles are therefore full of original power and beauty, and ever contributions to the subjects he discusses. They contain sentences of clear sweetness, of vivid description, of penetrating remark, which leave a lingering sense of delight in the mind long after it has passed on to the topic which succeeds. The observations with which Mr. Dana commences the review of

Allston's poem are more poetical than any extracts he makes from it.

"His mind," he says, "seems to have in it the glad, but gentle brightness of a star, as you look up to it, sending pure influences into your heart, and making it kind and cheerful. . . . He has not only an eye for nature, but a heart too, and his imagination gives them a common language, *and they talk together*. . . . He views his scenes with a curious and exquisite eye, instilling some delicate beauty into the most common thing that springs up in them, imparting to it a gay and fairy spirit, and throwing over the whole a *pure, floating glow*." — Vol. II. pp. 108, 109.

Allston's satire, he says,

"appears so bright and playful, that the fairest prospects look gladder in it, and we see it flickering along the more gloomy, like a stream of moonlight, stretching a glittering and silvery line over the steely blackness of the waters, as they lie sleeping under the brown, solemn hills." — p. 111.

The following extract, relating generally to the poet, is exceedingly beautiful, and illustrates that union of power and repose which constitutes so much of the charm of Mr. Dana's prose style:—

"Little, indeed, do such men see, that the out-of-door industry, which leads to wealth and importance, owes much to the poet for its thriving existence; that the poetry of a people elevates their character, and makes them proud of themselves; quickens the growth of the nicer feelings, and tones the higher virtues; that it causes blessings to shoot up round our homes; smooths down the petty roughnesses of domestic life, and softens and lays open the heart to the better affections; that it calls the mind off from the pursuits of the tainted and wearing pleasures of the world, and teaches it to find its amusements in the exercise of its highest and purest powers; that it makes the intellect vivacious, and gives an interest and stir to the society of the wise; shames us from our follies and crimes, turns us to the love and study of what is good, gives health to the moral system, and brings about what must always go along with the virtue of society, the beauty of order and security. Little, too, do they know of the poet's incessant toil. His eyes and thoughts are ever busy amidst the forms of things. He looks into the intricate machinery of the heart and mind of man, and sees its workings, and tells us to what end it moves. He goes forth with the sun over the earth, and looks upon its vastness and sublimity with him, and searches out with him every lesser thing. His studies end not with the

day ; but when the splendor of the west has died away, and a sleepy and dusky twilight throws a shadowy veil over all things, and he feels that the spirit which lifted him up and expanded his frame, as he looked forward on the bright glories of the setting sun, has sunk slowly and silently down with them, and that the contemplative light about him has entered into his heart, and the gladness of the day left him, he turns and watches the lighting up of the religious stars, by which he studies in soberer and more intent thought the things that God has made.

"The present age abounds in poets, and of a kind to show that a better taste is reviving, and natural feelings coming into free play again, and it is grateful to consider, that close descriptions of mind and heart, which grow up and intertangle with them, are relished and understood. For to love nature, and to have an eye that sees her truly, shows that there is a moral tone in chord with her sounding at the heart, and some pure spots in the mind, on which her images play like young leaves on calm and clear waters. It is well for the mind, that the gates are burst open, and the walls levelled with the ground, and that we are let out, from exactly-cut hedges, artificial mounds, and straight canals nicely sloped and sodded to the very brink, to the free and careless sweep of hills, and winding run of the stream, to which God seems to have given instinct enough to work its way through a strange country to its home in the sea. It is pleasant to be set at large once more among varied and irregular creations, and the abundant and wide wealth of the earth ; for there we find enough, and even more than the mind can fold in ; so that we are ever eager to learn, and associations are crowding upon us and shifting, to give growth to our sentiment, and breadth and thought to our minds. Nature is suggestive, and makes him that studies her work with her. She is always active ; and out of the very decay of things comes life. When the mind is in this way left to its own pursuits, it gains vigor and quickness, and truth of observation, from its independence ; and the factitious and false, which had crusted it over in the confused and hot stir of pent society, loosen, and break up, and fall off, and it opens to fair impressions, and has a clear and calm expanse, like the heavens over our heads." — pp. 103 – 105.

From the article on Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, — one of the most comprehensive and capable in the whole field of criticism, — there are many passages of exquisite composition and sentiment. The following on the old writers is especially excellent : —

"Having nothing of the superiority, and, we trust, little of the superciliousness of such minds, we would earnestly recommend

to those who read poetry the study of the older writers. Next to studying nature itself, they can hardly be better employed. Indeed, the two have so much to do with each other, that their very differences serve to bring their resemblances to mind; and an acquaintance with the one, and attachment to it, will naturally be followed by a knowledge and love of the other. The old authors have this quality in common with nature, — the more they are studied, the closer hold they take upon the mind. They shoot up and overrun us like vines, creeping along the windings of our feelings and twining in among our thoughts with a growth so gentle and silent, that, although our hearts are kept fresh by them, and our minds overhung with their dangling beauties, the grateful sense that they impart to us is hardly noted, and is in us as if it were only our own happy nature. Perhaps it is owing to this very quality that the common run of people are so little drawn toward them. For the greater part of men want something that will take a rude hold upon them, something that will flare upon them like a broad setting sun. Tangled and by-path overgrowings tease rather than delight them; and they lack that infant nativeness of heart which gladly lies down in warm, lighted nooks, and looks with a half-strange delight upon the dancing sun-spots which play upon the grass under the thick wood.

“We urge this matter now, being aware, that, with a few exceptions, Chaucer’s language puts as many obstructions in the way of beginners as does that of any of our old poets. Yet even in him a little patient and careful reading will overcome them, and what at first looked strange and uncouth will appear natural enough; and the very peculiarity of the diction, obsolete words, and singular spelling, will, in time, form pleasant and poetical associations for us, for the very reason which at first made them distasteful, — because they are not identical with the language of our every-day conversation and reading. We have heard some say, that these differences from our modern tongue have such a baby air, that they can never be reconciled to them. If they have honestly made the attempt and failed, we have nothing further to urge, but must leave them to elegant English and — the Calvary of Cumberland.

“As to Spenser, the difficulty in reading him is little more than fanciful. If any one meets him for the first time in the extracts in these Lectures, and can be content without knowing more of him, all we can say is, that we are sorry the gods have not made him poetical.

“Omitting quotations, we have here some half-dozen pages upon Spenser, — rather a summary way of treating the author of the *Faerie Queene*, and of so many beautiful poems, — upon him, too, whom Mr. Hazlitt calls ‘the most poetical of all

poets.' Of course, the remarks are very general, yet, for the most part, in good taste.

"After mentioning what he considers the best parts of the *Faerie Queene*, he replies to the objections urged against it on account of the difficulty of comprehending the allegory : —

"But some people will say that all this may be very fine, but that they cannot understand it on account of the allegory. They are afraid of the allegory, as if they thought it would bite them ; they look at it as a child looks at a painted dragon, and think it will strangle them in its shining folds. This is very idle. If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pike-staff. It might as well be pretended that we cannot see Poussin's pictures for the allegory, as that the allegory prevents us from understanding Spenser.'

"We wish that Mr. Hazlitt's off-hand, cavalier way of treating those who differ from him was never more out of place than in the present instance. The answer is certainly as good as the objectors deserve. But if they are not satisfied with it, we must add, that, be the allegory ever so hidden, the world of prodigal beauties lying about it and overhanging it will take off the sense of toil in searching it out, and that the way leads along by many a shelter from the dust and sun, where the traveller

'Feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes  
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,  
Which through the trembling leaves full gentle playes.'

"To the charge which we have more than once heard made, that Spenser wants strength and passion, Mr. Hazlitt answers : —

"But he has been unjustly charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. He has not, indeed, the pathos of immediate action or suffering, which is more properly the dramatic ; but he has all the pathos of sentiment and romance, — all that belongs to distant objects of terror, and uncertain, imaginary distress. His strength, in like manner, is not strength of will or action, of bone and muscle, nor is it coarse and palpable ; but it assumes a character of vastness and sublimity seen through the same visionary medium, and blended with the appalling associations of preternatural agency. We need only turn, in proof of this, to the Cave of Despair, or the Cave of Mammon, or to the account of the change of Malbecco into Jealousy.'

"Let us add, for force of description, the House of Care, although there are things in it which make us smile ; also, the Descent of Night with the Black Steeds, — the scenes of horror and great darkness, and dreadful noises, through which Guyon

voyages to the Bowre of Blis, — the description of Error, at the very opening, — and the ‘salvage man,’ of whom it is said, —

‘For other language had he none nor speech,  
But a soft murmur and confused sound  
Of senseless words, which Nature did him teach  
T’ expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach,’ —

and whose strange, poetical uncouthness brings Caliban to mind.

“Though it be true that ‘Spenser seldom makes us laugh or weep,’ yet his *Mother Hubbard’s Tale* is a delightfully playful satire, and keeps a smile about the mouth all the time we read. We are affected in the same way by Braggadocio, a fellow something between Pistol and Parolles, — a losel base; and Gule, too, he that ‘us’d to fish for fooles on the dry shore,’ amuses us exceedingly, when, by changing from a bird to a ‘hedgehogge,’ he escapes from the hand of Artegall. Malbecco in search of his wife, which Mr. Hazlitt refers to, is also ludicrous. His uxori-ousness, forcing him into dangers which his cowardice makes him tremble at, joint and limb, renders him altogether a most pitiable, yet diverting object.

It may seem singular, yet we are hardly willing to call Spenser’s poetry mere fairy land, or to say that we wander among mere ideal beings in another world. True it is, ‘he takes and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills, and fairer valleys. He paints nature, not as we find it, but as we expected to find it, and fulfils the delightful promise of our youth.’

“And it is just so. The grass is of a fresher green, the fruit hangs heavier and of a brighter gold, and the harvest is fuller, — the sky of a richer glow, and the clouds more gorgeous and piled; yet we feel as if on the same earth still, only in a region of it more fair than we had before visited. The females are not precisely such as those we meet at tea-parties, nor the men just like those we talk with upon business and politics on Exchange. But when romantic boys, we fancied ourselves very much such heroes; and she whom our imaginations bodied forth and our hearts loved with earnest constancy, — she that suffered with us in our fancied disappointments and sorrows, and looked happy when a brightness broke out on us in the close, — was no less beautiful than Florimel, nor less fond than Britomart. Spenser has placed his actors in scenes of nature pictured so truly, only a little more beautiful than we with our every-day eyes can see them, — has scattered through them so much of gentle and kind-hearted affection and sentiment, — that we forget all is so unreal, and feel a good deal relieved when the Red-crosse Knight has fairly slain the Dragon.

“But it matters little whether this be true or not, — whether,

making due allowance for its being an allegory, he gives so much the impression of reality, or whether his strange forms, iron-toothed dragons, and lighted castles seem to us mere things of air ; — if we would be filled with poetry in all its nativeness, and beauty, simplicity, richness, gorgeousness, we must study Spenser. Not to speak profanely, the Faerie Queene should be to the poet what his Bible is to the Christian. How carefully did Milton read Spenser ! Compare the description of Sin with that of Error, and the voyage of Satan through Chaos with that of Guyon. How many, too, of his words and phrases, which are ever sounding in our ears and filling our hearts and minds with undefinable sensations and fair images, may be followed home to this work !

“ And not only has Spenser been the store-house of poetic language to our poets. For nothing is he more remarkable than for his unceasing action, his exhaustless productiveness and variety, — motion upon motion, change upon change ! You pass on from one scene to another, perpetual diversity keeping off fatigue, quitting the wild and gloomy for the cheerful and quiet, the large and desolate for little sunny nooks ; — from the close, shady forest you come out all of a sudden upon the bright, broad sea and open shore, and at every turn in the wood fall upon some new adventure, and meet some stranger face to face. You are in absolute wonderment that the earth should be so populous ! And with what facility all this comes about ! Every thing *happens*, — nothing is *made* to take place. Let any one lay down the Faerie Queene, and, as well as he may, go through in order in memory with the different places, persons, and events, from the beginning to the end, and if their countless multitude and contrasting characters do not leave him in wonder and admiration at the intense life and prodigal productiveness of this old poet, it must be because wonder and admiration are states unknown to his mind. Is it too much to ask, whether, in these respects, Spenser has had a superior in any age or land ?

“ That Mr. Hazlitt should bring the description of Lechery against Mr. Southey's character of Spenser —

‘ Yet not more sweet  
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise ;  
High-priest of all the Muses' mysteries ! ’ —

can be accounted for only on the score of a sort of fatality which he labors under of attacking whatever comes from the so-called Lake School. No doubt there are passages in Spenser, which, taken apart, might put toys into young imaginations. But we should think that there was little harm remaining to be done to that mind that could read them in connection with the rest, and having in view their intent, yet find in them only incitements to loose thoughts. Some of the objects met with on the way to the

Bowre of Blis, which, had they come from a less pure mind, might have worked evil, partake so much of that abstract sense of beauty, in which Spenser's mind seems so exquisite, that they do not affect us so much like creatures of flesh and blood, as like fine transparencies or forms beautifully pictured within the poem. Spenser is indeed the Palmer who will carry us safely through all such dangers, if we are not lost through a headlong desire for our own wreck: the spirit of Sir Guyon in us, and we need not fear stranding." — pp. 170 – 177.

The essays in the second volume on Old Times, The Past and Present, and Law as suited to Man, are among the best evidences which Mr. Dana has given of the philosophical capacity of his mind. They are good illustrations of the difference between principles and propositions, the author's imagination and sentiment, as well as his understanding, being active throughout. They are characterized by the intensest spirit of meditation, and a calm, strong grasp, and close application, of principles. The introspective and retrospective elements of his nature, however, appear in these essays in their most refined operation. The past is subtly identified with its ideals, the present is criticized in the light of those ideals, and tested by their most exacting requirements. The result is a kind of despair for the present, and a lack of hopefulness in surveying the future. Democracy, especially, has little justice done to it. But still the most besetting sins and dangers of the country are exhibited in an original and forcible manner, without any appeal to the controversial passions, and the essays leave a profound impression of the author's depth of nature.

From the exceedingly complex character of Mr. Dana's genius, we have been able, in these hasty observations, to give but an imperfect exhibition of that peculiar combination of mental and moral qualities which constitutes the life of his writings. The best criticism on the present volumes is that which most strongly directs the public attention to them, for they cannot be read without mental and spiritual improvement; and we trust that their circulation will be large enough to give a flattering idea of the estimate placed in the United States upon great and rare powers devoted to high purposes.

E. P. W.



## ART. VI. — THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

ALTHOUGH, throughout Christendom, there is a portion of the people designated as belonging to the middle classes, there would, doubtless, be very different definitions of this term given by different persons, and in the different countries where it is applied. Perhaps the simplest and most correct one is that which describes the middle classes as composed of those persons who possess a capital, either in money's worth or education, but are yet obliged to work for their maintenance: This body is distinguished from the aristocratic or privileged class, which lives, or can live, upon income from capital, without work, and from the laboring class, strictly speaking, which subsists by daily labor, and possesses little or no capital.

If, with this definition of the middle classes in our minds, we take a glance at the different countries of Christendom, the first thing that strikes us is the immense difference in the condition of these countries, as to the proportion of the classes described to the whole population. Upon a second glance, it seems that this difference bears some proportion, or at least some relation, to the amount of freedom enjoyed in these countries; using the word in the sense of freedom from restraint in the labor-market, or open competition to the workers, whether with the head or the hand. Although this would appear to be the general rule, there are various discrepancies and anomalies discernible in the working of it, which are quite curious. In England, for instance, it is generally, and probably truly, thought, that the middle classes have gained a great accession of power within twenty years; and yet it is very doubtful whether (taking our definition) they have increased in number, during that time, proportionably to the whole population. The returns of 1831 show in Great Britain a body of small landholders, amounting to 355,890 persons, and a body of laborers employed on the land, numbering 887,167,—making together 1,243,057 *men, twenty years of age and upwards*, employed in agriculture, out of a population of that description of 3,944,511.

A large proportion of this class of small "occupiers"

had disappeared in 1841, owing to the system of the extension of great estates; and the individuals composing it had fallen into the ranks of laborers, or turned to other occupations. In the latter year, 1841, out of 4,761,091 men of twenty years of age and upwards in Great Britain, only 274,305 are put down as comprised in the list of "farmers, graziers, surveyors, nursery-men, and florists," and 923,851 as men employed on wages in cultivating the soil; making only 1,198,156 men of age employed on the land;—which is less than the number so employed in 1831, although the population had meanwhile increased very much.

Owing to the different mode of making the returns of 1831 and 1841, it is difficult to ascertain what the real progress of the middle classes in numbers, if any, has been; but the results shown are so curious and significant, that we shall pause a moment to examine them.

*Great Britain in 1831.*

Males twenty years of age and upwards.	Agriculture.			Trade, Manufactures, &c.		Other Classes.			
	Occupiers employing laborers.	Occupiers not employing laborers.	Laborers.	Employed in manufacturing and making machinery.	Employed in retail trade and handicraft, &c.	Capitalists, bankers, professional and other educated men.	Laborers not agricultural.	Other males, 20 years old, except servants.	Male servants 20 years old and upwards.
3,944,511	187,075	163,815	387,167	404,317	1,159,86	214,390	608,712	235,499	78,689
	1,243,057 or 31.5 per cent.			1,564,184 or 39.7 per cent.		1,137,270 or 28.8 per cent.			

*Great Britain in 1841.*

Males twenty years of age and upwards.	Agriculture.			Trade, Manufactures, &c.		Other Classes.				
	Farmers and graziers, land-surveyors, nursery-men, and florists.	Farm bailiffs and stewards, gardeners, and agricultural laborers.	Employed in manufactures and making machinery.	Employed in retail trade or in handicraft, as masters or workmen.	Capitalists, bankers, and other professional and educated men.	Laborers, employed in labor not agricultural.	Male servants 20 years of age and upwards.	Army, navy, and seamen in merchant service at home.	Persons of independent means.	Aims-people.
4,761,091	274,305	323,851	392,162	1,733,334	204,481	504,893	143,093	77,334	129,855	53,113
	1,198,156 or 25.17 per cent.			2,125,496 or 44.64 per cent.		1,437,439 or 30.19 per cent.				
						334,670				

It will be seen, by reference to these two tables, taken from an elaborate work, by G. R. Porter, published in 1847, that, if the men of capital and education be added to the occupiers of land in 1831, we have a population of 570,280 men, of twenty years of age and upwards, who clearly come within the line of the middle and upper classes, without counting any employed in the retail trade and handicrafts;—whereas, in 1841, we get, by adding together the educated and wealthy classes, and all those employed on the land not on wages, including graziers, farmers, &c., only 608,641 men, out of a grown male population nearly one million larger than that of 1831; showing a proportionate falling off in the numbers of these classes. How many of those figuring in 1831 as employed in “retail trade and handicraft,” and of those appearing in 1841 as engaged in trade and manufactures, would come into the middle classes, we cannot determine; but we have no reason to suppose that the proportions would vary, in those different years, in such a manner as to compensate for the loss of the occupiers of land who have been degraded into the class of hirelings. On the other hand, the proportionate increase of those who depend upon employers is strikingly shown in the class of domestic servants, which, it would seem by the returns, has more than doubled, among the men over twenty years of age, during the ten years. This increase is so enormous, as to make it probable, that the returns of 1841 include a portion of the farm-servants under the head of domestics. However, the most striking fact shown by these tables is, that, although the agricultural population in 1831 was considerably less than that employed in trade and manufactures, it has been diminishing rapidly since; so that, in 1841, there were, of males over twenty years of age,—

only 25.2 employed in agriculture,  
to 44.6 employed in trade and manufactures,  
and 30.2 employed otherwise, or not employed at all.

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100.0

Of these last, as we have seen, a large share was in domestic service, and nearly twice as many remained unclassified; being a body of 324,670 full-grown men, who were neither laborers, nor servants, nor alms-people; in-

cluding persons, says the author, "who probably slept in barns and tents on the night preceding the enumeration." As the number of alms-people is put down at only 53,113 males of twenty years of age, it is probable that a large share of the "unclassed" were out-of-door paupers.

If we look at the list to discover what proportion of the whole male population of Great Britain may be supposed to be sufficiently educated and independent in their circumstances to form and maintain any intelligent opinion upon social or political questions, the case looks very unpromising. With the exception of the three classes named, comprising 608,641 men, we see no such body; for, although among those engaged in trade, there may be many very intelligent men, and some independent ones, still nearly all the traders and mechanics are entirely dependent on the patronage of the few rich men for support, and are little more their own men than if living on wages. Those who are exceptions to this rule would probably not more than make up for those among the "farmers, graziers, surveyors, florists, &c.," who are quite unfit to judge of the matters in question, and all the rest are confessedly dependent either on wages or on charity; so that we have, probably, only about half a million of men, or say one tenth part of the grown male population, possessed of either education or property enough to enable them to think and act for themselves in matters involving any changes of importance. This small body constitutes the public of Great Britain, as known to the world in her words and her deeds,—through the press, the action of government, the public debates, and the leading enterprises of all kinds. These people lead and control the voters, and wield the energies of the nation to do their bidding, in the stupendous mechanical works of the country. When we talk of what Englishmen think, and say, and do, we mean always this half-million of Englishmen, the only ones known to us. This body is certainly a very intelligent, enterprising, and persevering one, and has rapidly improved, in most respects, within twenty years. It has maintained its sway over a large part of the earth, and apparently rather increased its power at home, by increasing the dependence of the great mass of the population. Small as this body is, however, it is not homogeneous. It has two con-

tending elements,—the aristocracy of birth, and that of wealth; and in this diversity lies the hope of the people, for it insures discord among their rulers. In the struggle between these two elements, the power of wealth has been constantly increasing, and it now controls the state. Its supporters, being the most intelligent and active portion of the aristocracy, and professing to speak the opinions of the middle classes, are striking down the privileges of their opponents, one by one. The changes in the corn laws and navigation laws are among their triumphs, and the introduction of Jews into Parliament is their most startling innovation. These changes are not procured by the people, nor yet by the middle classes, properly speaking, but by the lords of the loom and of the exchange, struggling with the lords of the soil. The middle classes may be gaining power in England, and perhaps also the people, in some respects, but not by their own direct exertions or influence. They have merely transferred their allegiance from family to wealth, and wealth sustains them, as its vassals, in its own battle for supremacy. It appears that England, during the last ten or fifteen years, has not been following in the general course of the civilized world, in an important particular. While her neighbours have been rapidly increasing the number and proportion of those among the people who have property at stake in the general adventure, and a certain degree of independence derived therefrom, the English seem to have been stationary, or retrograding, in this respect; and the strangest part of it is, that, as far as the agricultural population is concerned, this course of things is looked upon by most Englishmen as very favorable. They find that, since the small holdings have been absorbed in the large ones, a greater aggregate of produce has been obtained from the same extent of soil with fewer hands, in consequence of the freer application of capital; and they argue that this is a benefit, inasmuch as it frees a certain number of hands for other uses. In this judgment, it is evident that they look only at the question of production,—not at all at distribution, and its moral bearings on the people. Here, however, lies the most interesting and important part of the inquiry.

Let us now take a glance at the condition of France, as relates to the proportion of the middle classes. It is

stated in the work before quoted, based upon an estimate made by M. de Chateaufvieux, that, out of 32,000,000 of people in that country, 20,000,000 compose the class of landed proprietors and their families. If we estimate five persons to a family, we have four millions of proprietors, (the official returns show over ten millions; but this is got by counting the same individuals several times as owners of different estates,) and these are divided into the following classes:— that of large proprietors, numbering 94,031, with an average of 340 acres each; that of moderate proprietors, numbering 344,069, with an average of 88 acres each; and that of small proprietors, numbering 3,563,733, with an average of 14 acres each. Among the latter, there are over one million who average only five acres apiece. There were estimated to be at the same time only three millions of agricultural population, of all ages and sexes, not belonging to the class of proprietors. Among the smallest proprietors, of course, many are obliged to eke out a living by acting, in part, as laborers for their richer brethren, but their character as proprietors gives them, as the English authority admits, “a preference on the part of employers, who thus have an assurance of respectability, and a security for good conduct, which can never be given to the employers of laborers in this country” (England). And yet the Englishman thinks the system of small proprietorships a great evil on the whole. It appears from the foregoing, that two thirds of the French people are directly interested in the capital of the country, without counting any portion of the city population, estimated at seven millions, or of the artisan population in the country, put down at two millions, of all ages and sexes. It is difficult to imagine a progress more directly opposite than this shows to that of the English agricultural population; and, in spite of all the evils ascribed to it by English croakers, we cannot but see in it an immense, and a necessary, step in the right direction. Certainly, if it be true that social reformation is especially the work of the middle classes, the rapid increase of land-owners in France is a most encouraging fact, which, we think, far outweighs any want of stability apparent in the governments of that progressive country.

Nothing, in fact, more frequently misleads hasty ob-

servers, than the apparent attitude of firmness and consistency maintained by a government. These qualities are, no doubt, excellent in themselves; but they may be shown in the support of a bad cause, or may be lacking in the supporters of a good one. Stability in governments has, unfortunately, hitherto been most frequently caused rather by the overwhelming preponderance of one element of power in the state, than by any just balance of these elements; and we see no evidence that England is an exception to this rule. On the other hand, instability in the government, being the consequence of a struggle among the different powers to adjust themselves on a truer basis, is often a sign, or at least a temporary result, of true progress; and this we apprehend to be the case in France.

Whatever may be thought of this, however, and of the extraordinary differences in the mode of progress of the middle classes in different countries, we suppose it will be generally acknowledged, that their influence is increasing, in one way or another, almost everywhere in the older parts of Christendom; and in this country, where they have always held the reins, their number and power do not appear to us to have nearly reached a limit. The middle classes grow in two ways, where free competition exists;—by raising mere laborers to their ranks, as they acquire small capitals of their own, and by bringing down the privileged class to their level, as they strike away the props which have supported it in idleness. The first process, that of raising the laborer into the class of those possessed of capital, is one which is going on very rapidly in this country. It is hardly more assisted by the freedom and facilities which our laborers enjoy in bringing their labor to market, than it is by the comparative ease with which they can find safe investments for small sums. The cheapness and extent of soil, and the numerous joint-stock companies and small manufacturing establishments, throughout this country, afford safe and easy modes of investing small sums, to which there is no parallel elsewhere; and when we add to this the general extension of common education, we cannot see any distinct limit to the process by which the laborers may be enabled to raise themselves into the middle classes.

We speak here, of course, of the whole population extending itself, as it must, over this vast continent, and so reducing the comparative population and influence of the cities. Although the city population, in the older parts of this country, now bears quite a considerable proportion to the whole, as compared with many countries of Europe, still its comparative intelligence, wealth, and influence are small. In Europe the cities are far in advance of the rural population in all respects. Even in France, where two thirds of the country people are raised above the rank of mere laborers, the one city of Paris has, hitherto, given the law. This is no doubt partly due to the system of centralization which has pervaded all the French governments, whether monarchical or republican; but it is probably mainly the result of a want of education among those who have but lately acquired some independence on the score of property, without which, the mere acquisition of property does not go far. In our own country, the general extension of a certain amount of education has given the owners of the soil a preponderance, due not merely to their numbers, but likewise to their moral superiority, in certain respects. Less carried away by the excitements of traffic and of pleasure than their brethren of the cities, while they are but little inferior to them in intelligence, they have more thought to devote to questions of morals; and we find, as a consequence, that most of the social and political reforms originate with them. This fact becomes doubly important, when we look at the effect produced by immigration upon the condition of our cities. There we see the baleful effects of that excessive competition, so much decried by the Socialists; brought out, too, into bold relief in the constantly increasing misery of the lowest class of laborers, — who struggle for the privilege of wearing themselves to death at tasks which increase as the wages diminish. There we see vice, of every kind, produced by misery, and misery by the want of employment and the inability to get work by excessive competition. Men are imported from the most crowded parts of Europe, heaped together upon certain points, and then bid to struggle for the prize of a livelihood, which only a part of them can gain. Failing in the contest, their choice is the poor-house or the jail. What



wonder that so many fall into the latter, the road to which is at least one of excitement? These people are, as it were, at the mercy of a vast machine, which rolls over them, with unrelenting weight, and crushes them; which they can neither stay, nor direct, nor escape, nor comprehend. We cannot wonder that, in view of this immense evil in the crowded countries of Europe, philanthropists should wish so to reorganize society as to substitute a principle of mutual helpfulness in place of the universal scramble which they see for the good things of this world, resulting, as it does, in the most unequal and unjust distribution. They see that the system not only tends to debase the lower classes, but also to injure those who, by means of it, manage to secure a good livelihood; for it distributes the prizes rather to unscrupulous shrewdness, than to honest industry. They find coöperation to be the rule, laid down by Scripture, for man's guidance in society, and nicely organized coöperation to be the rule, furnished by instinct, for the guidance of all gregarious animals. Naturally, then, they would look to this principle for relief; and who shall say that it cannot be found there? We heartily wish them success in all honest endeavours, by study, argument, and experiment, to prove to themselves and the world that their principles are capable of being applied, at the proper time, and may be expected to remove many of the evils we now suffer. The subject of social reform cannot be too much studied, if it be only done in the right spirit, and we honor the men who, seeing the bad tendencies of our present system, devote their time and talents to investigating their causes and remedies. But, on the other hand, we cannot at all sympathize with reformers who are disposed to crowd upon an unwilling public their untried theories, whether it be attempted by violent and threatening language, or by harsher means. No good can come from an attempt to force even the truest theory upon a people which is not yet fitted to receive it. The result can be nothing but temporary disorder, followed by reaction. Zealous reformers, however, are often prone to overlook the fact, that a great majority of the governing class must not only understand and acknowledge the truth and applicability of a principle, but must actually desire its introduction, before it can be

made the ruling one in social and political life,—and that consequently it must take a very long time to make any fundamental changes in these matters. Dynasties change in a day, but the principles which change and rule these dynasties are of very slow growth. Reformers are clearly bound, not only to fix in their own minds, and show to others, the results which they believe it desirable and possible to attain, but they should discover and point out a practicable way to reach these results,—and one which shall be acknowledged as practicable, too,—before they call upon society to take the risk of slipping from its moorings in search of new anchorage. Now, it would seem that the new path would be most naturally sought, and most generally found, somewhere along the main track, if we may use this expression, which society is travelling at any given time. That is to say, society cannot be expected ever voluntarily to turn short about, or to branch off at right angles, but rather to shape its course gradually towards a new end, under the influence of a new principle, which may not, at first, be recognized as an acting force, but must be comprehended, and approved of, before it can be acknowledged as a rule.

The Socialists tell us, that they find this unconscious tendency of society towards the kind of coöperation which they advocate in what they term the principle of guaranteeism, which is taking wide root both in Europe and in this country. They say that the principle upon which our mutual insurance companies are founded may be applied to all the great wants of society. Men collectively, that is, society, may guarantee to its individual members work, food, clothing, lodging, education, and even refinements and luxuries, just as our present companies guarantee against loss by storm, or fire, or sickness. The step from the present system of guarantee to the more extended one, they say, is a natural and an easy one, and involves no long state of preparation for the people,—no struggle of contending interests. All that is required is for governments to lead the way. Far be it from us to assert that this state of mutual guarantee is impossible. Certainly it is conceivable that a state of society may exist, at some future day, in which a life-supporting employment shall be secured to each citizen, willing to work, as well as a fair education. It seems not unreasonable that

society should become able, and willing, to furnish its members, in some way, adequate food for the body, as well as for the mind. Indeed, this must be the first want, and to supply a man with knowledge, out of which he cannot even get his daily bread, is perhaps to increase his misery.

But the question is, how the present perverted state of society, in which, as in England, for instance, nearly all the property and knowledge is confined to a small part of the population, while hunger, ignorance, and apathy reign over the rest, — how this incongruous mass is to be brought to a mutual understanding, for a system of mutual guarantee. In all existing mutual insurance companies, the partners stand much more nearly on an equality, than do the members of such a society. Their shares of the risk and of the advantages are proportioned. Every member pays in something, which is considered by all as of sufficient value to the common stock to cover his share of the benefit insured. How is this to be done in a society in which so large a share of the candidates for insurance have nothing to offer but their depreciated labor? It is very true that the aggregate of a number of small sums, thrown into a mutual insurance fund, will insure to each partner much more than these sums could separately command for the members, if offered in the open market; but then all have an immediate cash value, which the surplus labor has not; and we are not considering what value might be given to this labor, if society were once organized on the mutual insurance principle, but how a beginning is to be made. Neither are we considering how a beginning might be made, if people were different from what they are, — unselfish, ready to make experiments for the benefit of others at their own risk. What the reformer has to consider is, first, what general course, taking the world as he finds it, is the most natural one for mankind to follow, in raising itself to the condition which he believes it destined to reach, and, secondly, what is the next practicable step. If he overlook all this, and merely jump to the end he has in view, how can he escape overthrow? The dead weight he drags is too great to allow of any sudden movements. This mistake seems to have been made by the most intelligent and honest of the leading Socialists of our day.

They have overlooked the fact, that the great inequality existing in the social condition in Europe itself prevents any fair copartnership, for purposes of mutual guarantee. Those who have the power—the aristocracy in England, or the *bourgeoisie* in France—are already guaranteed, and they do not see what the parties who wish to be guaranteed have to offer in the way of premium for insurance. Moreover, they are guaranteed almost as much after a popular commotion which overthrows the government as before, unless property changes hands to a great extent;—witness the course of events on the continent of Europe for the last two years.

It is evident that, as a first step towards a mutual system, there must be a more even distribution of property and education, that is to say, of power;—and it is true, that one sect of Socialists proposes to take this step, so far as property is concerned, by sweeping legislation, based upon physical force. Their plan, although more consistent than any offered by their more conscientious brethren, as an actual working plan, is so iniquitous, that, happily, it finds few supporters; and moreover, in the absence of a generally diffused education, it would be quite inoperative even for the end in view. Property equally divided to-day would be found accumulated in few hands again after a short time, unless education and liberty were generally diffused with it. With the exception of the agrarian school, which we presume is very small, the Socialists, as we understand it, propose to introduce their systems without any *previous* equalization of property or education. They promise every thing, if people will only organize a society upon their principles, with sufficient capital; but they fail to show how capital for the purpose can be commanded, in the present state of society, even in this country, much less in Europe; even money capital, much less capital in knowledge and character. They describe the construction and capabilities of a machine as excellent and extraordinary, but do not show any present means of setting it in motion. It is true that this is no evidence that the machine has not the capacity claimed for it; nor is it an objection to examining and discussing its merits; but it is a fatal objection to the attempt to make it supplant a present working machine, which, although defective, still grinds.

us a grist. Socialists should remember, too, that, although coöperation is not carried into the business of life as much as they would like to see it, or as we hope and believe it may be, still it is this principle, in its present defective development, which holds society together. Certain classes, at least, coöperate to maintain society in working order; and there is always some risk, in attempting to introduce any new combination which the people is not fitted for, that the substance which we hold may be lost in grasping at an imposing shadow. In searching for the means of making extensive experiments, the Socialists, we believe, first looked to the large capitalists for aid. They hoped that wealthy men would throw into the common stock the "accumulated labor," in the shape of capital, which they have in possession, and count the ready willingness and ability to labor of the crowd of poor members as an equivalent; but we suppose they have nearly abandoned that hope now, and look rather to extensive combinations among the middle classes for the means to make a beginning. We apprehend, however, that they will be equally disappointed here, as the world now stands. The middle classes are all following zealously the path which the capitalists have trod. They all strive to make themselves capitalists, and it is competition which prevents a greater number from becoming so. They are not thinking of any new combination, or great copartnership, of any kind, but, on the contrary, of each securing a particular part for himself, by subdivision.

This brings us back to the point at which we digressed to look at the position of the Socialists, — that is, the present condition, and probable progress, of the most intelligent and wealthy middle class in the world, — that of the United States. Assuming the proportion of landholders to be now four fifths of the whole population, it is evident that the middle classes, including, as they do, a large proportion of the city population, must constitute about as large a proportion of the whole people, as the lower classes do in some of the least favored countries of the Old World; and yet, as the population spreads over the continent, it seems inevitable that these classes should increase more rapidly than the others. For although, in the cities and manufacturing towns, the number of day-laborers may grow faster, it is hardly conceivable that

this should offset the growth of the rural population, owners of the soil, especially as the greater portion of the immigrants join that class. There are three leading objects which our people seem to follow with a sort of instinctive keenness,—the extension of the population over this continent; the acquisition and possession of individual property; and the general diffusion of common education. The people of all the States, and parties, excepting so far as slavery interferes, agree about this; and the rapidity with which these ends are approached is matter of surprise to the people of Europe, and of exultation to our own. It cannot be denied that this restless activity does not work out good alone; that it raises the intelligence of the people faster than it does their moral character; that their minds become sharpened, rather than enlarged, so that, were it a final development, it must needs be pronounced a very defective one.

We believe it, however, to be a state of growth which must be passed through, and a useful one. It equalizes men in intellect, knowledge, and property. No large class of our freemen can become either stupidly brutalized, excessively ignorant, or entirely dependent from poverty. It does, in short, just what is needed to enable men, at some future day, to undertake projects of mutual insurance and coöperation on a large scale, with some chance of success; and it is, we believe, only by this process of equalization, requiring many generations for its completion, that society can be prepared for any new combinations superior to those the world has already tried.

Distribution of power, knowledge, and comfort, and securities for individual proprietorship, appear to be the leading ideas of the age,—ideas which have not yet worked out their full results in this country, and are only beginning to make themselves felt in Europe; and we cannot see any reason to suppose that the people of Europe are likely to jump over this stage of progress, which republican institutions are so rapidly unfolding in America. Whatever may come afterwards, it seems to us evident that some process of more equal distribution, based upon free competition, must be the first step towards social improvement in the old country; that this must be accompanied by a generally extended education, and a considerable share of political freedom; and whether this

be done under one form of government now in use, or another, how distant must be the period when any new principle of coöperation can become the ruling one!

It is true that England seems now to be moving, in some respects, in an opposite direction, and approaching a condition which the Socialists see impending over us everywhere, — that of an "Industrial Feudalism." But England appears to us, in this, to be acting in opposition to the spirit of the age; and we believe she will be compelled to retrace her steps.

As for the symptoms of this movement towards feudalism which socialists see in other countries, and even here, we confess we cannot perceive them. They say that when the land is all taken up, and population becomes excessive, the liberty of the mass is thereby practically restrained, whatever the laws may be, and all the property falls into the hands of the few, leaving the multitude to compete for the privilege of serving them at such wages as will keep body and soul together; that the state of affairs will occur soon in the country at large, which is beginning to show itself among the poorest classes of laborers in our great cities. It may be true, that, if Massachusetts were walled round so that no man could escape by sea or land for many generations, the effect might be to roll up large fortunes in few hands, at the expense of the many; but how is this State, or any other free state, to be shut in by any walls but the walls of ignorance?

The whole world is open to an educated and free population. It is a mistake to point to the cities as an illustration of growth now going on, or likely to take place, among the whole people. The condition of the great cities is rather European than American. Both the upper and lower classes are necessarily acted upon, very powerfully, by European, and especially English influences. The danger of cramping, to the extent of robbing the people of their liberty, taking into view their character, and the extent of the continent, appears to be indefinitely removed; and, at all events, does not influence the present movements of the nation.

If "Industrial Feudalism" cannot be said to be approaching in that direction, we think it equally difficult to find any present appearance of it in the numerous corpo-

rated bodies which are cited as evidence of its growth. These corporations are so various, and their stock is held by so many persons of all classes and parties, that there is no class feeling among the stockholders. The capital is bound together, and made to act more effectively towards a given end, than it otherwise could; but the individual stockholders are not bound together by any sympathy. Each one holds or sells his stock irrespective of the interests, or wishes, of the rest, and looks upon it, as he does upon any other piece of property, with the idea of *individual proprietorship* entirely predominant in his mind. Men hold stock in various companies, established for various purposes, and often with conflicting interests as bodies. In short, we can see nothing in these moneyed corporations, taking them altogether, which tends to bind any one part of the community in an attempt to hold any other part of the community in dependence. It is true, that where machinery is employed, as in the factory, the steamboat, or the locomotive, the capital which helps to create and sustain it gains by the introduction of this new competition with the mere laborer.

The machine tends to depress wages, by acting the part of a number of new hands; but this does not show that it must tend to produce "Industrial Feudalism," unless it were likewise shown that the machinery were now falling into the hands of a few great capitalists; which is not the case. The truth is, that the machine tends, by competition, to reduce wages *in a given state of the selling market*; but soon, by reducing the cost, it stimulates the sale, and a demand for additional labor springs up. So the thing goes on growing, with alternations of dullness and activity, and without any assignable limit.

Practically, we do not find that our labor-saving machines are falling into the hands of a smaller class, but the reverse. Our railroads, factories, steamers, and sailing vessels, belong to an increasing body of citizens; that is, chiefly to the middle class, into which the laborers are constantly pushing themselves. The few very rich men among the stockholders are exceptions to the rule. It is surprising to find how large a portion, even of our New England cotton-factories, is held by women and children, and other persons of moderate means, in small sums. But, if we take the labor-saving machinery of the whole



country into view, it will be found, we apprehend, that a much larger share of it is held by persons of moderate means than by the rich. Instead of the concentration of power which is feared, we see almost everywhere a tendency to subdivision and equalization. In political, financial, and industrial matters, as well as in social life, *free* competition has a levelling tendency, but not a degrading one. The hill-tops, more ornamental than useful, are cut down, and the extensive morasses filled up, until all becomes fair arable land, above the reach of floods, and capable of bearing good crops. The great evils of competition do not begin to show themselves until its *freedom* is invaded, either by the laws of the land, or by other circumstances. This may happen under a liberal government, and does now actually happen in our cities; where the wages are depreciated, principally because a crowd of laborers, without intelligence, knowledge, or energy enough to bring their labor to a better market, is constantly imported from abroad. This *may* happen the world over at some future day, unless men, foreseeing it, provide a remedy in season; but we cannot believe that the *natural* limits to the beneficial action of competition are nearly reached, either in Europe or in this country; — *there*, because the legal restraints upon it are not yet removed, and it is therefore only beginning its natural and free action; *here*, because it is still the pervading idea of the people, — one constantly brought into activity in new quarters, — and the great stimulus to the growth of the middle class, which has yet plenty of room to extend itself.

S. H. P.

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ART. VII.—MEMOIR AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE  
DAVID HALE.\*

IF our readers would see a Christian paraphrase of Horace's "*Justum ac tenacem propositi virum*," we advise them to make acquaintance with the memorials of David

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\* *Memoir of DAVID HALE, late Editor of the Journal of Commerce. With Selections from his Miscellaneous Writings.* By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York. New York: John Wiley. 1850. pp. 520.

Hale comprised in the volume before us. The name of Hale has, for centuries and in both hemispheres, been associated with the highest style of Christian manliness. We are inclined to doubt Mr. Thompson's statement, that the ancestral line of his deceased friend is "quite distinct from that of Sir Matthew Hale," so strong is the family likeness between that incorruptible old saint in ermine and the American inheritors of his name. Of the first generation of Hales born in this country was the Rev. John Hale, whose "*Modest Inquiry into the Nature of Witchcraft*" was an heroic and successful attempt to stay the tide of delusion that overswept the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and threatened to obliterate all the landmarks of sober judgment, neighbourly sympathy, and judicial uprightness. Of the same family was Colonel Robert Hale, whose distinguished services in the capture of Louisburg were only an episode in a career marked by public spirit, energy, fearless integrity, and self-sustaining independence of contemporary opinions and prejudices. Captain Nathan Hale, who, as he mounted the scaffold as a detected spy in the war of our Revolution, expressed his regret "that he had but one life to lose for his country," was the great-grandson of the Rev. John Hale, and the uncle of the subject of the Memoir before us. Among those from the same stock yet living or recently deceased, we have personally known not a few, who have manifested the same hardy elements of character, and whose moral natures gave tokens of the same brawny, sinewy strength, which distinguished their progenitors. While the landed estates of the family are vested in "William Hale, Esq., of King's Walden, Hertfordshire," the younger branch of the household would seem to have taken for its appanage energy in dissent, the power of protest, capacity to stand and go alone.

David Hale was born at Lisbon, Connecticut, in 1791. His father, then a clergyman, was shortly afterwards compelled by feeble health to resign the duties of his profession, and subsequently, as a farmer, teacher, and magistrate, occupied an influential and useful station in South Coventry, his native town. He united with the amenities appertaining to a Christian gentleman and scholar, the sturdier traits belonging to his name; and his family discipline was no less rigid than kind, pervaded by inex-

orable legality, while sanctified by the lofty aims and the penetrating spirit of Evangelical faith and piety. David received the rudiments of a good English education, and imbibed from his home-nurture enduring sentiments of justice, independence, and reverence. Thus furnished, after a brief clerkship in a country store, at the age of eighteen he took his fortunes into his own keeping, and went alone to Boston in search of employment. During his minority and in his subsequent mercantile life, he got little but experience, and that often of the roughest character; but sustained a reputation of unblemished integrity, large capacity for business, and uniform generosity and magnanimity. During the first years of his residence in Boston, he was preserved from the contaminating influences incident to so exposed a situation by the maxims and habits of virtue that he had brought from his native home; and the dear old New England piety, in which his boyhood had been nurtured, shaped many of his tastes and habits, even before it received the undivided allegiance of his heart. In 1812 occurred the crisis in his religious history, — the period of his entire consecration to the service of God and the faith of Christ; and, from this time forward, it was evident that he made religion, not the guide, but the end of life, — not the rule and limit of secular activity, but the paramount object of pursuit, to which every other interest, occupation, or effort became subservient. Until 1827, he resided principally in Boston, a much esteemed member successively of the Park Street and the Essex Street Churches, a frequent contributor to the Boston Recorder and to other public journals, and devotedly engaged in all the forms of philanthropic activity favored by the body of Christians with which he was associated.

In 1827, Mr. Hale removed to New York, to take charge of the business department of the Journal of Commerce, — a daily paper (we make a strange and shameful confession in saying so) of a unique design and character. Its peculiarity consisted in the determination neither directly nor incidentally to violate the commonly recognized principles and laws of Christianity, either in its contents or its management. It was not to be obtrusively a religious paper; but was to exclude vituperation, coarse personality, and irreverence from its

reading matter, to reject all advertisements of a confessedly immoral tendency, and to dispense in all its departments with labor during the twenty-four hours of the weekly Sabbath. The plan was not only distrusted by mere men of the world, but by many good men was deemed impracticable, by others denounced as Pharisaical, and at the end of the first year was on the point of being abandoned, thirty thousand dollars having been invested in it, with the return of but a few hundreds. An arrangement was subsequently effected, by which Mr. Hale became joint proprietor of the paper with his co-editor, Gerard Hallock; and, after a few years of privation and self-denial, they were enabled to render it second, in point of circulation and income, to no similar journal in the country. From the very outset, it has maintained the highest character as a business paper, on account of the accuracy and promptness of its intelligence; and we value this fact the more, as showing that a sacred regard to the rest of the Sabbath need not interfere with a profession, in which success depends in great part on alertness and vigilance in arresting news on the wing, in getting the most recent tidings by steam or telegraph, and in boarding home-bound vessels at the earliest moment. Seldom has the *Monday's Journal of Commerce* been one whit behind the papers for whose news-gatherers "Sunday shines no Sabbath-day," in gratifying the curiosity of its readers; and often has it enjoyed the advantage of ignoring the Sunday's rumor, and furnishing in its place the more accurate intelligence that awaited its Monday morning inquiry.

In the management of his paper, Mr. Hale was rigidly independent. Strongly attached to the Whig party, and an unflinching advocate of its leading measures, he has lain for a large portion of the time under the reproach of a schismatic, a heretic, or a dissembler. The reason of this was, that he had certain principles, to which he adhered with a most tenacious grasp, independently of party considerations and movements. This was the case, not only on matters directly connected with his religious convictions, but also with regard to some subjects of a merely political character. The question of expediency was one which he knew not how to entertain, even where considerations of abstract right left room for a difference

of judgment. Thus he was from early manhood a determined advocate of the free-trade policy. He became so at a time when the interests of the Northern States of our Union seemed indissolubly identified with unrestricted commerce with the whole world. After the opposite policy had been forced upon the reluctant North, and the capital driven from the ocean had been invested in manufacture, he could not be made to understand the altered exigencies which prompted the members of his party in general to seek protection for American industry against the competition of pauper labor in Europe. Thus it happened, that, at times when the tariff was the prominent subject of discussion, he was almost ostracized by his own party. At the same time, he was too firm in his judgment of men and measures to conciliate politicians of the opposite school, and too far removed from ultraisms of all kinds to gravitate towards any third party, so that he not unfrequently occupied as a political editor a position solitary as it was independent. On the subject of the annexation of Texas and the consequent Mexican war, he was to the very last among the foremost of the dwindling opposition, unreconciled to any measure which implied recognition, sanction, assent, or aid, and adhering to the high moral ground from which more supple statesmen and more adroit editors availed themselves of a convenient season to recede. A course like this, with no break or turning, always sorely puzzles hackneyed politicians. They never know how to appreciate or calculate it, because they are accustomed only to indirect and sinuous paths. Thus, were one of the heavenly bodies to move in straight lines, its orbit would baffle astronomers for centuries; for their only inquiry would be what sort of a curve it described.

But Mr. Hale had far loftier claims to regard than those which he could proffer as an independent and high-minded editor. He was eminently a Christian philanthropist. When in straitened circumstances, he gave to every good cause his sympathy, his time, his earnest effort, and money also to the utmost of his ability. After he became prosperous, while his personal activity was not in the least remitted, his munificence was such as has rarely been equalled, perhaps never surpassed in our country in more than a single instance. He had been

educated a Congregationalist; but in the enjoyment of the free and elastic forms of New England ecclesiastical organization, he had thought very little of their importance, and on his removal to New York imagined that Presbyterianism differed from them chiefly in names and technicalities. He early became aware of his mistake, and found cause to believe that he had exchanged the communion of a Christian commonwealth for the sway of a potentially vicious oligarchy. The Tabernacle Church, of which he was a member, became convulsed by a fierce and bitter controversy, and was consequently so far weakened and impoverished, as to render the sale of their church edifice necessary. He had become by this time so thoroughly disgusted with the Presbyterian mode of church government, that he bought the Broadway Tabernacle himself, leased it to an infant Congregational society, collected its rents, managed its financial concerns, and, when the society grew strong enough to purchase it, made it their property at a price equivalent to its cost to himself diminished by its entire revenue while in his hands. This was the first permanent Orthodox Congregational society in New York, and from this sprang the successful movement towards a freer form of ecclesiastical organization, which has already resulted in the formation of ten or twelve strong and numerous churches in New York and Brooklyn, all of which were encouraged by the counsel and largely aided by the pecuniary liberality of Mr. Hale. The same movement has extended itself through the State of New York, and into the northwestern portions of the Union, and at every step has been urged on by his energy and munificence. Besides being the foremost helper in every enterprise of this nature, he assumed for several years the sole support, first of a missionary agent, then of a pastor, at Detroit. While he poured out his money thus profusely for a cause which he deemed specially commended to his charity in the course of Providence, his contributions to foreign missions and to kindred benevolent agencies were unstintedly generous. At the same time, he was diligent in seeking out and relieving want and distress in every form, and hundreds of the poor and desolate looked to him as their best earthly friend, while those within the circle of his kindred or acquaintance who, with slen-

der resources, were overtaken by illness or misfortune, had equal reason to remember the generosity of his assistance and the thoughtful delicacy with which he rendered it. It was evident that he valued wealth solely for its humane and Christian uses, and that his sense of accountability only grew more intense and tender as his stewardship was enlarged.

Nor was his generosity confined to pecuniary matters. It was displayed in his conduct under opposition, insult, and injury. As an editor, he occasionally, though seldom, was placed in circumstances adapted to put his temper to the severest test; but he had the greatness of heart to exercise forbearance and meekness, where most men would have deemed retaliation a right and resentment a virtue. We admire nothing in the public portion of his life more than his conduct with reference to the difficulty in the Tabernacle Church, to which we have already alluded. It grew out of the opposition of the office-bearers in the church to the formation of an antislavery society among its members, under the auspices of Mr. Lewis Tappan, who was brought to trial before the Session, under the charge of contumacy. Mr. Hale was vehemently opposed to the agitation of the slavery question, and was at that time on rather unfriendly terms with Mr. Tappan. But in the proceedings against him he saw in him an oppressed and injured brother, and felt that in his case the most sacred rights of free opinion, utterance, and action were involved. He therefore threw himself into the breach as Mr. Tappan's chief advocate, and, by his speeches at successive church meetings and his appeals through the press, dealt a series of blows at ecclesiastical tyranny, which undoubtedly contributed more than all things else to the rise and growth of Congregationalism in New York and its vicinity. It requires at once a clear mental vision and a thoroughly noble heart thus to discriminate between a man and his cause, and between his opinions and his right to utter or propagate them,—to defend the man with whom one has almost no sympathy, and the liberty which one would rather not see exercised.

In all the private relations of life, and in all the manifestations of personal character, Mr. Hale seems to have been a consistent and exemplary Christian. His temper,

naturally stern and unyielding, was made gentle and submissive by the power of religious principle. He delighted in the exercises of devotion; and, in the tumultuous press of secular cares, always found time and heart for the duties of the conference-room, the Sunday school, and the choir. Those who met him at seasons of social prayer and mutual exhortation felt that they were with a man whose conversation was in heaven, and whose chosen work on earth was the advancement of the reign of Christ in his own soul and in the world around him. For some time before his last illness, his friends had marked even an added solemnity and fervor of manner, as if Divine grace had put the last mellowing touch to a spirit long ripening for the purer communion of the sanctuary on high; and his exhortation at the last social religious meeting that he ever attended was such as must have left an indelible impression on the hearts of all present. His illness was painful and protracted; but was sustained with the most cheerful submission, and made beautifully radiant by the consolations and hopes of the Gospel that had been the constant guide of his life. We have room for no extended extracts from his biography, but cannot forbear quoting a single passage, which illustrates at once his firmness, his faith, and his devotedness to the cause of his Master. A favorite daughter had gone as a missionary to China.

“Hardly two years elapsed before this lovely and devoted woman — the first missionary who gained access to the women of China — was called to lay down her life in the cause she so much loved. Having just acquired the language, and an influence over the Chinese of her own sex which promised much good, she was summoned away by death on the 18th of October, 1846. She sleeps at Whampoa, in the vicinity of Canton. Mr. Hale received the unexpected intelligence of her decease with great calmness, and reiterated the sentiments he had expressed on bidding her adieu. The news reached New York on the day of the weekly prayer-meeting of the Tabernacle Church. At that meeting Mr. Hale was in his place, — the object of regard and sympathy to all present. No formal mention of his bereavement was needed; the intelligence had gone from mouth to mouth, and with it grief had spread from heart to heart. After the opening exercises, that exquisite hymn by Dr. L. Bacon, —

‘Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!’ —



a hymn penned while watching the slow decline of the partner of his life, — having been sung, was commented on by the pastor as appropriate to the occasion. The following stanza was particularly dwelt upon : —

‘How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear Him call his children up  
To His fair home on high.’

“It was remarked that God knows where all His children are, and is calling them home, now from one land, now from another, till all shall be gathered in His presence and glory.

“Scarcely were these remarks finished when Mr. Hale rose and said, ‘I suppose you hardly expect me to speak to-night, and yet I know not why I should not speak to-night if ever. I cannot mourn for my daughter (and here his utterance choked), — I bless God that He gave me such a daughter, and that He inclined her to go and serve Him among the heathen; and now that He has taken her to Himself, shall I mourn? How different are my feelings from those of a parent whose son has fallen on a Mexican battle-field! I might have reason to mourn if a child of mine had died in such a war as that in which we are engaged against a weak, half-civilized, sister nation. But now I have no tears to shed. Much as I love my children, I cannot expect always to have them around me, — to dandle them always upon my knee; nor do I desire to; I have something else to do, and I trust they have also. I have consecrated them to God, and have endeavoured to train them for usefulness, and now if Christ honors one of them with a call to serve Him anywhere in His kingdom, shall I object and complain? No; I will rejoice at it. We ought not to talk of such things as a sacrifice, and make an ado about parting with our children for Christ. I say to these young converts (it was a season of revival), if any of you shall go to serve Him among the heathen, I’ll help you with my prayers, I’ll help you with my money, but *I won’t shed a tear*; I’ll rejoice over it.’” — pp. 109 – 111.

The biography before us, by the pastor of his choice, is, as it should be, a tribute of appreciating and admiring friendship, but at the same time candid and discriminating. It is singularly chary of the language of vague eulogy, but enters into the detail of all the important events of Mr. Hale’s life, and leaves his works to praise him, — his conduct to define his character. It is intensely interesting. We took it up, with expectations not highly raised from our knowledge of the subject, but because we had ample reason to respect and love the au-

thor. We have now to thank him for having rendered so rich an example of Christian excellence the property of the whole public, and should pity the reader whom its perusal could not make wiser and better. We wish that our young men could learn from it the strength and beauty of a consecrated life,—that our busy men could see in its light how entirely compatible is the most care-cumbered walk of secular duty with a straight-onward path to heaven,—that professing Christians might be taught by it the vast difference between worldliness under a Christian name and heavenly-mindedness in a worldly calling. We have reviewed it in the hope that it will be sought and read, and with the earnest desire that one denomination of Christians may not appropriate a lesson too good to be lost by any.

The miscellaneous writings, which make up more than two thirds of the volume before us, consist chiefly of Mr. Hale's contributions to his own paper and to other secular and religious journals. Many of them are brief, some long articles, and some continuous series of papers,—most of them on subjects of permanent interest and importance. Those on the Theatre, on Romanism, on Congregationalism, and on the Mexican War, occupy the largest space, will be the most read, and are the most worthy of the enduring form in which they are now given to the public. Mr. Hale's style is direct, strong, and earnest, generally accurate, seldom deficient in polish, though at times roughened under the impulse of deep emotion. He always displays a thorough knowledge of his subject, a freedom from conventional modes of thought, a sacred reverence for truth, and what is more, a manly confidence in the capacity of truth to vindicate itself, and to make its unobstructed way to the hearts and consciences of those who prize and love it. We value these papers, not only as the memorials of a good, we might even say of a great man, but as an important contribution to the graver literature of our country and generation. In our critical capacity, we are seldom betrayed into language of so unqualified praise as in our notice of this volume. We trust that we shall have induced many of our readers to judge for themselves whether it has been misplaced or excessive.

## ART. VIII.—GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.\*

THE history of Greece, as the parent source of European art and literature, can never cease to command the attention of the cultivated world. Wherever poetry and history and eloquence are honored, — wherever the refinements with which taste and genius have embellished the life of man are cherished, — wherever free scope is given to the political activity of the race, — there will the name of Hellas stand in eternal renown.

To Englishmen and Americans, the history of the ancient Hellenic communities, considered simply in a political point of view, must be of peculiar interest. Up to the present moment, the English writers, next to those of Greece herself, have written the best political histories; in fact, the only works of their class which admit of comparison with the great models of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In the illustration of ancient literature and art, the æsthetic and speculative turn of the German mind has led the scholars of that country into fields of investigation, which they have cultivated with unexampled success. Their tendency to vague and air-drawn subtleties, however, unchecked as it has hitherto been by practical dealings with the affairs of the world, forces us to withhold that implicit trust in their historical conclusions, which we might be tempted to yield to their boundless erudition.

The political history of Greece has received much attention from the English writers, while the subjects of archæology, the interior of Hellenic life, and the ever youthful art of Hellas, have been left to the learned researches of the Teutonic scholars. The political experience of the English nation, the knowledge of affairs, and the sound common-sense which distinguishes the English mind, have justly given a weight to the authority of their writers on all political subjects, which the historians of other modern European nations can rarely claim. They have excelled, also, in point of style. With very few exceptions, their language is manly, nervous, and

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\* *A History of Greece.* By GEORGE GROTE. Vols. I. — VI. London: John Murray. [Boston: Little & Brown.] 8vo. pp. 654, 628, 562, 566, 542, 676.

pure, and in this respect they stand at a wonderful elevation above their ponderous German and vivacious Gallic neighbours. How different, for example, is the luminous style of Dr. Arnold from the knotty, endless, and unintelligible sentences of Niebuhr, both having written on the same subject, and with the same general views! And such, probably, will always be the characteristic of British historians, unless the execrable dialect, made up of coarse slang and second-hand Germanisms, which Carlyle has attempted to introduce, and servile American scribblers, catching the contagious folly at the third remove, have tried to imitate, should gain more favor than the good taste of either country has hitherto bestowed upon it.

Until recently, however, the works of English writers on Greek history have not been founded on the solid basis of minute and comprehensive learning. Though the subject is brilliant and inspiring, the treatment of it is attended with critical and peculiar difficulties, partly owing to the imperfect state in which many of the authorities have come down to our times, and partly to the complex variety of forms under which the political genius of Greece was unfolded. The dawn of Grecian history stands like a fair picture, under the glorious light of the poetry of Homer; but a dark interval of centuries follows, filled with changes of vast moment, with here and there only a faint glimmer of historical illumination. The Persian and Peloponnesian wars are clearly delineated in the imperishable records of Herodotus and Thucydides; but the legislation of Lycurgus and Solon, by which the great Dorian and Ionian types of the Hellenic character were moulded through the historical ages, exists only in scattered and uncertain fragments, dispersed over the whole field of Grecian literature; and the great work of Aristotle, in which he described and compared one hundred and fifty political constitutions, is among the lost treasures of ancient wisdom. To fill up these lamentable chasms, so as to shape out a tolerably complete representation of the Hellenic world, requires the patient toil, minute research, careful comparisons, and comprehensive learning of the German philologist; to interpret the political phenomena, when they have once been exposed to the light by these exhaustive explorers, is a task for the deep experience and practised shrewdness of the Ameri-

can or English statesman. Literature and art entered so profoundly into the popular life of most of the Hellenic states, surrounding and penetrating it like the vital air, that any representation of Greece which should leave this element aside would be faint and ghastly, like a picture taken after death. But time has made such havoc with some departments of Grecian literature, and so nearly annihilated some departments of Grecian art, that here again the process of restoring what is lost by means of profound knowledge of what remains, guided by exquisitely cultivated taste, must needs be recommenced. Lyric poetry, which breathed a festive joy over the isles of Greece, is represented only in a few precious fragments of the Æolian and Ionian singers, and in a portion of the Dorian Odes of Pindar. The elder comedy, in which the public life of Athens was vividly embodied, we understand sufficiently from the remaining plays of Aristophanes; but how shall we replace those pictures of private life which have perished from our sight in the lost pages of Menander and his brother poets of the new?

Without the resources and faculties indicated in the preceding remarks, no scholar can do justice to the history of Greece. There is one influence which has, to some extent, diminished the authority of English writers on Greece; — and that is, party spirit. Standing at either extreme of political opinions, the Tory and the Radical have looked upon the events of ancient history through the colored medium of their own party associations. This is very observable, as we shall see, in some of the best known of their works. With all their respective excellences, has any one come up to the standard by which they all should be judged? Goldsmith wrote an agreeable book, with the slenderest possible stock of the necessary learning. He compiled from the common materials which lay at hand, and adorned his page with the natural graces of his unstudied but inimitable style. His work carries with it no weight of authority, but, to adopt the language of Dr. Johnson, applied originally to the *Natural History*, he made it “as entertaining as a Persian tale.” Gillies was an excellent scholar, and a writer of pure and classical taste. He was already favorably known to the literary world by his valuable translations of the *Orations* of Lysias and Isocrates, and of Aristotle’s *Ethics* and

Politics, when his "History of Ancient Greece and its Colonies" appeared. It gained him at once a high reputation, and within a year was translated into German at Leipsic. He was familiar with the ancient writers, but, like Goldsmith, was deficient in the spirit of historical criticism, which searches into the truth, and measures the worth of documents, which sifts, compares, and contrasts authorities, and by which alone the knotty problems, so thickly strewn over Greek history, can be adequately resolved. Yet it was so well thought of in its day, that Gillies was appointed royal historiographer, after the death of Dr. Robertson, on the strength of the reputation it procured him. Although the recent labors of historical investigators have taken away its critical value, it must always hold a respectable place in English literature, as an elegant compend of the traditional views of Greek history held by the scholars of his time.

Mitford was a writer of more pretension than either of his predecessors. He undertook to settle the complex questions of Hellenic life in a more authoritative manner, and with a closer application to the circumstances of the modern world. Though educated in the usual style of an English gentleman, his youthful studies had been greatly interrupted by illness. Greek is said to have been his favorite study; but the state of his health, and preparation for the bar, to which he was destined, prevented him from acquiring that nice and critical knowledge of the constructions of the language, on which alone any original inquiries into the history of the Hellenes can safely rest. His love of Greek never made up for his early loss of Greek, though it led him to abandon the profession of the law, and to adopt the wiser, as well as pleasanter course, of retiring to his paternal estate in Hampshire, marrying at the age of twenty-two, and diversifying his classical studies by having a large family of children. It happened, singularly enough, that during this retirement he held the commission of captain in the South Hampshire militia, in which Mr. Gibbon, the historian, was major. Captain Mitford and Major Gibbon amused the hours of leisure which their military duties permitted them, by conversations on ancient history, and by illustrations of the movements of the Grecian phalanx and the Roman legion, drawn from the manœuvres of the

Hampshire militia. The Major advised the Captain to undertake the History of Greece. Such was the origin of Mitford's work; but, unfortunately for its permanent value, his defective Greek and excessive Toryism involved him in numerous misconstructions of words and misstatements of facts. Relying too much on Latin versions and perversions of Greek authors, he does wrong to their language, he treats with systematic injustice every man of the popular or patriotic party in the Greek republics, and lavishes all his sympathies upon those whom the consenting voices of the world have stigmatized as usurpers and tyrants. He paints in forbidding colors the greatest of popular orators, and his illustrious labors to save his sinking country from subjection to a foreign yoke; but Philip, the crafty autocrat of Macedon, and Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, are to him models of princely clemency and disinterested virtue. He wrote under the panic then created in Tory breasts by the French Revolution, which added fervor to his hatred of popular principles, and persuaded him to consider the Greek republics as awful beacons in the past, and the consequences of the principles which lay at the basis of their governments as affording terrific warnings against the revolutionary tendencies, which, starting from Paris, were shaking the nations of the earth to their centre. In this spirit, and aided by the comic genius of Aristophanes, he drew his picture of the Athenian Demos, as "changeable, angry, unjust, inconstant, — yielding, clement, merciful, proud, boastful, humble, ferocious, and cowardly," \* — as the many-headed monster painted by the satirical pencil of Parrhasius. It must, however, be confessed, that, notwithstanding its grave and numerous faults, Mitford's work possesses some striking merits. Many of his political speculations are interesting and instructive; and there is something very animating in the rugged energy of his style, despite what Byron calls his "bad spelling." Another class of writers, exactly the opposite of Mitford, palliate the worst excesses of the Athenian democracy, as if Demos, like the king, could do no wrong. Sir Bulwer Lytton's unfinished History of Athens, with much scholarship, but a somewhat tawdry taste, and no very delicate appreciation of

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\* Pliny.

Attic genius, is a specimen of this manner of treatment. His argument in defence of ostracism is an amusing illustration of the extremes to which finical theorists and dandy democrats can go.

Notwithstanding the various merits of these several works, it is apparent that the history of Greece yet remained to be written in English literature. The Rev. Connop Thirlwall, already known as a classical scholar of high merits, who had studied history in the school of Niebuhr, but had subjected the skeptical tendency of that school to the control of English common sense, took up the task of supplying the deficiency. His work was published in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, the first volume appearing in 1835. The successive volumes were regularly published until the seventh, which came out in 1840, when two events threatened to interrupt its completion. The reverend editor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, like Paris of old,

"The hospitable board disgraced,  
And stole the bride away";

and Mr. Thirlwall, according to a modern English custom, was made Bishop of St. David's, for his knowledge of Greek. The Doctor, having illustrated an old heroic myth, of course could do no more for history after he had "fled to Simois' leafy shore"; and it was feared that the scholar, translated to the bench of bishops, would scarcely find time, amidst the duties of his new position, to continue the literary employments which had gained him so deserved an honor. But the last volume happily appeared in 1844. As a writer, Thirlwall's merits are distinct and great. He has not the classical finish of Gillies, nor the graceful flow of Goldsmith; but he is a more accomplished master of style than Mitford, and is free from the overwrought intensity of Lytton. He writes like a man dealing honestly and earnestly with his subject, and intent on giving clear and unequivocal impressions of his meaning to the reader, who finds himself occupied with the interest of the subject, and not with the colors of the medium through which the image of it is conveyed. An honorable impartiality breathes in the spirit of the work; and at the same time we feel that the author sympathizes with every aspiration of man for liberty; that he believes in popular freedom, and is equally averse to the license



of a mob and the tyranny of a despot; that he appreciates the beautiful in literature and art. His narrative is always clear, and his reflections wise. He is not only familiar with Greek literature, and its recent illustrations, but is master of a wide range of kindred studies in the modern languages. Especially has he brought to the discussion of his subject whatever of archæological research the indefatigable labors of the Germans have given to the world. In the early part of his work, he has the guidance of Homer, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and the great orators of Athens; in the disastrous times that followed, when the empire of Alexander was rent by the selfishness, cruelty, and barbarism of the great generals, who, like the marshals of France, had been trained up by the Napoleon of Macedon, he follows the lead of Arrian, Diodorus, Plutarch, Pausanias, Polyænus; and later still, the more respectable authorities of Polybius and Livy. In every step of this long progress through the magnificent series of events which placed Greece at the head of the world; through the periods adorned by the most splendid works of genius; through the disastrous scenes of the Peloponnesian war; through the forlorn struggles of the last and greatest of Athenian statesmen with the overwhelming power of the North; down to the tragic close which brought the glories of Hellas under the Roman eagles, Mr. Thirlwall exhibits a consummate mastery of all the learning that can shed a light upon his path; and he concludes the work with a general survey of the condition of Greece, the rapid and terrible falling off of its population, the Sclavonian invasions and settlements, and, finally, with a very brief notice of the revival of Greek nationality in the late revolution, when the modern Greeks succeeded in throwing off the Turkish yoke.

Mr. Thirlwall has undoubtedly added a work of permanent value to the treasures of English literature. It has already received the approbation of Continental scholars, and has been translated into German under the eye of that eminent Hellenist, Professor Welcker of Bonn.

We have gone into these details in order to exhibit more clearly the relations of the great work of Mr. Grote, of which six octavo volumes have already reached us, and two more have just been published in England. Not-

withstanding all that has been written on the subject, we have read these volumes with the fresh interest of an unexhausted novelty. Mr. Grote has more distinct and peculiar qualifications for the task than any of his predecessors. For many years he was a leading Liberal member of the House of Commons, and took a conspicuous part in all questions of finance and reform. At an early period he conceived the design of writing this work, with the purpose of correcting "the erroneous statements as to matters of fact," which Mitford's History contained, as well as of presenting "the general phenomena of the Grecian world" under a more just and comprehensive view. He bears ample testimony "to the learning, the sagacity, and the candor" which pervade Dr. Thirlwall's work. But Mr. Grote's work does really meet and supply a great want in historical literature. He has investigated the original sources, and meditated the subject while personal observation in the sphere of political activity was furnishing daily and yearly corrections or illustrations to the results of the studies of the closet. We are struck with his thoroughness and the independence of his views on almost every page. His style, though not distinguished for grace or elegance, is characterized by strength, and it commands the interest of the reader more than that of Thirlwall. His mind takes hold of the subject with a vigorous grasp, and the range of his historical view is broad and comprehensive. The narrative parts of his work are perspicuous and finished, and the critical discussions which it is necessary to engage in with regard to disputed points, whether in matters of fact or opinion, show philological skill of the highest order. In many of these learned dissertations we think Mr. Grote has cleared up difficulties, especially in some parts of Thucydides relating to transactions of the Peloponnesian war, which had hitherto remained unexplained. For an example of Mr. Grote's skill in this way, we refer to the note upon the battle near Naupactus, Vol. VI. pp. 277-281. Mr. Grote's ability in delineating the characters of the prominent men in Greek history is marvellous, and though we do not, in every instance, take the same view with him, we should not probably find it easy to justify our dissent. It is to us a matter of profound interest to know the judgment of an able statesman, like

Mr. Grote, upon the characters and motives of the great men who controlled the affairs of the Grecian republics. We have in some cases been surprised by the new light he has thrown upon them, and the new opinions he expresses; in no instance whatever have we risen from his arguments without valuable instruction.

In the first volume Mr. Grote enters upon an elaborate discussion of the origin and nature of the Grecian legends. There is certainly nothing in the English language equal in fulness of learning and clearness of statement to this delineation of legendary Greece. The influence of the myths upon the later growth of poetry and political institutions is of the first importance; and no writer has so admirably developed it in all its bearings as Mr. Grote. This discussion is completed in the second volume, which also contains a valuable analysis of the recent opinions upon the controverted questions of the Homeric poetry. Mr. Grote takes a middle ground between the traditional views, and the positions maintained by Wolf and his disciples. He adopts the theory of an original Achilleïs as the central point around which the Iliad was gradually formed; a theory from which we respectfully dissent, but the question is too large a one to be discussed here. Having finished these portions of the subject, he commences with Part Second the delineation of historical Greece, and brings the history down, in the second volume, to the legislation of Solon, and the early conquests of Sparta, giving a very complete picture of the singular institutions of the Spartans, so far as they can be ascertained from the remaining authorities.

The third volume begins with the Grecian despots, and then takes up the laws and constitution of Solon. On account of the vast influence which this great man has exercised upon the legislation of the whole civilized world, we could have wished that Mr. Grote had entered even more minutely than he has into the details of his institutions. Still, the reader will draw from his chapter on this subject a better and more intelligible synopsis of the Solonian constitution than from any other single source whatever. The most important matter treated in the rest of the volume is the history of the Greek colonies in the east and in the west.

The fourth volume brings the history down through

the period of the lyric poetry, the administration of the Peisistratids at Athens, the expulsion of that usurping family, the restoration of the democracy, and the alterations made in the frame of Solon's constitution by Cleisthenes, the commencement of the great drama of the Persian wars, to the battle of Marathon. In the chapter on the political changes made by Cleisthenes, Mr. Grote considers the question of ostracism, which, like Lytton, he justifies. We readily admit that his arguments are ingenious, and contain all that can possibly be urged on that side; but a single consideration overthrows them all, the principle of ostracism was essentially *unjust*. Surely mollusks never were put to so ill a use, before or since.

The fifth volume continues the Persian war to the final repulse of the invaders; then it narrates the events in Sicily, down to the establishment of popular governments in the island; and finally, the history of continental Greece is resumed and brought down to the opening of the career of Pericles.

The sixth volume carries the history from the thirty years' truce, through the first eight years of the terrible Peloponnesian war, to the peace of Nicias, concluded in March, 421 B. C. In this part of the history, Mr. Grote examines anew the character and principles of the Spartan and Athenian confederacies, between which all Greece was divided. Here, again, we find the impress of that vigorous and independent judgment which we have already pointed out. His liberal tendencies induce him to vindicate the administration of Athens from the charge of oppression and selfishness, in which historians generally indulge; and we think he is not unduly swayed by political partialities, and that he makes good his case. Towards the end of the sixth volume, he draws two or three of the leading personages of the drama with consummate skill. We refer particularly to the characters of Brasidas, the Spartan king, and of Cleon, the Athenian demagogue. The latter is one of the most original in the work, and perhaps will be less generally admitted as correct.

We must content ourselves with this brief outline, reserving some further comments for the remaining volumes.

C. C. F.

## ART. IX.—THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION.\*

UNLIKE as the titles of these works may seem, they have enough in common to make it proper and convenient to bring them under review together. They come from a president and a professor of the same nominal faith, and they discuss, in part, the same great question of natural and revealed religion,—a resurrection from the grave. They interest us as advancing some new and liberal principles of interpretation, and manifesting the best spirit, without the slightest reflection upon any who differ from them. At the same time, we are constrained to question some of their assertions and reasonings, especially in the case of Dr. Hitchcock. Indeed, we are disappointed in both books, as regards their ability or thoroughness. The nature of the subjects, and, still more, the position and repute of the writers for learning, led us to expect a good deal; more, perhaps, than we ought, when we consider that neither of the treatises attempts any thing like a profound or complete view of the subjects treated.

The first is a book of illustration rather than discussion. It consists of four lectures, with texts from Scripture, on "The Resurrection of Spring," "The Triumphal Arch of Summer," "The Euthanasia of Autumn," and "The Coronation of Winter." These Dr. Hitchcock treats religiously, in parts very beautifully and impressively, bringing to their elucidation a little, but far less than we expected and desired, of his large and varied scientific knowledge. The outside title of the volume is, "The Phenomena of the Seasons Spiritualized," and the author aims to present their most spiritual aspects, or rather analogies, for the enforcement of the highest truths; devoting one lecture to the distinct subject of Resurrection,

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\*1. *Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena in the Four Seasons. Delivered to the Students in Amherst College in 1845, 1847, 1848, and 1849.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., President of the College and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Amherst. 1850. 12mo. pp. 143.

2. *The Second Advent: or, What do the Scriptures teach respecting the Second Coming of Christ, the End of the World, the Resurrection of the Dead, and the General Judgment?* By ALPHEUS CROSBY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 173.

as viewed by natural and revealed religion. In only one or two instances is there betrayed the influence of a peculiar theology; but one of them caused us, we own, no little surprise, as coming from so eminent a geologist, as well as divine, and one who once argued against Professor Stuart so ably in defence of the free interpretation of the "Days of the Creation," and the gradual formation of the earth's surface for the abode of man. This abode, as he now intimates, has been changed *physically*, as well as morally, by man's sin. He would lead his readers to believe, that the very laws of nature would have been different, and the material universe far richer and more beautiful, had not sin defaced it. He says,—"It does seem as if God had so balanced and adjusted the agencies of nature, that once or twice in a generation he allows some splendid development of unearthly beauty, to teach us what might perhaps have been a settled order of things, had not sin impressed her harpy fingers upon the face of nature." Is not this a singular picture of the world and its Creator? It bears too near a resemblance—much nearer than the men bear to each other—to the "Philosophy of Religion," in which Dr. Dick speaks of the earthquake and the volcano as the effects of man's sin, and the expressions of God's displeasure! We believe Dr. Hitchcock's religion, as well as science, has inclined him more and more to take a different view, and make a better use, of those mighty elements and agencies with which he is so familiar. Most of the views of this very volume are calculated to encourage higher and more healthy conceptions of the wisdom and goodness of God. The only remarks to which we should take serious exception are those which pertain to the resurrection of the body; of which we propose to speak, in connection with the other volume before us.

Professor Crosby, well known to many before as a sound scholar and an efficient instructor in Dartmouth College, has recently come into notice as a theologian, or at least as an independent thinker, and a moderate but fearless advocate of truth as it appears to his own mind. His recent pamphlet on "Foster's Views of Future Punishment, with a Letter to the Directors of the American Tract Society," though published anonymously, has brought upon him no little attention, and led in some way, it is

rumored, to the resignation of his office in a college, whose head, if we may judge from recent appearances, is seriously alarmed at the progress of error and the boldness of innovators. How he and his friends will be affected by this new demonstration from Mr. Crosby, we do not yet know. There is no direct attack here upon the "fundamental doctrines," but there is a wide departure from received modes of interpretation, touching the great facts of the resurrection and judgment to come. The writer evidently rejects the popular form of belief in a future general resurrection, and a general, formal judgment; though we must say he does not make it perfectly clear what precisely his own view is. It is a defect of his book that it deals more in the negative than the positive. It is chiefly made up of passages from Scripture, so classified as to show what they *cannot* mean, without an explicit and full statement of what, in his opinion, they *do* mean. Yet his general idea cannot be mistaken. He understands the "second advent," with all attendant circumstances and changes expressed by the "end of the world," the "resurrection of the dead," and the "general judgment," to be comprised in the destruction of Jerusalem, the passing away of the old dispensation, and the coming in of the new. He asserts that "Christ expressly declared," and the Apostles "evidently expected," that the second coming, with all the associate events, would take place during the life of some of those who heard the predictions, and that all did take place, and have long since passed. And his conclusion is thus expressed, in his sixth leading proposition:—

*"The predictions in the Scriptures of the second coming of Christ, the end of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment with its awards, must be explained in a figurative or spiritual, rather than a literal sense, and in such a sense as admits an application to what has already taken place."*

In this broad proposition, as in the whole of Professor Crosby's treatise, there is to our mind a great deal of truth, and most important truth, with some extravagance of statement, and a want of discrimination and needed qualification. As is usual in pressing a theory, he has drawn into its service passages of very doubtful relevancy; so doubtful, in some instances, or rather so plainly irrelevant, that we can ascribe it only to that common frailty

of our nature, which makes us unconscious of the dangerous influence of a prepossession, even where it is on the right side. Nay, in establishing the proposition, that the "Apostles evidently expected that the second coming of Christ, with its associate events, would take place before the death of some who were then living," one kind of proof adduced is the absence, in the Apostles, of all regard to worldly interests, the throwing their property into common stock, or the giving it away when wanted by the poor; their indifference, also, to civil institutions and religious forms, their extreme liberality of faith, and the almost "latitudinarianism and spirit of conformity" of Paul especially, in regard to meats, sacred days, circumcision, baptism, and the like, as if all forms were "weak and beggarly elements." This indifference and apparent laxity, Mr. Crosby thinks, would be naturally caused by the expectation of a speedy end of the Jewish polity, the destruction of the great temple, and dispersion of the whole people, but cannot be accounted for in any other way. This is substituting "indifference" for that which was really a noble independence, and leaving the Apostles small credit for their magnanimity and spirituality of view. Whatever they expected outwardly, we believe they would have granted the same liberty of conscience, and claimed the same superiority for the new religion. We agree in believing, that much which they wrote in reference to the "last days," the "day of the Lord," the "Lord at hand," the "end of all things," the "judge standing at the door," those "on whom the ends of the world are come," and "we, which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord," may be more reasonably understood as expressing their conviction of an early termination of the "Jewish state," than as showing a mistaken apprehension of the literal "end of the world" as very near. Without thinking the Apostles omniscient or infallible, admitting, as we well may, in such company as Stuart, Woods, and Barnes, that inspired men may use language whose meaning they do not fully understand or correctly apply in every instance, and that both the Apostles and Prophets may possibly have fallen into some errors, we yet do not see the need of suspecting error where a free spiritual interpretation is all we want. Nor have we the least doubt,



that such an interpretation is just, in reference to nearly all the language in question. When the Apostles said, in any way, "Brethren, the time is short," we suppose they meant very much the same that we mean when we say the same thing. Why imagine that they were always thinking of the destruction of Jerusalem, or the destruction of the world? Christ came in these, but not in these only. He came in the whole power of his religion, and is coming now, in the spread of his truth, and the blessings of his kingdom.

It is true that the Epistles abound in this peculiar exhortation and warning, as Mr. Crosby shows, by quoting page after page of similar import. But for this very reason, partly, we incline to give it a large spiritual signification, rather than a local and temporary one. Suppose all such language to refer only to an outward event, and one that has long since passed, it deprives the Epistles of half their interest and efficacy. Barnes, in his Commentary, admits that even Christ, "as man," did not know the exact time of the future judgment, and that therefore the disciples could not know it, and may have erred in their expectations. Crosby thinks they erred, not in regard to the time, but only the mode; they did not believe the end of the world was near, and did not intend to imply it; they did believe, and believed rightly, that the end of the Jewish polity was near, but "had too objective and literal views of the nature of the events which were then to take place," when the Son of Man would come, and his religion be completely established. Both these opinions may find support in different passages; but we doubt very much whether the Apostles, for the most part, had any thing more in view than the importance of diligent and devout preparation for whatever might come. "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

But whether right or not in regard to the Apostles, we have no doubt of the soundness of Professor Crosby's view of the import of our Saviour's language, in relation to what is termed the "second advent." That the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew refers explicitly and wholly to the fall of Jerusalem, with its antecedent and subsequent events, we consider as clear and sure as words can make

it. We say *wholly*; for as to the theory of a double sense, we hold it to be a figment of "carnal reason," as dangerous as it is needless in the interpretation of Scripture, and altogether dishonorable to the sincerity and simplicity of Christ's character and teaching. We have never been able to comprehend how those who contend for the obvious sense of our Lord's words often give to them a sense directly the reverse of obvious; and, with the doctrine of a "double nature," ascribe to him a "double meaning," and that which in others might be called "double dealing." Although his vivid account of coming events, in Matthew, is in answer to the question, "What shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?"—it is conceded by all scholars, that this glowing and powerful description agrees wonderfully with the account which Josephus gives of actual events, and agrees also with the bold metaphors of the Prophets, when describing occurrences known to be near and temporal. No terms that Christ employs, not even those which nearly all readers associate still with the final and literal dissolution of the universe, exceed in strength or terror the language of Isaiah, in predicting the doom of Babylon:—"Howl ye, for the day of the Lord is at hand [words, whose exact resemblance to those of Christ, is itself instructive]; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty. . . . . For the stars of heaven, and the constellations thereof, shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. . . . . Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of the Lord of hosts, and in the day of his fierce anger. . . . . And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." — Isaiah xiii.

Why is it, then, that all such language, when used by the Saviour, is supposed, whatever its first and obvious meaning, to refer to a distant day of judgment, a visible coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven, and a general, simultaneous resurrection of all the bodies of all people who have ever lived and died? What ground is there for such an inference? Where do humble believers get the courage to contradict the plain words

of the great Teacher? When he says,—"There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom,"—how can they insist that none then living did see that event, and none ever will till the end of all things? When Christ says again,—"Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled,"—how can any be bold enough, even if ignorant enough, to attempt to evade the common sense of the passage, by attempting to show that "this generation" means "mankind," or some equal folly? And again, when Christ says, so impressively,—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, *and now is*, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live,"—"the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation,"—what manner of humility or docility is that, which declares that this does *not* refer to any thing that "now is," for that none of the dead have even yet come out of their graves, nor is their judgment passed?

It is in connection with such questions that we particularly value the book now noticed, and are glad it has been sent out from such a source. It is needed. It will find thousands who may be taught by it, and thousands who will not believe it. To such unbelievers, we commend, not merely the great array of texts and continuous passages adduced by Professor Crosby, in support of his interpretation, but also the Appendix, in which he has quoted largely from Lightfoot, Gill, Clarke, Watts, Scott, Stuart, Robinson, and Barnes; all of whom, in different ways, give support to his views. From the many petty, yet confident, interpreters of the present day, it is good to go back to such an authority as Dr. Lightfoot, and read such a version as this of the old and new creation:—"The heavens and the earth of the Jewish church and commonwealth must be all on fire, and the Mosaic elements burnt up; but we, according to the promise made to us by Isaiah the prophet, when all these things are consumed, look for the new creation of the evangelical state." So, also, is it an encouraging sign of the times, to see that such a scholar and such

an orthodox believer as Dr. Robinson, after quoting those strong declarations of Christ in regard to the "sending his angels to gather together his elect, from one end of heaven to another," comes to the conclusion, "that the language of the verses under consideration does not necessarily in itself apply to the general judgment; while the nature of the context shows that such an application is inadmissible."

Here arises the important question; one that gives to the whole inquiry, both as to interpretation and influence, an interest that it might not otherwise have. If the strongest language of Christ in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, language similar to that in other parts of the New Testament supposed to refer to a future general judgment, do not refer to it, is there any language that does? Do the Scriptures teach a simultaneous, visible resurrection, and a formal, general judgment, at some remote and unknown period? To this question we wish to devote a few pages.

Let it first be noted, that it is not a question as to the *truth* of the resurrection or judgment, but only the time and mode. No truths are more clearly taught, no facts more indisputably established, by the Christian revelation, than that there will be a resurrection from death, and "after this the judgment." But are these to be distant, material, visible, and all at one time, or instant, spiritual, and individual? This is the single and simple inquiry, — whether the resurrection and judgment are connected with the close of life, or with the end of the world.

Next, it is to be remembered, that the word itself, *ἀνάστασις*, 'resurrection,' determines nothing for this inquiry. It means simply 'standing again,' or 'standing up,' and is as consistent with one theory as the other. Its prevailing import in Scripture is that of continued future life, the standing and living again. The phrase "resurrection of the body" does not once occur in the Bible; nor the term "general resurrection." The *fact* of a resurrection, and this only, is plainly taught; whatever else men believe is inference or conjecture.

Next, it is worthy of remark, how few are the passages on which the common inference or conjecture is raised, as to the resurrection of the body, and the future, simultaneous rising of all bodies. The stress is chiefly laid

upon two passages, one in the Old Testament and one in the New. The first is the declaration of Job:—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." That the word here rendered 'Redeemer' means rather 'vindicator,' referring to God, who, as Job believed, and as the result proved, would vindicate and restore him "upon the earth," even "in his flesh," though now so wasted and almost consumed,—that his predicting or expecting a future state of retribution is inconsistent with other assertions of Job, and with the whole character of the argument, not one of the speakers referring to it, while, if held, it would have appeared first, and been decisive,—that, in fact, the passage has no relation to the present inquiry,—is the opinion of the most learned and best critics of every name; as Calvin, Grotius, Le Clerc, Patrick, Warburton, Eichhorn, Jahn, and others. We stop not to interpret the "vision of dry bones," in Ezekiel; for though often used, now for present revivals, and now for a future resurrection of the body, and though, so far as its language goes, it is as strong for the last doctrine as any that can be found, it explains itself, and settles the question in its final clause. "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, *and bring you into the land of Israel.*" Nor need we dwell upon the one passage in the New Testament most relied upon, the words of Jesus in the fifth chapter of John. "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." Nothing is said here of their coming forth in "bodies," or of their coming "together." It is a simple assertion of the fact that all will rise; and it is closely connected, indeed introduced, by expressions not easily reconciled with any but a moral regeneration and a spiritual life, such as Christ is already giving. "The hour is coming, and now is." "They that hear shall live." "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life."

Such are the passages most cited as proof-texts. Do they prove a resurrection of the body, or a distant general judgment? If not, it will be difficult to prove those

doctrines by any other passages. Paul, in writing to the Thessalonians, does speak of their being "caught up to meet the Lord in the air"; but whatever he meant by these expressions, he evidently expected that the event was near; for he says, "We, which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord." And even in his eloquent, familiar reply to the question, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" he says not a word to confirm the present popular belief, and expressly distinguishes between the natural and the "spiritual body."

This brings us to another point. There seem to be none now, if there were ever many, who believe in the resurrection of the *same* body. Dr. Hitchcock, while he labors to prove, and after all only asserts, that "the germ of the resurrection-body proceeds from the body laid in the grave," denies that there is any identity of particles or organization between them; and concludes most remarkably, that "it is not necessary that the resurrection-body should contain a single particle of the body laid in the grave." So an able reviewer of Bush's "Anastasis," in the "Christian Review" for September, 1845, admits that "philosophical identity cannot be predicated of the human body in any two successive moments, and, of course, the Scripture doctrine of the resurrection has no reference to such identity." Why, then, speak at all of the resurrection of the body, if the body is not raised? If it be only meant that a new body of some kind is given to the disembodied spirit,—i. e. that it will have some form, vehicle, or expression, resembling the present expression, and leading to recognition,—there need be no controversy. We are glad that Dr. Hitchcock speaks as he does of the certainty of recognition hereafter, marvelling that any could ever have doubted it. Yet we do want to ask him whether he believes that no such recognition has ever yet taken place among the millions who have died, but that all are still waiting to be clothed upon, not from "heaven," but from "earth," waiting from the beginning of the world until now, and to wait an indefinite period longer, until they may be permitted to gather up from the mouldered or scattered dust of centuries that indescribable "germ" of the old body, which is to be joined to the new, so that

life, recognition, and happiness may at last *begin*? We infer no less, when we read, on the thirty-first page of the "Seasons Spiritualized," of the myriads of human beings yet to be called up from all the cemeteries, seas, and battle-fields of the earth. Take the following picture:—"Think of Jerusalem, which for more than 2,000 years has been the great central slaughter-house of the world; where human relics and comminuted dwellings have accumulated on the surface to the depth of 40 or 50 feet, and the whole has been soaked a thousand times with blood. O, think of the scene, when the millions that lie buried there shall start into life at the shout of the descending Judge and the Archangel's voice." We are far from wishing to make light of any part of this subject; but such descriptions do not dignify it, and, except that they are in prose, seem little better than Blair's poor attempt to describe in verse a similar scene; where some broken member of the risen body,

"Amidst the crowd,  
Singling its other half, into its arms  
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man  
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,  
With haste runs over every different room,  
In pain to see the whole."

If it be for not holding *such* a theory, that a council in New Hampshire not long since refused to ordain a man who did not believe in the "resurrection of the body," one of the council pronouncing this doctrine "the basis of the whole fabric of the Christian religion," the opposers of progress may dismiss some of their fears. It is a long time since John Locke wrote thus to the Bishop of Worcester:—"When I wrote my Essay, I took it for granted, as I doubt not many others have done, that the Scripture had mentioned in express terms 'the resurrection of the body.' But upon the occasion your Lordship has given me, to look a little more narrowly into what revelation has declared concerning the resurrection, and finding no such express words, I shall, in the next edition, change the words of my book, 'The dead bodies of men shall rise,' into these of the Scripture, 'The dead shall rise.'"

We have not room for the many considerations that occur in favor of the individual, spiritual resurrection of

every soul, when the body dies. It does seem a waste of time to labor the proof, that it is the body only which dies, not the soul, not the *man*, of whom Christ says he "shall never die." The common doctrine says he shall die *utterly* for a time, and a very long time; he shall become more "of earth, earthy," after the body perishes, than before; body and soul, mind, heart, memory, love, hope, fear, faith, all shall lie down in the grave, and turn to clay, and remain for ages dead dust! Who believes it? Who does not deny it in his heart and his speech every day? What preacher is there, who does not contradict it every time he comforts the mourner with the assurance that his departed friend lives, and is happy in heaven? This is false, if the common theory be true. There is no heaven yet, nor hell, for mortal men, — they are all in the grave. The saints, the martyrs, the apostles, prophets, patriarchs, are not yet suffered to live. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is *not* the God of the living, but of the dead. Moses and Elijah did *not* appear and talk with Jesus in the Transfiguration, unless raised from the dust for that one moment, to return to it the next. Dives and Lazarus could *not* have conversed immediately after death, for they were then in their graves. Christ's promise to the thief on the cross, "*To-day* shalt thou be with me in paradise," must be an exception to the universal law!

We are not trifling. To our most serious thought, all these declarations of the Saviour, himself "the resurrection and the life," the general tenor of the Christian Scriptures, and the prevailing discourse and common-sense belief of preachers and sufferers, are entirely at variance with the doctrine of an intermediate state of unconsciousness after death, and a long waiting for the resurrection-body. It may not be a practical evil. The faith of the affections, the power of reason, and the speech of the life, are stronger than the creed. We have heard an eminent clergyman tell his weeping hearers, that their departed pious brother was already blessed, — judged, accepted, crowned, — and another clergyman, equally eminent, follow him with a picture of the "last day," ages distant, when this body before them, with all the bodies of the saints, would be re-formed and



raised! And not a hearer seemed aware that there was any inconsistency between the speakers!

God provides for his own. He has given the soul a principle that cannot die. He has given the heart a trust that will not be mocked. Christ has come. "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death."

E. B. H.

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ART. X.—REPRESENTATIVE MEN.\*

MR. EMERSON'S writing has a bold beauty that wins or arrests attention. He is one of the most notable and brilliant of American authors. In a sublime discontent with what exists, he aspires beyond all mediocrity of achievement. He takes the most adventurous positions, maintaining them by force, not of logic, or any method of philosophy, but by a defying statement and a soaring imagination. It is hard to pass critical sentence on him, for the subtilty of his mind abjures all system, and gives no bond of consistency. He is not so much a seer steadily beholding the globe of truth with the clear intuition of a capacious mind, as a watcher, catching occasional bright glimpses of spiritual realities, and opening upon us lightning-flashes of startling conjecture, rather than the calm noonday of wisdom. There is no waxing power or widening stream in his progress through a subject, no vast gain from the combination of arguments, no Greek phalanx from closely ordered thoughts, but he is throughout aphoristic and oracular. His intellectual life seems interrupted in its circulation, his pulse of feeling intermits, and when we try to survey his whole drift, we are stopped, as in gazing at those crystals in which the shining laminæ run in cross and faulty directions. In the midst of his discussions, masterly and original in their single points, we look back, at a loss, like a man with a vague clew in the centre of a labyrinth. He is not self-forgetful and inspired, but intensely conscious in his mood, and, though a celestial current sets into his soul, the tide never rises so as to carry away him and his reader

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\* *Representative Men: Seven Lectures.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 255.

on a common swell of excitement. He gathers no heat to kindle or speed to quicken us, but, with cold finish, jots down each separate perception, thus making a book, which is no organization, like a living body or a plant, but a cabinet of gems. He constrains our admiration, stings us with suggestions, shocks us with audacious assertions, fills our mouth with quotations, and confuses us among the multiplied threads of his tangled skein, but stirs not our hearts, moves us to no self-surrender of sympathy, never brings us upon the knees of prayer, nor draws from us a single tear. It is a delight to peruse him, but no gain to our own creative power. He sings a siren melody, which debilitates more than it strengthens our capacity for individual meditation. The soul is not strong and nimble for effort after a large draught of his nectar, but often stupefied or overwrought as with a narcotic. He furnishes a marvellous entertainment to our faculties, to be jealously and sparingly used. He has not the characteristic of the greatest genius, that he emancipates us from himself, and tempts forth our original ability. Yet it is not easy by any analysis to detect and tell the essence of his bewitching singularity. His composition is a riddle, which contradictory solutions equally fit. He defends no distinct ground, abides by no definable opinion, nor, like the great creators in the metaphysical sphere, courts any comparison, or holds himself amenable to any jurisdiction of human judgment. He swears by nothing but his right to say and gainsay any thing. He will be free of the universe, and from his bravest sally runs with Cossack-retreat into the wilderness, to appear from his abyss, perhaps, in an opposite direction. One of his most marked traits is generalization, to such excess as to call evil good, and bitter sweet. He breathes at altitudes where others cannot live, cultivating and subsisting on mountain shrubs and flowers, but rarely seen among the corn and wheat of the plain and valley. There is more loss than gain in this ascension above human life. Love grows cold and the moral sense dies in the insatiable generality of a speculation ambitious to take God's place at the centre, and look knowingly abroad through the universe of being. Individual objects and persons disappear in the haze of distance and doubt, and the greatest human achievements, the splendors of worth and faculty, vanish before this sublimated vision. Yet, from these ex-

ursions he so loves, Mr. Emerson is drawn back by the topic of the present work. There is in biography a disinterestedness counteractive of the egotism of knowledge and the conceit of discovery. We have wonderful force and felicity mixed with dubious dicta in some of these delineations, in which the pencil is courageously tried upon such men as Plato, Socrates, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, Goethe. Nothing, for instance, could be finer than the portrait, in the lecture on Plato, of Socrates, — but that we are tormented with the query, whether it is not partly mistaken and imaginary, and desirous to call in the sober narrator, with his desire for plain truth, to correct the idealism of the artist. The simplifying, generalizing, shaping faculty appears too much, to allow quite the look of accuracy, or leave place for the variety of nature. We miss the internal evidence of artless records, and the peculiar charm of a speaking likeness. Probably no lover of any one of these great men would be satisfied with the picture given, and those thoroughly acquainted with the persons might say, that the characters had been rather uncertainly touched and imperfectly sketched, than judicially weighed and fairly comprehended. There is no feebleness in the drawing: the limner has a decided hand: but a man may be as hardy at a guess as in the unquestionable veracity of his facts. A fatal certainty of justice and instinct for truth, the rare gifts of some men, do not seem always to get the better of our author's talent for hypothesis, and to overrule the prepossessions of his fancy. Still, we are glad to acknowledge, nothing of the biographic sort lately published has so stimulated, if not fully satisfied us, or is so likely to interest the public mind. People like to gaze through blue and green lenses as well as through colorless glass, and yield their minds to "the tricks of strong imagination," as they would try their nerves with magnetism or a draught of exhilarating gas. Without precisely ascertaining, as with perfect surety of conviction we cannot, how far the present biographer *supposes*, and how far he rigidly *describes*, we will gladly, if only in gratitude for our enjoyment, confess the magic of the brush he dips in these finer hues of words, and the scarcely equalled magnificence of his gallery. Historic doubts will last as long as any other skepticism, and, while even prosaic annalists dispute what is in any

case the correct account, we will thank even him who romances or puts high tone on his canvas for all his unfolding of our higher susceptibilities and perceptions.

Mr. Emerson's incidental allusions to Christianity betray the already mentioned defect of his mind, — its restless struggle to reach broader classifications and reduce all things to ever lower terms, till the life of all is destroyed, and the spirit evaporated in the process. When he says that the "moral sentiment carries innumerable Christianities, humanities, divinities, in its bosom," we know not whether to admire most the cool, brief handling with which he despatches mighty problems in a breath and a moment of time, or the disrespect he casts upon the greatest minds; all of which, of the first order, without an exception, throughout the Christian era, have come to a different conclusion. He might as well declare, that the sensation of his skin carries in it the sun, moon, stars, and all the host of heaven. Or, when he says, "We too must write Bibles," we must think the promise, notwithstanding all our literature, easier than the achievement, and are tempted to answer, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." He must speak less to the speculative faculty and to a mere poetic taste, must attain to greater transparency and breadth of views, and go down deeper into the wants of the human heart, among the sources of emotions and springs of life, before he can even chord with the old Bible, much less produce a new. The pantheism which asserts that "man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true," is not likely to regenerate the world so effectually as will the New Testament. Could some of Mr. Emerson's principles get into the heads of bad and passionate men, or their passions into his own, the principles would work mischief enough. But, clad in mystic folds, and guarded with electric light, they may be safe, locking up or neutralizing their own bane. He has surely, with all we should count unsound, great qualities, genuineness, sincerity, magnanimity, a lustrous robe for every thought, a diamond-glitter on every sentence. Yet the deductions we have to make from the matter must be also suffered by the form of his productions. His single words and phrases shine and dazzle with poetic fire. But his

paragraphs and pages do not fill the soul with great and ever-enlarging conceptions. There are writers, perhaps without the advantage of gorgeous imagery or the continual gleam of metaphor, whose simple and obvious terms of speech at first neither delight nor astonish, but yet, as we read passage after passage, as though they were the little measuring-rods of the celestial city, introduce vast ideas into our mind, stretching our faculties for their accommodation, swelling our hearts, moistening our lids, inspiring our tongues, and nerving our hands for duty. As rows of lamps flaming upon each other and shedding blended illumination all around, so their words proceed. We cannot, in the present case, award this highest praise of authorship. But though we may not regard Mr. Emerson as a great teacher and prophet of the race, there is a height of manhood in himself and in his works which requires us to mingle reverence and affection even with the exceptions of our blame. Meanness of thought, word, or act is far from him. Simplicity and elevation of purpose distinguish him. Generosity of aim runs through his worst deviations, and few are more sincere in their spirituality, or so innocent in their untruth. Behind all the strokes of his pen, beneath the shifting of his opinion, and glitter of his illustration, and immovable as the rock under the phantasmagoria and dream-land of his speculations about society, life, government, and all human conventions, are the solid principles of practical integrity and of a purity shrinking from every stain. His spirit is the corrective of his intellectual aberrations, and should be drunk by his disciples as the antidote to what is ill in his doctrines. He will not be widely a mover of mankind, but will powerfully affect a small circle of peculiar mental constitution and tendency, which is always in the world, and may own him as a leader for ages. He has been an influence in the community, and has wrought great good by many of his appeals. We fear not even his errors, we love his nobleness, we honor his integrity, we would emulate his candor, we respect him equally in our agreement and our opposition, and, though our notice of him now has been only critical, we think that, writing as he has in this book about Napoleon and Shakspeare, he must speak benedictions to the world spite of his mistakes.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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*Loyola: and Jesuitism in its Rudiments.* By ISAAC TAYLOR.  
London: Longmans. 1849. 12mo. pp. 374.

THIS volume, in two nearly equal parts, embraces the personal history of Ignatius Loyola, and an exposition of Jesuitism. Brilliant and captivating as the theme may be for an essay, it is no slight task, nor a work for any ordinary writer, so to treat it as to do justice to its various historical, philosophical, moral, and religious bearings; for the perplexities of this great subject involve all these four departments of investigation and controversial argument. Mr. Taylor has some eminent qualifications for the judicious treatment of this theme, yet he has not much exceeded the limits of an essay upon it. Having already discussed, with much power and philosophical insight, "Enthusiasm," "Fanaticism," and "Spiritual Despotism," his mind has been exercised in such a way as to fit him for the task of presenting to the world some just views of a man and a system which are alike distinguished by a marvellous combination of those elements of a morbid religious development. Discrimination and candor are very apparent in his pages. The intellectual acumen of the writer, supplied with sufficient materials by an evidently thorough study of his subject, has enabled him to give us a fair portraiture of Ignatius, without the obtrusion of any thing like exaggeration or caricature, or any desire to offset the canonization of the saint of the Roman Church by detracting from what a fair-minded Protestant will see reason to allow to his manifest sincerity, and to his marvellous power over the spirits of men. Even Jesuit critics would be at a loss to prove any charge of unfairness against Mr. Taylor. Indeed, if we were to find any fault with his treatment of his subject, we should say that his attempt at impartiality had made him too forbearing and lenient with outrageous iniquities and errors.

One who assumes the office of introducing to an enlarged circle of readers, under the light of modern criticism, a man of so intense a spirit and of such a daring aim as are to be recognized in Ignatius Loyola, and a system of such undefined yet fearful power as that of Jesuitism, has a very intelligible object in view, but must exercise rare gifts if he would realize it. He must define *the man* who passed from the soldiership of a vulgar earthly chivalry, to become the "General of the Society of Jesus," in the service of "Our Lady, the Mother of God." He

must develop the personality of such a man, must analyze his nature and genius, must indicate his training, must mark his strength and his weakness, and must show how he used the accidents and circumstances which aided or opposed him. Then, in discussing the *system* devised by such a man, the venturesome writer must be able to state with emphatic distinctness the essence and the scope of that dark institute, which has made an adjective of the most abominable moral significance out of the word *Jesuitism*. Mr. Taylor understood that such an analysis and exposition would be looked for in his pages, and he has met the expectation as well, probably, as any living writer could have done.

Courage is the trait by which Loyola is first introduced to us, when, in his soldier's life of ordinary license and passion, redeemed, it is said, by some noble qualities, he assumed the hopeless defence of a doomed citadel. His heroic fortitude in enduring pain appears next, as we find him submitting to the repetition of a most torturous operation in the vain hope to escape the fate of being made a cripple for life, in consequence of a shattered limb. Intense spiritual exercises began in him as he lay on his painful bed, and read the lives of saints, and looked upon the coarse pictures which illustrated the harsher trials of early Christians. With partial restoration came a series of self-inflicted mortifications which baptized him in anguish, and consecrated the subsequent life-long aim of a diseased and wellnigh distracted soul. Turning from his ancestral castle, and foregoing every joy save that which a rapturous interval might give to his spirit, he threw away purses of gold that he might practise a holy beggary, and made himself loathsome with filth and vermin, that he might kill within himself the sense of mortal pride. Having passed the age when the elements of learning are easily acquired, he made a penance of the toil which would secure them, and by regarding the study of grammar as devotion and prayer, he learned as much as he needed of what the world calls book-knowledge. Other exercises, largely helped by natural discernment and self-study, gave him a knowledge of human nature. From such a beginning, and from a course rigidly consistent with it, the Saint was educated to his unrivalled eminence in the skill of superinducing, and then of treating, the morbid anatomy of souls. His mental culture, such as it was, his romantic wanderings, his choice of companions, his marvellous influence over others, his adroit management, by which he won over to his side hostile ecclesiastics, and, after vowing unquestioning obedience to the Pope, had his own will in all things in which the Pontiff opposed him, — these are the essential facts of Loyola's history, and Mr. Taylor disappoints us only by his too great brevity and conciseness in relating them.

Mr. Taylor makes light of the supernatural elements which were early associated with the claims and public report of Ignatius, which are reiterated and positively affirmed in details and particulars by his biographers, and which, of course, were necessary conditions for assertion, and so-called proof, when the honors of canonization as a saint of the Roman Church were asked and bestowed upon him. These marvellous and miraculous elements of the personal history of his subject, our author treats with marked indifference, lays no stress upon the popular report of them, attributes to the pretence of them little, if any, of the influence and early success of Jesuitism, and almost intimates that Loyola himself waived all such claims. But, by his cool rejection of all that pretence to the marvellous and miraculous, which has been such an element of power in the founders of Roman Catholic institutes, does not Mr. Taylor weaken our conceptions of the influence of Loyola, and leave out an important help towards the explanation of his career? Only the pretence of miraculous assistance and intercourse on the part of Loyola, and the popular credence of it, can fully explain the process by which he won such reputation for sanctity, led off such a discipleship, and soon divided Christendom into admirers and scorers. A man of whom many believed, that, as he knelt on the pavement, the ardor of his devotions raised his bended form twelve inches into the air, and kept him suspended for hours,—a man who claimed to have had an interview with the Virgin Mary,—must have had a wonderful prestige of influence on the score of the supernatural which invested him. We deem Mr. Taylor's treatment of this marked element in the career and reputation of Loyola to be a defect in his essay, and calculated to impair the life-like portraiture of his subject.

Of the system which was devised, at least, if it was not perfected, by Loyola, neither Mr. Taylor, nor any other writer, can give us a complete account which shall be perfectly consistent and intelligible, and leave no dark mystery brooding in unanswered questions over the mind. Our author's analysis of the "Spiritual Exercises," of the "Letter on Obedience," and of the "Constitutions," with his critical remarks upon those statute authorities of the Order, are penetrating, judicious, and instructive. When, near his conclusion, he discusses the purport of the Jesuit institute, he succeeds in making an emphatic statement of that unbounded, irresistible, spiritual thralldom which it aimed to impose upon those whom a most rigid and searching test had proved to be fitted for its dark and sinuous designs. Spiritual despotism, an oversight and control of the springs of human action and feeling in every sphere of life and in all the relations of men, were the evident aims of those who sought with equal



avidity, and with the same calculating cunning, to share a monarch's secrets of state and a nursery child's secrets of dawning thought. But neither Mr. Taylor nor any other writer has satisfied us as to what was the ultimate end for which all these aims were but means. Suppose we cover what may seem to be the largest field of ambitious desire, and say that the Jesuits designed to obtain the control of the whole world. The question still comes up, what did they intend to do with the world and in it? When their net was completely spun around every human being who could play any part in human affairs, and every hand and foot was entangled in its meshes, and every heart was dissected, and every spirit was in bondage, what was to follow? What was to be the glorious result which should reward all these painful and earnest stratagems? Had the Jesuits in view any other end than the gratification of the passion which successive acquisitions of spiritual power fed and fostered, till it craved more than the whole world could offer to it? We mean all that we say, when we repeat that no satisfactory explanation has ever yet been given of the crowning end to which Jesuitism aimed. That slow, deliberate, and crafty policy; that web-weaving, the skill of which seems to have been learned of the spider; that most tortuous and unscrupulous scheming; that subordination of all tender feelings and generous impulses; that grinning malice in circumventing innocence; that scornful contempt of domestic affections and of all that the heart spontaneously loves; that utter self-abandonment by which the will retained only enough of power over itself to renounce its own exercise; — here is a tremendous enginery of means and methods, — what was the purpose of its patient and most persevering exercise? It is easy to accumulate epithets of amazement at the cunning which transformed Jesuits into *valets de chambre*, coach-drivers, servants, and sailors; at the enterprise which mingled them with the Indians, the Chinese, and the Turks abroad, and with courtiers and miners at home; and at the zeal which scattered them as missionaries over the globe, and multiplied their colleges and schools. But what was all this for? Can any body tell us? The Jesuits certainly did not aim thus to imitate and rival the zeal of the first Christian apostles. For a *disguised* apostle is an image which the mind refuses to entertain. The Jesuits could not have assumed these crooked and calculating methods for the purposes of teaching and exemplifying Christian graces and charities. For, upon by far the larger portion of all that enters into the scope and processes and phenomena of Jesuitism, the religion of Jesus Christ would frown an indignant censure. We are at a loss for a key to this dark riddle, which has perplexed the world for centuries. But of one fact time and trial have certified Christendom, that

it is for no good, or healthful, or benedictive end that the wiles of Satan have been adopted in the professed service of the holy Jesus. The history of the Jesuit institute involves an awful and repulsive mass of enormities, which no light or pardoning power of charity can relieve. Let God be thanked, that, where the Jesuits have been best known, there they have been most hated and feared. Their purest disciples have been their most pitiable victims.

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*The War with Mexico Reviewed.* By ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 310.

THIS volume contains the Essay to which was adjudged the premium of Five Hundred Dollars, for "the best Review of the Mexican War on the Principles of Christianity and an enlightened Statesmanship," offered by the American Peace Society. After the prize was awarded to the Essay in its original form, its author, being in Cuba on account of his health, availed himself of a visit to Washington, on his way home, to correct, fortify, or illustrate his statements by an examination of public documents. As far, then, as matters of fact are concerned, and in reference to all assertions which involve statistics, we can rely with entire confidence upon the contents of the volume. The much-esteemed author would need no warrant or indorser for his personal fidelity in all necessary researches, to those who know him, and yet it is well that such statements as he advances, and upon which he reasons, should be authenticated. Apart from the moral and religious design of the volume, it has a very high value because of its array of facts and authorities on a painful theme, which we care not to discuss, but which will probably be subjected years hence to a more searching test than has as yet been applied to it. The calmness, fidelity, and well-chosen language in which Mr. Livermore comments upon the authorities which he quotes, demand our grateful acknowledgment.

As we turned over the pages of this volume, we were impressed by the wonderful amount of information which it contains, and were fairly amazed at the rich variety of quotations, references, and authorities, drawn from the whole compass of literature, to illustrate and enliven the pages. Authors, old and new, the classics of ancient times, philosophers, statesmen, divines, philanthropists, dramatists, poets, and belles-lettres writers, are all laid under contribution, to furnish bright gems of thought and diction for mottoes, to point a moral, or to lay the ponderous weight of a truth in the scale of a debated argument. It is evident that the writer loves his theme of Peace, that he has loved

it many years, and that his heart and memory have been stored with materials, for the expression of which the offer of the American Peace Society only gave an occasion. Under thirty-one divisions or chapters, Mr. Livermore discusses the principal topics relating to our last war, but always with a fuller design in view. He treats with a masterly wisdom and a calm discussion, though with an earnestness and sincerity, the various crimes, horrors, barbarities, follies, and miseries, whose indefinite enlargement and extent make up the dark shadows of the battle-field. He has done a work which should largely help the most sacred cause of Peace for the world, and having done it, he must enjoy the rich reward of peace in his own conscience.

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*Old Portraits and Modern Sketches.* By JOHN G. WHITTIER.  
Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 16mo. pp. 304.

WE are always glad to meet Mr. Whittier in the common walks of literature, where we can forget party and sectarian differences. As a poet he is entitled to a place among the foremost of our American bards. As a prose-writer his style is equally clear, concise, and vigorous, with an occasional mellowness of tone which we owe to his poetical temperament ; and his "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" is one of the most delightful and, in general, truthful productions of the kind that we have ever read. His present volume comprises ten biographical essays on John Bunyan, Thomas Ellwood, Andrew Marvell, Dr. Hopkins, Richard Baxter, and others less deserving of note. Most of these sketches, we believe, have already appeared in print, though we have not met with them before. Without possessing the fulness and elaborateness of professed biographies, they present striking portraits of the several persons sketched, and are enriched with numerous extracts from books rarely to be found, except in libraries of the denomination to which our author belongs. The best are those of Ellwood, Marvell, John Roberts, and Baxter. That of Roberts is deserving of particular notice from the light which it throws upon the character and habits of the country clergy of the Established Church in England during the reign of Charles the Second, and for its happy instances of sly wit and biting sarcasm in a Quaker of those degenerate times. So far as they go, the extracts from the contemporary biography of Roberts given by Mr. Whittier afford curious confirmation of Mr. Macaulay's representations of the ignorance, profligacy, and low social position of the parish priests at the accession of James the Second. In the article on Dr. Hopkins, Mr. Whittier has dwelt too much on the character of that great di-

vine as a philanthropist, so as almost wholly to exclude any mention of his labors as a theologian. Yet few people will think of him in any other light than as the founder of a system of theology, which in the last century distracted our New England churches, and led to fierce and protracted controversies.

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*The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. From the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Mansfield.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Author of "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England." London: John Murray. 1849. [Little & Brown, Boston.] 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 588, 584.

THESE volumes, of which Messrs. Little & Brown have imported a large edition, will be greatly valued by all who are fond of English historical readings. The author has just been raised to the exalted station whose successive occupants he has here subjected to the processes of biography. The volumes contain a fund of anecdote, and it is astonishing to observe how many of the historical events and personages of British annals are incidentally brought to our notice under their most interesting aspects. We hope that the proper pen will soon deal with these volumes in our pages. Meanwhile we cannot forbear to cite one noteworthy passage. Lord Campbell describes with sympathetic interest the unsuccessful application, before the kindly Chief Justice Hale, of Elizabeth Bunyan, for the release of her famous husband from Bedford jail. The biographer then adds, —

"Little do we know what is for our permanent good. Had Bunyan then been discharged, and allowed to enjoy liberty, he no doubt would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field-preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison-doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and, inspired by him who touched Elijah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."

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*The Christian Parent.* By REV. A. B. MUZZEY. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 16mo. pp. 320.

THOSE who are familiar with Mr. Muzzey's previous publications will not be disappointed by this. Its spirit, the tone of

VOL. XLVIII. — 4TH S. VOL. XIII. NO. II. 28

morality it breathes, the virtues it inculcates, and the methods it recommends are thoroughly Christian. The author's design is to illustrate the duties of parents towards their children, enforce the discharge of these obligations, and afford such aid as he may in overcoming obstacles and achieving the desired result. The book deals very little with any metaphysical theories, still less with creations of the fancy. It is clear and practical, calculated to be of actual service in the daily conduct of those it addresses. It commences by describing the influences of home, and closes by urging the appropriate thought that a Christian parent should educate his child jointly for both worlds. Its merit is not profoundness, originality, or brilliancy, but chiefly, that in the light of common sense and of sound Christian principles it discusses the humble though important facts of the subject, real things constantly experienced by parents. It cannot be carefully read in the common mass of families, for whom it is especially intended, without great good, for it is adapted to their actual state and wants.

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*Dark Scenes in History.* By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 12mo. pp. 419.

ON the principle illustrated in the old fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf, Mr. James has so often deceived in fiction, that his words of truth may be brought into doubt, and so the present volume of history might be read as if it were "his last novel." But again, as truth is stranger than fiction, we feel a confidence that he has fairly related these tales of Amboise, Arthur, Perkin Warbeck, The Templars, The Albigenes, The Conspiracy of Cueva, Wallenstein, and Herod the Great.

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*The Early Conflicts of Christianity.* By the Rev. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 288.

DR. KIP's new volume contains what may be regarded as a free commentary on the Revelation of St. John, according to the view of the design and meaning of that mystical book, first clearly set forth by Eichhorn, and now received by the most judicious interpreters generally. True, Dr. Kip does not expressly proceed upon this view. But the contents of his volume, which are very vigorously written, deal with the three great hostile influences which the Christian Church confronted, Judaism, pagan-

ism, and the spirit of wickedness. As exhibiting the course of this fierce conflict, and as showing the triumphs of the Gospel, the volume before us will be very instructive and acceptable.

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*History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. Also, an Account of the Bunker Hill Monument. With Illustrative Documents.* By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM, JR., Author of a History of Charlestown. Boston: Little & Brown. 1849. Svo. pp. 420.

WHILE the author of this highly interesting volume was engaged upon his History of Charlestown, he came, in course, to that period in its annals when the British troops passed through the town on their way to the first battle of our Revolution, an event soon followed by the action on Breed's Hill. The thorough research by which Mr. Frothingham pursued his work brought before him very many original documents, private papers, letters, and other materials most essential to the faithful narration of incidents which, all such inquirers are aware, become most strangely confused in the lapse of a few years. With the help of these very best materials, and the careful processes of investigation and sifting for the grains of truth, the author accumulated a large number of authentic facts which he has skilfully arranged under the above title. The reader of his volume will be surprised to find in it such a variety of exciting and interesting incident. Few of those who are now living in this neighbourhood know the particulars of those stirring events herein recorded. We can have the satisfaction of believing what we read, as the contents are so well authenticated, as to assure us against mere fictions. The book has been well received, and needs only to be known to be most highly valued.

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*Voices from the Press: A Collection of Sketches, Essays, and Poems, by Practical Printers.* Edited by JAMES J. BRENTON. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1850. Svo. pp. 312.

Most of the writers of whose talents specimens are given in this volume have retained their connection with the press, either as editors or as authors. This simple fact shows that there may still be the same connection between the mechanical and the intellectual processes involved in the art of printing that was maintained in the earliest years of its invention. We apprehend that all practical printers wish that those whose manuscripts

they must put into type had every one of them had some drilling in the drudgery of the printing-office.

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*The Government and the Currency.* New Edition, with Alterations. By HENRY MIDDLETON. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1850. 12mo. pp. 190.

MERCANTILE men and politicians must find a use in this volume, as they are, for the most part, the only persons among us who have enough to do with money to make it an object for them to possess the information which Mr. Middleton here offers. It would but tantalize some of our clerical readers to be told more than that the book contains full revelations concerning the principles of banking, the laws of exchange, and the provisions of our constitution concerning the currency.

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*Discourses on the Lord's Prayer.* By E. H. CHAPIN. Boston: A. Tompkins. 1850. 12mo. pp. 209.

Mr. CHAPIN is an oratorical writer and a rhetorical speaker. He has the marked excellences, the popular gifts, and the great influence which belong to those qualities, and is also liable to the faults which they are apt to involve. His fervor and earnestness, his deep and devoted faithfulness in his ministerial office, and his high appreciation of mental culture, have given him an eminent place in his denomination. This volume, like all the others from his pen, is devotional and practical. Though he is nominally classed with the Universalist denomination, his views of sin and of retribution are of a very serious character.

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*Lectures and Essays.* By HENRY GILES. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 300, 317.

THOSE persons who have listened to the greater part of the contents of these two volumes, in the various lecture-rooms throughout our country, will probably be even more anxious to read them than will many who have only heard of the name of the author. They will revive in the reader the delightful interest, the close mental attention, and the high pleasure, which they uniformly excited on their delivery. The author's vivacity of manner, and his keen intellectual power, are equally preserved in the printed page. The Lectures must necessarily have been

greatly elaborated, in the first place, to suit the writer's own judgment and fancy, and then, as their frequent delivery in various moods of mind, and the suggestions of criticism upon them, may have led to the modification, to the expansion, the softening, the withdrawal, or the introduction of one or another sentiment or opinion. Mr. Giles's modest and grateful Preface is expressed with singular felicity. He has not given to us all the contents of his portfolio, but has more matter in reserve, besides his admirable Lectures on Don Quixote. In these volumes, he deals with Falstaff, Crabbe, Byron, Ebenezer Elliot, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Carlyle, and Savage, with as many more themes which are divorced from single names, and which concern large and precious interests to men.

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*The Library of Christian Literature.* — We have already announced the series of volumes on the most important topics which has been undertaken under this title, by the Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, England. The editor is the most indefatigable man out of Germany, that has devoted himself, amid many other labors, to the defence and illustration of the Christian Scriptures, as containing the records of a revelation from God. Three volumes of the series have already appeared, viz. : —

“Illustrations of the Divine in Christianity; a Series of Discourses, exhibiting Views of the Truth, Spirit, and Practical Value of the Gospel.” This volume is by the editor, and contains forty discourses, which, under nearly as many different titles, illustrate, with remarkable variety of sentiment and thought, the fruitful themes which compose its subject.

“A Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its Origin to the Present Time. By Amand Saintes.” Translated from the French. This work, which has also been translated into the German language, is filled with most interesting historical and critical information. The author is what is called orthodox in his own sentiments, and his bias, together with somewhat of a dogmatical spirit, occasionally appears, but not in a way to conflict with fairness in his statements.

“An Introduction to the Books of the Old and New Testament. By A. Schumann.” Translated from the German by Dr. Beard. This is a book of results, — results gained by Biblical criticism and by the labors of scholars for many years. It contains a brief digest of information culled from a mass of volumes, and giving, in clear and concise statements, the history of the text, an analysis and summary of the books of Scripture, attestations to their authority, and literary essays upon their structure and contents. The apocryphal books of the Old Testament are ap-



propriately treated. If the editor is encouraged to continue the series, and will enrich it with volumes of equal merit, he will perform a most acceptable service for, at least, a small circle of readers, who in their turn will communicate with a wider circle. Messrs. Crosby & Nichols will furnish the volumes to those who wish to order them.

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Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have a few copies of "Discourses and Devotional Services. By Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A." (London. 1849. 12mo. pp. 340.) There is a freshness of style in these Sermons, and a certain sort of novelty in their method and treatment of subjects, which at once engage the reader. There are passages of deep pathos, and of true Christian eloquence. Much felicity, not to say curious skill, is shown in the application of Scripture, in drawing out the meaning of a text, and in presenting the most familiar topics in a striking manner. These, and other characteristics which we might mention, if we had the space, claim for the volume a perusal by our ministers, as the style of sermonizing in them is somewhat different from that which prevails among us.

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Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have published a second edition of Mr. Mountford's *Martyria*. The author's books, *Martyria* and *Euthanasia*, had bespoken for him a cordial welcome amongst us; and his presence and preaching have created a new interest in his books. They are good books, gems of their class. They belong to that wholesome range of works, which are not read eagerly for the interest of the story, but joyfully for the spirit of beauty and piety that invests them and proceeds from them. They have a healthy, attractive quality. They soothe and elevate. They induce spiritual tranquillity and meditation. We regard them as valuable and permanent contributions to our religious literature.

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"The Public Education of the People." This is the title of an Oration, delivered before the Onondaga Teacher's Institute, at Syracuse, N. Y., October 4, 1849. By Rev. Theodore Parker. (Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 8vo. pp. 59.) The sound and wholesome views which form the larger part of the contents of this pamphlet are expressed in the author's characteristic manner. He treats the great subject of popular education with power and skill. We find in the Oration some slights and sarcasms, and, as we judge, erroneous statements. When Mr. Parker speaks of the Old Testament as making Jehovah say, "I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau" (page 29), why could he not

give the sacred book the benefit of a suggestion from his own competent learning, that this mode of expression was a common Hebraism, meaning, "I preferred Jacob to Esau"? If Mr. Parker were called upon to vindicate his aspersions upon "the Church," he would be obliged to own that he meant its unworthy, indolent, and hypocritical members, — not its true, faithful, and earnest disciples. Now, if it be ever admissible to call a part of any thing the whole of it, it certainly cannot be right to attribute to a vast, abstract, and invisible institution, what may be true only of the worst of its incidental or pretended features. The parasitical vines may be without fruit, or may decay, while the heart, limbs, and branches of the tree around which they cling may be sound. The Christian Church is the source and guardian of all that is pure, good, and progressive in the world. The word *Church*, like the words *Religion* and *Humanity*, suggests to us an *ideal*, yet the realities in which the ideals show themselves are mingled of bad and good.

The Lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, on its 29th anniversary, by Horace Mann, has been published by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields (16mo, pp. 84), under the title of "A Few Thoughts for a Young Man." For plainness of speech, for strength of expression, and decision in stating what the writer believes to be the truth, this Lecture may be matched against any thing that ever came from the press.

The Sermon preached, October 4, 1849, by the Rev. F. A. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at the consecration of the Polanen Chapel, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, has been published (New York: Henry Spear, 1849, 12mo, pp. 16) under the title of "The Father, the Only Proper Object of Christian Worship." The title is significant of the subject, and of its method of treatment, which is clear, forcible, and impressive, and every way suited to its occasion.

The Eighteenth Annual Report, presented to the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, on January 23 (Boston: Andrews & Prentiss, 8vo, pp. 112), is a pamphlet which will find many readers that are not members of the Society. Our rule is to say nothing in the way of offensive criticism concerning the motives or measures of "reformers," for what is said to their discredit is unfortunately turned in the support of the iniquities and evils which they oppose. The Report is very able, and full of information. An Appendix contains an account of the recent Annual Meeting, and also a statement of the case regarding Father Matthew.

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Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. have completed the publication of their valuable library edition of Hume's History of

England, *unabridged*, by the publication of the sixth volume, which contains a carefully prepared Index to the whole work. They were led to this undertaking by the success of their edition of Macaulay's History, the best and cheapest that has appeared in this country. Their edition of Hume may now be purchased on fair paper and in good binding at a price less than the cost of a single volume of it, when the History first appeared in England. It is evident that only a very large sale can remunerate the publishers in such an undertaking. There is a charm in those Tory pages, which gives the work a claim to a place in every library, and the literary public should show an appreciation of the risk which publishers venture, when they offer sterling works at a price which rivals in cheapness the paper-bound novels and trash of the day. The publication of Hume is now followed by Milman's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The work will appear in six volumes, two of which have been already issued. Mr. Milman has translated and copied nearly all the notes of M. Guizot upon Gibbon's text, and these, together with the English editor's own careful and valuable comments, give us this great work in a form which completes its value, and neutralizes its risk. Gibbon's History never can be superseded. Its wealth of learning, its felicities of style, its vivid pictures and masterly generalizations, will insure it readers, let who may rewrite the annals of declining and falling Rome. The scattered sarcasms and innuendoes, unfavorable alike to Christianity and to morality, which, with all their humor and adroitness, made Gibbon's work unsafe for some readers, are rendered harmless by the cautious pen of Milman. We cannot but commend these works to all who will read them with that cautious watchfulness which they require.

The same publishers have issued nine numbers of their splendid edition of Shakspeare, in which they give away gratuitously a whole play, with full notes and illustrations, in each number, and charge but twenty-five cents for a steel engraving of its heroine. They also have in press two works with the following titles: — "The Life and Religion of Mohammed. Translated from the Persian, by Rev. J. L. Merrick, a Missionary to Persia during eleven years"; a work which received the high commendation of the Oriental Society, before which it was read. "The Atheism of France," by Alphonse de Lamartine; written for the purpose of showing the people of France why they have no better success in their attempts to sustain a republican government.

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Messrs. Crosby & Nichols have in press, "Communion Thoughts," by Rev. S. G. Bulfinch; and "Discourses on the Rectitude of Human Nature," by Rev. G. W. Burnap.

*The Literary World and the Home Journal.* — We make mention of these two weekly papers published in New York, because they indicate a marked improvement in the character of our newspaper press. We have read or looked thoroughly over every number of the *Literary World* since its publication commenced, and we have learned to set a high value upon it. It gives evidence of tasking many well-furnished and diligent minds. A high moral and religious standard is recognized in it. Its criticisms are just, and free from personal or party favoritism. It is a complete index of the progressive literature of our country. We can scarce conceive of a more welcome visitor which a man in city or country, lay or clerical, who loves polite letters, could invite, week by week, into his house, than the *Literary World*.

With the *Home Journal*, edited by Morris & Willis, we are less acquainted, having seen but few of its numbers. We should judge it to be a paper which studies to combine the graces and delights of literature with a sound and healthful tone of thought and wisdom. Let us see if our pure and worthy laborers at the weekly press cannot be rewarded for their pains, at least as well as they are rewarded who prostitute the noble art to calumny, folly, or vice.

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Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields have nearly ready for publication a new work by Mr. Hawthorne, which the many admirers of that genial and instructive writer will look for with anticipations of high pleasure. Though it will be cast in the form of a romance, it will have in it more truth than fiction. The scene of the story is laid in Boston. Its title is "*The Scarlet Letter*."

The same publishers will soon issue the following works : — "*Lights and Shadows of Domestic Life*," by a popular American writer. A complete collection of the poetical works of Prof. Longfellow, uniform with their edition of Tennyson's, Browning's, and Lowell's Poems. Also, "*The Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise*," being brief memoirs of distinguished American female missionaries.

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The lovers of biography have a rich treat now in progress for them, by the Messrs. Harpers of New York, in their cheap, but not inferior, reprint of the *Lives of Dr. Chalmers and Robert Southey*. Southey's Life and Letters are to be embraced in six duodecimo volumes in the English edition, a volume appearing at intervals of two months. The two volumes which have already been published in London, each costing there three dol-

lars, have been reprinted by the Harpers in a handsome pamphlet form, for twenty-five cents each. They are most delightful reading.

The Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, is to be in three volumes, one of which has just been reprinted by the Harpers. Thus we have in our hands at the same time memoirs of one of the most distinguished divines, and of one of the most famous literary men of our age. Autobiography forms a considerable portion of the contents of both the works. The divine seems to excel in the stirring incident and the intensesness of feeling which marked his life.

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James Munroe & Co. have published the first volume of the Lives of Unitarian Ministers in the New England States, edited by Rev. William Ware. The memoirs embraced in this volume are collected from the best sources, as written by those who stood in life in relations of the nearest personal intercourse with the subjects of them. We shall speak of the work more at length in our next number. Mr. Ware's continued prosecution of his task will depend upon the encouragement which he shall receive at this first stage of his undertaking.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

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### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen.*— We have already recorded the organization of this society, at a large meeting of Unitarian ministers in May last. A constitution and a set of by-laws have been prepared, and circulars, defining the objects of the society, have been distributed. While the widows and children of those who die in necessitous circumstances, as pastors of Congregational Churches in this State, are, to some extent, provided for by an existing charity-fund, and by an annual collection at the Convention Sermon, there has as yet been no society among us for the relief of our superannuated, infirm, or unsettled ministers, whose poverty may press hard upon them. True, we have not very many who are left in this condition without some aid from the hand of private friendship. But there should not be any, whose life has been unstained, and whom misfortune has deprived of a refuge and support, to be left to the chance pity of strangers. There are some among us who have suffered more, perhaps, than even those nearest to them are aware. Proper provision has been made in the by-laws of the new society to shield from public recital the delicate

feelings of those who may be numbered among its beneficiaries. We would now appeal in behalf of the society and its Christian objects. The Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., of Boston, is its Treasurer, and will acknowledge gratefully any sums that may be contributed through him.

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*The Affairs of Rome.* — According to the last accounts from Rome, no approach seems to have been made towards the restoration of the Pontiff to his home in the Vatican. Rome is nominally under the government of the Pope, administered through a triumvirate of Cardinals, but is actually under the control of a military force. A very significant and curious fact will illustrate the relations which have subsisted between the people of Rome and their unwelcome French guests, while it also shows how politeness may consist with disdain. When a French soldier, passing through the streets, or lounging in a public square, holds up his unlighted cigar and respectfully asks of some Roman citizen, who may be smoking near by him, the privilege of a light, the Roman with proper courtesy complies, and, as he receives his cigar back again, drops it contemptuously on the ground. An act like this means all that it expresses, and implies a great deal more.

Some of the Spanish troops have lately left Rome to return home again, and some of the French soldiers were embarking at Civita Vecchia for Africa. Austria, which has lately volunteered to sustain and restore the Pope, has taken offence because all the French soldiers are not withdrawn from Rome. Meanwhile the people of the city are suffering extreme misery from destitution and poverty. Some of the churches have been plundered. Robberies are frequent. Females, formerly of the highest station in society, are begging charity at the coffee-houses. The Pope, likewise, shares this pecuniary distress. France and the Rothschilds have offered to come to his relief. The financial resources of the Papacy are nearly exhausted; every office is mortgaged, and the state of things must be darker there before it can be brighter. Just two years ago, while even in our country thousands were greeting the fair promises of Pius the Ninth, we ventured to put upon our pages some expressions of dissent. But we did not look for such a complete fulfilment of our forebodings as has been realized.

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*The Encyclical Letter of Pius the Ninth.* — If any reasonable person could entertain a doubt whether the spirit of the Papacy is still what it ever was, and maintains an absolute immutability even in this age of change, the perusal of the long document which bears the above title would put his mind at rest. The present Pope does not at all abate the intense resistance to all liberalizing influences which was practised by his sternest predecessors, and when he denounces some of the excesses and theories which the wisest Protestants equally abhor, he does it in such a heat of vituperation and rancor, as to inflame even a reader of his language. He devotes a large portion of his "Encyclical" to a most furious attack upon the Italian Revolutionists and the French Socialists. "Cheap literature" next comes under his anathema. The printing-press, journals, pamphlets, flying-sheets, and bad books, under which are specified *Translations of the Scriptures*, excite his indignation to a degree beyond what he can express. The exercise of private judgment in the inter-

pretation of the Scriptures is condemned as the height of arrogance and presumption. "Protestant conventicles" are described as "schools for the dissemination of Socialism." The Sisters of Charity who attended the wounded during the siege of Rome are called "prostitutes" by his Holiness, and Mazzini and the other Italian patriots are described as "lost men." The Letter closes with an invocation to "*the Mother of God, to whom He can refuse nothing,*" and to the Apostles Peter and Paul.

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*American Unitarian Association.*—The preliminary measures which have been in progress through the winter to increase the means of efficiency of this Association have been brought to results which promise to answer the designs of its laborious officers. A course of Sunday-evening lectures, on topics relating to the connection of Christian doctrine with life and practice, has been commenced in the Church of the Saviour (Rev. Mr. Waterston's). The Rev. Drs. Gannett and Peabody, and the Rev. Messrs. Bartol, Joshua Young, and Coolidge, have officiated on these occasions, while large audiences have filled the church. A series of meetings for conference and prayer has been entered upon on Wednesday evenings, in the vestry of the Rev. F. T. Gray's church.

Meanwhile, a committee of gentlemen belonging to several of our city congregations has been chosen to devise and carry forward measures to obtain from our societies pecuniary contributions, to an amount which shall give proof of interest in the objects in whose behalf the Association appeals to them. This committee has appointed assistant committees in each of our congregations, and has addressed to them circulars briefly presenting the grounds on which contributions are solicited, leaving a large liberty to the donors in their appropriation, and earnestly asking for a generous expression of sympathy and aid. All these measures have been well devised. Our congregations are able to answer the appeal by sums which in the aggregate will swell to an amount that cannot fail to be usefully expended and richly improved. The officers of the Association are unwearied in their efforts to make it an efficient instrument in the Christian education of our whole country. The General Secretary, the Rev. F. W. Holland, has travelled far over the South and West, to learn how our agencies may most profitably be employed, and the full result of his labors and inquiries will be looked for with interest in Anniversary Week.

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*Unitarian Association of the State of New York.*—This Association held its annual meeting, at its rooms in Broadway, New York, on the evening of Monday, January 14. Zebedee Cook, Esq., having declined a reelection to the office of President, John Thomas, Esq., the chairman of the meeting, was chosen as his successor. Hon. Moses H. Grinnell was elected Vice-President, Richard Warren, Esq., Treasurer, and Messrs. Ray Boynton, P. A. Curtis, William C. Russell, Henry A. Johnson, Augustus Wetmore, and Benjamin F. Seaver, Esquires, Directors.

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*Rev. Dr. Kendall's Semi-Centennial Celebration.*—The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. James Kendall, D. D., as Pastor of the First Church in Plymouth (the oldest church in New England), was

celebrated on New-Year's Day. Delightful weather, and a thronging attendance from abroad and at home, added to the pleasures of the occasion. After some religious services by the Rev. W. P. Lunt of Quincy, and the Rev. Morrill Allen of Pembroke, Dr. Kendall delivered a discourse full of historical and personal reminiscences. The company then joined in an appropriate festival at the Samoset House, which was beautifully decorated, the names of the six predecessors of Dr. Kendall being displayed in evergreen. Some valuable gifts were made to the beloved pastor, and many words of wisdom and of kindness were spoken.

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*Rev. Bailey Loring of Andover.* — After a ministry of nearly forty years, the Rev. Mr. Loring has felt compelled, on account of feeble health, to resign his office, and to yield up the care of his pulpit. His parishioners held a meeting on January 23d, and, after accepting his resignation, passed resolutions expressive of their love and respect for him, their appreciation of his faithful services, and their sincere wishes for his happiness. Mr. Francis C. Williams has been invited to become the pastor of the society.

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*Dedication.* — The new meeting-house erected for the First Congregational Church and Society in Westborough was dedicated on January 3d. The Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston preached the Sermon; the Rev. Alonzo Hill of Worcester offered the Prayer of Dedication, and the other services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough, and the Rev. Messrs. C. Brooks of Boston, and H. Alger of Marlborough. Religious exercises, embracing singing, conference, and prayer, were held through the day and evening. The prospects of the ancient society in its new temple are most encouraging, and exceed what had been expected. The Rev. C. Brooks and the Rev. Mr. Moseley have since officiated there.

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*Ordinations and Installations.* — MR. ROBERT POSSAC ROGERS, of the last class graduated at the Divinity School in Cambridge, was ordained, on January 9th, as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Canton. The Rev. J. L. T. Coolidge of Boston offered the Introductory Prayer and Fellowship of the Churches; the Rev. W. O. White of West Newton read from the Scriptures; the Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston preached the Sermon; the Rev. Dr. Lamson of Dedham offered the Prayer of Ordination; the Rev. J. H. Morison of Milton gave the Charge; and the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston offered the Concluding Prayer.

MR. JOSHUA A. SWAN, of the last class graduated at the Divinity School in Cambridge, was ordained, on February 6th, as Pastor of the Congregational Church at Kennebunk, Maine. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. N. Hall of Dorchester.

The Rev. GEORGE S. BALL, late of Ware, was installed as Pastor of the Unitarian Society at Upton, on January 17th. The Rev. A. B. Fuller of Manchester, N. H., offered the Introductory Prayer; the Rev. E. E. Hale of Worcester read from the Scriptures; the Rev. C. Lincoln of Fitchburg preached the Sermon; the Rev. S. Clarke of Uxbridge offered the Prayer of Installation; the Rev. A. Hill of Worcester



ter gave the Charge; the Rev. F. R. Newell of Brewster offered the Fellowship of the Churches; the Rev. E. B. Willson of Grafton addressed the Society; and the Rev. Dr. Allen of Northborough offered the Closing Prayer.

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#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Harvard College.* — The Overseers of Harvard College held three meetings in the Senate Chamber in January and February, for the transaction of the business regularly coming before them. Besides the usual reports from the President and the Treasurer, which exhibit a favorable view of the condition and finances of the institution, — though as to the latter more money might be most profitably used if generosity would bestow it, — and from the several examining committees, there were presented for the first time, this year, reports of committees on the several professional departments of the University.

The following nominations, which had been made by the Corporation, were confirmed: — Of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow, as Professor of Surgery, in the place of Dr. George Hayward, who, after fifteen years of faithful service, had resigned; of Josiah P. Cooke, as Tutor in Mathematics; of John Brooks Felton, as Tutor in Greek; of the Hon. Frederic H. Allen, as University Professor of Law; of Henry T. Eustis, as Professor of Engineering in the Lawrence Scientific School; and of John M. Marsters, as Tutor.

The Rev. Alexander Young, D. D., was chosen Secretary of the Board, in place of the Rev. Dr. Peirce. The Rev. William P. Lunt of Quincy, and the Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, were elected to fill the two vacancies in the clerical portion of the permanent Board, caused respectively by the resignation of his pastoral charge by the Rev. Dr. Parkman, and by the decease of the Rev. Dr. Peirce. The Hon. George S. Hillard was chosen to fill the vacancy in the lay portion of the permanent Board caused by the removal from the State of the Hon. George Bancroft.

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*Researches in Central Africa.* — The keenest interest of scholars, antiquarians, and men of general science is now directed towards the heart of the old southern continent. The northern border of Africa was in ancient times conspicuous alike in Roman and in Christian history. Hannibal and St. Augustine have associated their names with its former glory. The eastern coast is, for the most part, known to us through the legends of the Orientals, and the traffic of a quite recent commerce. The western shores have a dark and painful history, as the scenes of foul barbarities perpetrated by the negro tribes against each other, and by the whites against them all. But the centre of Africa is a blank upon our maps. Some gleams, either of fancy or of traditional remembrance, that have traversed the wastes of ages, have of late kindled expectation as to what may be the results waiting to reward modern researches. Strange hints of an ancient kingdom, of the remains of gorgeous cities, of the lingering relics of beauty, magnificence, and a former high civilization, and intimations that some stupen-

dous discovery will yet be made there, are now continually given in the scientific circles of Europe. Four distinct expeditions, under the patronage respectively of the governments of, or public bodies in, Russia, Germany, France, and Great Britain, are at present engaged in the work of exploration. Our own Ledyard, the Connecticut boy, left his bones upon the border of Africa more than sixty years ago, but no one from the land of his birth has since followed him. Had his life been spared, as there was an intense energy, a self-dependence, a faculty of living and laboring by his own resources, in his nature, which more than supplied his lack of scientific helps and official patronage, he would never have left his task unfinished. In no part of the world, scarcely excepting the Arctic regions, are the hardships and perils to which the traveller is subjected more severe than in Africa. Swift streams, with rocky beds and frequent falls of water, and parched deserts, alternate with each other. The filthiness of the native tribes surpasses even the loathsomeness of the Esquimaux. Treachery and violence ever hang over the adventurer. Probably not till a numerous body of Europeans engage together in the enterprise, fitted with all the appliances which modern skill can devise against the perils of the wilderness, the water, the climate, and the worst barbarisms of humanity, can we look for any successful effort to penetrate into the heart of Africa.

Equal incredulity and amusement have recently been excited by the report that M. du Couret had described, before the French Academy of Sciences, a tribe of negroes in Central Africa, as furnishing a connecting link between men and monkeys. They have not been sufficiently accustomed to a sitting posture to wear off the tail which marks their brute affinity. This still projects some three or four inches. Their long arms, their pendulous ears, and large jaws, furnish other resemblances to a monkey, while their use of language is regarded as the chief sign of their relationship to humanity.

Our first thought on reading this report was that it was a mere squib, such as is played off annually at the expense of scientific men. We doubted whether any true naturalist would have ventured on such a statement, lest some of his hearers should be apt to imagine that he furnished in himself a more striking bond of union between the human and the simian races than the creature which he described. We believe, however, that the report is true, though we cannot but discredit the alleged fact. We can only add, that, if such a discovery is a type of what the exploration of Africa is to reveal, we should prefer to leave it to ignorance and night. We have strange creatures enough around us now, whose exclusively human origin seems undeniable, without going even to any part of the Old World after them.

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*Mr. Carlyle on Negro Slavery.* — An intense excitement has been created among the admirers of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, on account of an article from his pen in the December number of Fraser's Magazine, in which he proposes the restoration of negro slavery in the British West Indies. The ground of reason which Mr. Carlyle offers for this astounding proposition is, that "Quashee" is now unwilling "to sweat at the sugar-cane planting," because he can live in indolence upon "pumpkins." He thinks "Quashee" should not be allowed to remain content with "pumpkindom," but should be made to work. Some of the writer's most

zealous friends, who have sustained him through as foul abuses against the Queen's English as he now advocates the visiting upon some of her subjects, attempt to apologize for his most grotesquely worded and most outrageous essay, by affirming that it is *ironical*. Ironical it is, in the literal meaning of the word. *Punch* proposes that the slaveholders should erect a black statue, holding a pumpkin, in honor of Mr. Carlyle. The January number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains a most admirable reply to its previous paper. Father Matthew and Mr. Carlyle have both lived a year too long for their fame with their most devoted admirers.

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*A Jewish Newspaper in New York.* — There has recently appeared in New York, under the title of "The Asmonean," a weekly paper, edited and to be sustained by the Israelites, and designed to answer for them the purposes which the various Christian denominations have in view in their papers. The title is that of the once famous family to which Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, belonged, and which also gave the name to a distinguished dynasty among the Jews, though its glory sank into the dark shadows of disgrace and crime. The Jews have of late years increased in New York and in the Western States, large numbers of them having very recently emigrated from the northern parts of Europe. It is pleasant to observe that the increase of their numbers among us does not increase their exclusiveness, or dispose them to contract their social relations more and more within their own race. On the contrary, the Israelites appear to be fast wearing away their most cherished peculiarities, and it is but fair to say that the change is to be ascribed, in large measure, to the better treatment, and more *Christian* treatment, which they have received from those who bear the name of the Prophet of Nazareth. Nor do the numerous synagogues which within a quarter of a century have been erected in the United States, and the establishment of a Jewish paper in New York, conflict with our assertion of the enlargement of liberality and the decrease of exclusiveness among the Jews. The free interchange of social relations more than counterbalances the tendency of their peculiar institutions. The editor of the *Asmonean* takes especial pains to vindicate his ancient communion of the faithful from the charges of intolerance, bigotry, pride of race, and from the love of being isolated as a people. He denies most emphatically that the opinions which Christians have for ages entertained of the Jews, as being morose, narrow, unsocial, and exclusive, as wishing to stand aloof from what interests other people, and as scorning the faiths of all others, have any foundation in truth. He ascribes to the Jews the largest charity. He says that they regard all religions as Divine that are sincerely believed, and that have a manifestly good influence, that they share all human sympathies, and are in the fullest sense brethren of the whole human race, the friends of true liberty, the lovers of every thing that is good. The paper asserts that the Jewish capitalists in England would have nothing to do with making up the loan advertised for by Nicholas, for helping the purposes of his Russian tyranny. The Jews left that bait to be swallowed for five *per cent.* by the Barings and other Christians.

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
AND  
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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MAY, 1850.

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ART. I. — ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM.\*

WE would not base any argument for or against the Roman Church on this book. It happens to be the last book we have read on the question between Romanism and Protestantism, and it suits our purpose in this article as a text, because that is the question which we propose, in one or two views, to discuss; but though *we* may place confidence in the general fairness with which these Conversations are reported, we know that the Romanist would never admit that the Jesuit doctors had answered so poorly. We can believe it, not only because the reporter seems to be an honest and conscientious man, but for another reason; and that is, that the poorest defenders of an opinion are always those, who, like the Jesuits in Rome, live in a community where it is never called in question. We were once in a debating club, where the question for the evening was, Which is best, a republican or a monarchical government? It was difficult for a time to find any body to espouse the unpopular cause of monarchy. At length, however, two or three debaters were induced to take that side in the mock

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\* *Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome; being Notes of Conversations held with certain Jesuits on the Subject of Religion in the City of Rome.* By the REV. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. pp. 237.

encounter of wits. But, to the surprise of the company, it was found that they had a great deal to say for themselves; while, still more to every body's surprise, our good and undoubted republican cause labored under the most pitiable lack of arguments in its defence; its advocates had nothing to say. The truth was, that, having never heard it questioned, they had never thought of marshalling the arguments in support of it. And so it may have been with the good Jesuit fathers in Rome.

The claims of the Roman Church, however, whether well or ill defended, are unusually pressed upon our attention at present, partly by some remarkable conversions to that Church in England and among ourselves, and partly by a newly awakened zeal and hope in Romanism to recover its lost ground; and we propose in this article to offer some thoughts on the subject, on the one hand catholic and charitable, and on the other, plain and practical.

The controversy has called up in some quarters a good deal of the old bitterness; it has called up, too, some of the old Protestant reasonings which we think erroneous; and therefore we begin with protesting on some points against our Protestantism. We protest against the assumption among Protestants, that the Roman Church is altogether corrupt and Antichristian, and is not to be recognized as belonging to the Body of Christ. That she avows principles which are contrary to Christianity we believe, and we take the same liberty to maintain our opinion, that she takes to support a similar charge against us. We believe that her position and spirit are hostile to human progress and improvement, to human liberty, to the lawful Christian liberty; but assumptions of power and authority have not spent all their force within Catholic limits. The past is ever flowing into the present, and the present into the future. The Reformation set up barriers; but the great tide has flowed into her inclosure through a thousand breaches. Any sect that claims to be the only Church of Christ; any sect that proclaims itself, by "a divinely protected descent" from the Apostles, to be the only inheritor of lawful spiritual authority and grace; any sect that by its creed or spirit coerces and enslaves the human mind, so that it dares not or does not freely inquire for truth and wisdom, — is, in that respect, not Protestant, but Papal. What did the Reforma-

tion demand? Liberty; liberty, political, individual, spiritual. What was Luther's grand offence? That he refused obedience to power; that he called in question the decisions of the Roman See; that he demanded liberty to read, to think, to act for himself. This is the ground which Protestants have always taken against the Church of Rome; but we fear that they are but ill entitled, on this account, to cast her out of the pale of Christian charity.

It is proper in this connection to take notice of certain passages of Scripture which are commonly supposed to lay upon Romanism the sentence of complete excision from the Christian Church. They are found in Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, the second chapter, and in his First Epistle to Timothy, the fourth chapter. The first passage referred to seems to describe an Antichristian spirit of pride and domination, already betraying itself and yet to be more fully revealed, called "the man of sin," and represented as "lording it over God's heritage" and over human governments. Eminent commentators differ upon this passage, one\* referring it to Gnosticism, another † to Caligula, another ‡ to the revolt of the Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem. But even if, according to the common opinion, the Papal domination were the thing predicted by Paul, and if the specification in First Timothy, fourth chapter, as "forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats," were to be applied in the same manner, it does not follow that the *body of Roman Catholics* is to be considered as cut off from the Christian Church.

What sort of excision, in fact, would this be? It is an excision which would cut off the whole Church, root and branch, for centuries; which would have left nothing on earth that could be called Christianity for several hundred years; for certainly the Roman Church was the only Church, the only form of Christianity, that existed from the fourth century to the time of the Reformation. The true Church, which, according to Christ's prediction, was to stand impregnable, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, according to this supposition, was dead and extinct for more than a thousand years.

Indeed, the language in question could not have been

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\* Hammond.

† Grotius.

‡ Rosenmüller.

a prediction of any thing very distant. Paul entertained the opinion that the end of all things, the end of the world, was at hand, and he could not, therefore, have spoken of what was to take place centuries after his time. The phraseology of the passage in Timothy does not imply prediction. "The latter days," and "the last days," are phrases which applied in apostolic usage to the time then present. And after describing and denouncing the errors mentioned in this passage, Paul adds, "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained." This sounds very much like a commendation of Timothy's fidelity in testifying against some present and pressing error of his time, and not in delivering a mere prophecy of something to happen centuries afterwards.

Able men among the Protestants have conceived that this language had reference to certain opinions taking their origin in the Jewish sect of the Essenes, and then prevailing among the Judaizing teachers of the day.\* These teachers professed to live in a sort of transcendental elevation above all sublunary things, forbidding to marry and to use animal food. They were vegetable-eaters, and anchorites; in short, the ascetics of the time. Paul seems to have had a good deal of trouble in his mind about errors of this kind, and more than once reasons largely against them. With his vigorous and manly sense, he seems especially to have feared that these errors would overspread Christianity with dreamy mysticism and puerile extravagance. And observe, too, that he speaks of a comprehensive dogma, like that of the Essenes, and not of a particular canon, of limited application, like that of the Roman Church. That Church does *not*, as a general thing, forbid marriage or the use of meat; but only to certain persons or on certain days. We might as well say that a religion which appoints the seventh day for rest forbids labor. But the Judaizing doctors in question did altogether forbid these things, and therefore they came exactly under the Apostle's description.

No, the church of which Thomas à Kempis, and

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\* Schleusner, Heinrichs.

Xavier, and Cardinal Borromeo, and Fénelon, and Cheverus, were members, which holds in its bosom the Brethren of the Misericordia and the Sisters of Charity, which has confessors and missionaries in every land, must not be regarded as outcast and accursed from Christ. One of the noblest testimonies to Christianity is martyrdom. There are martyrdoms *now* in the Catholic Church. In Cochin China, within a few years, many Catholic priests have bravely suffered death for their faith, yea, and welcomed it. In the Reports of the Propaganda, published periodically in Rome, — very like those which are issued by our own Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, — these scenes are described; and the reader cannot fail to be struck with observing how much this Catholic resembles the old Christian spirit of martyrdom. One instance will serve to illustrate our meaning. A priest in Cochin China was thrown into prison. His friend writes to him, in substance, — the whole correspondence is given in one of the Reports, — that it is determined to make him a victim. He replies, “O, no! that is too good news; no, they will drive me out like a mean and cowardly fugitive from the kingdom.” His friend replies, “No, you are mistaken; your fate is sealed; you will be brought out on a certain day to die!” The answer is given in the most fervent strain of joy and thanksgiving. “O blessed tidings!” says the missionary, “and is this to be accorded to me? For the last twenty years, every time that I have celebrated mass, I have put up a private petition for myself, that I might seal this testimony with my blood; and now the prayer is to be granted; the privilege is to be mine.” We said that this is like the spirit of ancient martyrdom. It is so, we think, in its excess of zeal for the martyr’s crown. But surely it will not do to deny that such men are Christians and Christian martyrs. It were strange if men who die for Christianity could not be called Christians. If any one turns away with the cold comment, “This is but superstition, or a superstitious desire of gaining merit with God!” we must plainly say, that with him we have no sympathy whatever.

Nay, the Catholic writers contend that the *success of their missions* is a powerful argument in their favor. Dr. Wiseman, in his “Lectures on the Principal Doctrines



and Practices of the Catholic Church," draws a striking contrast between the results of missionary effort in the two churches. The means of the Catholics, he says, have been moderate; the income of the Propaganda is less than 150,000 dollars a year, and out of this the expenses of its hundred students are defrayed. The united contributions of Protestant societies in England for propagating the Gospel, were, in 1835, little less than 4,000,000 dollars. Now it is notorious that the Protestants of all the world united have effected little or nothing towards the conversion of pagan nations. Swartz was said to have converted 7,000; but it is a solitary instance,\* and the number of their successors in Southern India had dwindled, in 1823, to 1,385. The numbers under the Episcopal and Baptist missions in Northern India are reckoned by units, tens, scarcely by hundreds. Among our North American Indians the case is much the same. That of the Sandwich Islands is not in point, because they had chosen to embrace Christianity before the missionaries came.

Now, says Dr. Wiseman, how has it been with the Catholic missions? They have converted nations, countries, continents. Witness Britain. Witness South America, from Mexico to Buenos Ayres. Witness India, where there are 600,000 Catholics; and in the rest of Asia there are 600,000 more. In China, the Catholic missionaries have converts by 30,000 and 40,000 in a district; in Cochin China, 200,000. In the Philippine Islands, M. Dubois reckons 2,000,000 converts.

It is true, that with us the argument founded on these facts has very little weight. Dr. Wiseman contends that they afford powerful evidence of the truth of the Catholic religion. We judge not. But certainly, upon the ground taken by most Protestant sects, it is nonsense, besides being something worse, to anathematize these Catholic missionaries and martyrs as no Christians.

The reasons for the superior success of the Catholics seem to us to be these two. First, their missionaries, we must think, have been wiser men than ours; not more

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\* It is to be observed, however, that Dr. Buchanan reckons the Protestants in Ceylon, in 1801, at 342,000. Dr. Wiseman says that 150,000 of them have become Catholics.

cultivated men, but wiser for their purpose. They have had a juster view of what was to be done, and how it was to be done. Our missionaries — if we must speak so plainly of men whom, however, we greatly respect — have been infatuated with the notion, that, if they stretched out the naked Bible and preached the naked “five points,” the effect, the conversion of pagans, was to follow, as if by magic or miracle. Next, the Catholic ritual is far more imposing than ours, far more fitted to make an impression upon a rude and barbarous people. Consider what such people are, and then calculate the probable effect upon them of a Catholic ritual, on the one hand, and of Calvinistic abstractions, on the other. The abstractions might be all true, and the ritual all false; but it would be very much like offering to the choice of children, a magic-lantern, or Edwards on the Will. We do not mean in this comparison to speak lightly of the Roman Catholic mode of worship; we only mean to say, that it is especially fitted to draw the attention of uncivilized nations.

Having made these general concessions to the Roman Catholic form of Christianity, we wish now further to speak of it, and to speak of it with the same freedom, and, let us add, with the same candor and courtesy, that we should bring to the examination of Protestantism, or of any Protestant sect.

The great question, we conceive, between the Catholics and Protestants, resolves itself into this, — Did He who made the mind make it to be free in religion, — as free in religion as in philosophy or science? In other words, Did He propose that the soul should grow and improve in its religious conceptions and acquisitions, as it does in those which pertain to other parts of its culture? In other words still, Did He propose for the mind a proper manhood in religion, and not a state of perpetual childhood? If He did, we think there is an end of the argument for Catholicism; for neither infallibility nor absolute authority nor visible unity *can* consist with a proper and manly freedom of inquiry.

*We* contend for the free principle in religion; we understand our Catholic opponents to demand restrictions upon it, inconsistent, as we think, with its healthful and vigorous action.

We wish to state this cardinal point of difference with some care, that we may do injustice neither to them nor to ourselves.

For ourselves we say, we do not deny that there is absolute truth in religion, but we believe that it is to be found in the intuitions of every individual mind. We do not deny that there is absolute authority in religion, but we believe that it exists only in the righteous will of God. We do not deny that there is a Church unity; but we say that it is found only in the pure and spiritual affections of its members. To distinguish farther, we hold that there is a difference between infallibility and authority. We cannot conceive how the first can attach to any thing human, to any human communication, to any possible form of words; because words are in their very nature but approximations to the expression of absolute truth. They are not perfect symbols, but only shadowings forth of such truth. Yet, although neither human conceptions nor words can be infallible, still both may be certain enough to have authority with us. Though we cannot be infallible recipients of God's will, yet we believe that the indications of his will may be so clear, as to carry with them valid and, indeed, irresistible conviction to our minds. Thus we cannot refuse credence to our own intuitions, to our own inborn conviction of right and wrong, for instance, if we would. We believe that God has thus spoken in our nature, and we believe, too, that he has spoken to us by his Son from heaven, and we receive both these teachings as of authority. But now, if any one should say, "Then you do believe in an authority somewhere, and are bound by it, and therefore are not perfectly free"; we answer, that we are not unlawfully nor injuriously bound. It is one thing for the universal reason that reigns through the world to speak in our heart, or for the holy spirit that pervades the Scriptures to utter its voice in our conscience; and it is another thing for a man to stand before us, perchance no wiser than ourselves, and to say, "Upon such and such points you shall not inquire, for I have decided them." With the simplest dictates of conscience and the Bible, reasoning has properly nothing to do; with dogmas and doctrines, it has rightfully every thing to do,—to examine, to sift, to try, "to prove" them. Beneath the authority

of conscience and of God, we have all the freedom that is desirable to our nature and helpful to our progress in truth and virtue: not so, by any means, in our apprehension, under the dictation of any man or of any consistory or council of men.

But this is the very question. The Catholic system abridges human liberty. Let us see to what extent.

It is not necessary, we presume, to go into detail on this subject. It is not necessary to quote the decrees of councils, or the declarations of approved authors in that Church. The Catholic Church *maintains* that liberty is dangerous, and must be restrained. We do not mean to cast any opprobrium in saying this. It is the deliberate judgment of the Roman Church that men cannot be safely trusted with that freedom which Protestants claim as their right, as the right of human nature. It is the constant tenor of the Papal bulls, and has been ever since the Reformation, to denounce free printing, free reading, and free thought.

The Catholic Church claims to stand *in loco parentis* to the whole world. It says, not to children, but to grown-up men, to studious men, "In all the great questions of religion you shall not swerve one iota from the rule of faith laid down by me; if you do, it is in peril of my displeasure and of eternal pains"; and this is tantamount to saying,—"You shall not freely inquire at all; your only business is implicit acquiescence." Theology, by this demand, is severed from philosophy, from science, from common sense; it is set apart and reserved for a consideration different from that which is accorded to every other subject of human thought. The human mind is not to grow and advance in religion as it does in all other good judgment and profound wisdom. In like manner, the Catholic Church restrains the ordinary reading of the common people, appointing to them, in its famous *Index Expurgatorius*, what they may read and what they shall not read. You have a book in your hand which you think it right or innocent to peruse; you demand at least the freedom to read it if you please; but the Church of Rome says, "You shall not read it; shut it up, lay it aside, put it out of your house; your property, your rights, in it are nothing; I will burn it before your face."

The power of the Roman Catholic priest over his flock is well known. Circumstances may modify it. The intelligent and the resolute may resist; but the ignorant and the timid, the multitude, must and do submit. Nor is it easy to conceive how any mind under the legitimate influence of this system can maintain its independence. He who has the power to absolve or not to absolve us from our sins, must be the master of our minds.

Let us now briefly examine this claim to masterdom and rule over the whole spiritual world.

We say, then, in the first place, that the restrictive principle adopted by the Catholic Church contradicts the inborn and native rights of the human intellect. We may even say that it denies to the mind its necessary and unavoidable action. Thought is essentially free. It is its nature to be free, and freely to diffuse itself, as much as it is the nature of light to shine, and to dart from object to object with incessant motion. We may restrain the expression of opinion, we *may* restrict opinion itself to certain limits; that is, we may possibly refuse to think at all beyond a certain point; but within the sphere of its limitation opinion must be free, or it is not an opinion. We may determine not to investigate the science of theology, we may not dare to inquire what in it is true or not true; but if we do investigate, that action of the mind is necessarily free. For what is that action? A point is placed before us for our examination; the Trinity, or Transubstantiation, or Papal Infallibility. Now what is it that we do and must do? We consider first what the point is; next, what is for it and what is against it. In this process, so far as any real examination goes, our minds act freely, and cannot possibly act otherwise. Now if the Church of Rome stands before us, and says, "Your thinking shall not be free or shall not be perfectly free," it takes a position as irrational as if it said of the beating heart, "Its stroke shall be once in a minute, and not once in a second." It takes a stand against human nature, against the very principles of the human mind. As far, then, as it admits *thought* into its system, it admits freedom. We insist upon this point, and think it worthy of emphatic repetition. As far, we say, as the Roman Church admits *thought* into its system, it admits and must admit freedom.

In the next place, the Roman Catholic restriction is hostile to our *Christian* rights. The Apostles themselves did not demand that submission of the understanding which Romanism demands. They nowhere profess to be infallible. They speak of many "infallible *proofs*" of the Divine mission of Christ; but proofs address themselves to reason. They were proofs which convinced themselves, and which, they said, ought to convince others. They declare that there was a seal of Heaven upon their mission, but they do not say there was a seal of certainty impressed by Heaven upon every one of their teachings. How *could* they say this, when, on the question of the circumcision of Jewish converts, two of them differed; when Paul himself was certainly mistaken with regard to the approaching end of the world; when the same Apostle invites the scrutiny of the Corinthians, saying, "Judge in yourselves; judge ye what I say." The Apostles brought a great and solemn message from Heaven, teaching the paternal love of God, the doctrine of reconciliation with him, the certainty of future life, and lending enforcement to all holy precepts; and upon this Divine mission they declare that God had set the seal of miracles. But when we look into the records of this great ministration, — consisting of free and plain conversations, journals of travel, letters to individuals and churches, questions and controversies, — what can be less like a book of infallible sentences? Do infallible men *reason*? And yet half of the New Testament consists of reasonings. And the world has been filled with reasonings about this book ever since it was written. Could this have happened, if it had been meant to be a record of the infallible dictations of the Holy Spirit? The truth is, infallibility, except as existing in the mind of God, is a mere dream of theology. Certainty enough we have; but infallibility, as any thing but an hyperbole, a figure of speech, has no place in any verbal communications of man with man. Admit its existence in theory, like that of mathematical truth; but, like that, it must fail in all practical attestation. There was no line ever drawn without breadth or thickness. There was no moral truth ever expressed without shadings about it. Take any sentence ever written; and the moment you examine it, every word is susceptible of different meanings, or shades of

meaning; and these shades come into our mind's conception of the idea. The Papal bull that professes to be unerring cannot possibly convey to any two minds exactly the same ideas, in the same precise form, without any coloring or shade or possibility of error.

We say, then, that that right to inquire, which by the very nature and necessity of things all reason and all Scripture concede to us, the Roman Church proposes to bind down under the chains of a technical, fanciful, impracticable infallibility.

In the third place, the Catholic restriction is hostile to human improvement. Consider what must be the condition of a religious community, which puts its whole mind into the keeping of the religious orders; which examines nothing, but defers every thing to the priests; which says, "With our religion we have nothing to do but to perform what they enjoin, and to believe what they prescribe"; nay, which says, as we have known them to say in Italy, "No matter what the priests are, good or bad; we bow down to their *office*, as the image and will of God."

But with regard to the effect of the Catholic religion upon human improvement, it is unnecessary to speculate. Christendom presents upon its whole broad surface a picture so striking and conclusive as to preclude all occasion for argument. The celebrated Sismondi, a native of Switzerland, once made in our hearing the following representation of the state of that country. Putting his hands together and interlocking the fingers, he said,— "In this manner do the Cantons intersect one another. The road often leads across the intersecting districts. You may know in the darkest night when you are in a Protestant and when in a Catholic Canton by the state of the road and the very smell of the country!" This, in fact, is a picture of the entire intellectual and moral condition of Christendom. On the one side are Catholic Spain, Italy, Austria, and Ireland. On the other, are Protestant Germany, England, and North America. France has been under a divided influence, and we see a modified result. And it is especially worthy of remark, that almost all her literature and philosophy for the last sixty years have been anti-Catholic, and are, at this moment, powerfully assailed by the Catholic bishops on that very account.

The fact is, as Herder somewhere observes in his Philosophy of Humanity, that infallibility in language, if it were a thing possible, would stop the progress of the world. Men cannot form a new language every day, nor every year; and if they could, it would break the continuity of human thought, and deprive every generation of the help of the past. And if, on the other hand, language were not, in its very nature, flexible, mutable, vague, imperfect, it would give no chance for the expansion of men's ideas. Make it fixed, fast, infallible; and instead of being a vehicle, a conduit for the flow and swell and rise of human thought, it would chain and lock up the mind of the world in eternal sterility.

And so far as the attempt has been carried to impress upon language the character of infallibility, has it produced precisely this disastrous result. So long as the Decrees of Trent and the syllogisms of Aristotle were regarded as *divine forms* of thought, theology and philosophy stood still, or wearied themselves with running round and round in perpetual circuits. It was the Reformation that broke down this fatal barrier. Can any one survey the history of the higher sciences before and since this event, and doubt that the Catholic restriction clogged and weighed down the human faculties, and obliged them to walk in fetters; and that the Protestant principle has opened to them a free and glorious course? The steps of this progress, the struggles which it cost philosophy to throw off the bondage of the past, are well known. The sixteenth century heaved down the old edifice, the prison-house of ages. The seventeenth century cleared the ground, with Bacon and Locke and Leibnitz and Descartes for laborers. The eighteenth century, under the guidance of Reid and Kant, began to build up. And the glorious work, by the aid of many hands, is going on, which makes the world as new to men of thought, as the progress of mechanic art makes it new to men of action.\*

Such, then, is the position of the two great religious parties that divide Christendom; such are the fields they have cultivated; such are the results. We suppose it is unnecessary to insist upon this illustration of the effects



of the two systems, because it is manifest and undeniable; and especially because we understand Catholic writers,\* as well as those who oppose the free principle in politics,† to admit that individual free action is the most *energetic* action in the world, — that it is certain to produce the results which we have ascribed to it, — that it is certain to carry forward a people, for a time, more rapidly than the restrictive, or extreme conservative principle.

What, then, is the reply to this view of the case? This we must distinctly consider. It is, to say all in one word, that the free principle is unsafe. It is powerful, they admit, but it is dangerous. It will advance a people rapidly, but it will only carry them to swifter destruction.

It is a great deal that this objection demands of us; to give up our right to think, to examine the great subjects that concern our welfare; to give up our Christian rights; to surrender our political immunities which we have wrested from ages of oppression; to put our interests out of our own keeping, and to consign them back to the care of monarchs and pontiffs; to sacrifice principle to expediency, and progress to security. Certainly a very clear case must be made out to justify this demand. If it can be shown that our modern freedom is undoubtedly and inevitably tending to infidelity, irreligion, immorality, anarchy, and ruin, then indeed must we invoke help from Romanism and legitimacy. But indeed it must be a very stringent necessity that brings us to this posture. We hope there is enough heroism left in the world, not to be frightened at shadows of danger; nor at substantial perils if they can be fairly met, and if they are endowed with no superhuman power. It is said, indeed, that there is a total depravity in the world, that is fighting against its welfare like a demon. And there are those who, behind this theological barrier, intrench the cause of legitimacy and spiritual power.

But, admitting all that can be seriously maintained concerning human depravity, — admitting that the world is bad enough, that the human passions naturally spurn control, and that there is danger from this cause, — yet we ask, What special evidence of this danger is there under

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\* See Bishop Hughes's Lecture.

† See Alison's last chapter of his *History of Europe*.

Protestant and liberal institutions? Where at this moment prevail the greatest insecurity and anarchy? Is it in Protestant England and America, or in Catholic Spain and Italy and Austria? Where is the greatest danger of outbreak and violence? Is it in Catholic France, or in Protestant England? What communities in modern times have been guilty of the most enormous and shocking excesses? Have they been Protestant communities? Witness the French Revolution. Witness the disorders of Spain and Portugal, and of our own South America. Witness everywhere and always the results of ignorance and oppression, compared with those of knowledge and freedom. Where, also, is to be found the greatest prevalence of infidelity, irreligion, licentiousness? Will any one dare to say that it is in Protestant countries? Whence have proceeded all the great moral reforms of the day? Who have been the first laborers in the cause of peace, prison-discipline, temperance, — in tract societies, Sunday schools, city missions, and popular education? Who have first espoused the great cause of humanity and justice in the person of the degraded slave? Have not all these enterprises sprung up in the bosom of free Protestant communities? And while all these facts are before us, are we to be told that religious and political freedom is such a dangerous thing, that it ought to be driven out of the world? And are we to be sent back for security to the crushing arm of Hildebrand or of Leo the Tenth, to the power that caused the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, to the protection of feudal tyranny, or to the generous care of the Bourbons and the Stuarts?

Still, it is said, in the popular tendencies there is danger. One is tempted to reply, in the vein of Hotspur, and say, "Why, that's certain; 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink." Doubtless there is danger everywhere. Can Papal or monarchical ascendancy exclude it? If we were precisely to define the point where the greatest danger lies, we should say, *it is where the institutions of a people or of an age come into conflict with its spirit.* This is an argument for a gradual change of institutions to accommodate them to the rising intelligence and power of the people. This is the argument that has presided, for many years, over English legislation. And

whatever scorn may be flung upon the principle of expediency, this is a sound and wise expediency.

We do not deny, but seriously feel that there is danger in the popular tendencies, — danger in freedom, whether spiritual or political. But we cannot give way to alarm or despair. We cannot take the part of those who, at every rise and sweep of the popular wave, fold their arms in disdain, and almost venture to lift an accusing eye to heaven; who say that, if such a measure can be carried or such a man can be elected, they "won't believe in their Bible." Nor can we turn back to the Dark Ages, either with clergy of the English Church, or converts to the Catholic Church, and seek the element of safety in the past. We believe that safety is rather to be found, not in fear or in flight, but in bravely and cheerfully meeting the demand of the time, in a candid construction of that demand, and in a faithful and lofty reasoning with it. This high argument the time requires and must have; and it is a higher appeal, we must think, than has yet found its way into newspapers or political tracts, or any political canvass. But, at any rate, these seem to us to be the only wise and safe watch-words of the age: — *More liberality and less coercion in government; more reasoning, and not less reasoning, in religion.* And therefore do we cast ourselves, in good faith and hope, upon the free Protestant tendencies of the present day.

We know that from the Old World they point to our own country, and affect to say that the experiment of a free government and of a free religion has failed here. We must think that, with many, "the wish is father to that thought." At any rate we are certain that they will find it necessary to look into this solved problem again. A strange sort of failure it is to our eyes, who look upon the scene around us. In truth, it is a spectacle whose significance is as yet but partially apprehended. Scarcely do we ourselves know the wonderful condition in which we are living. Twenty millions of people, "without law and without religion," their traducers say, — i. e. without standing army or ruling hierarchy, — almost unconscious of any coercion or control, registering its sublime volition at the polls the other day, as it had been any quiet day of the year, and thus walking through the round of almost a century in a peaceable order, in a growing pros-

perity, and in a moral self-restraint that may safely challenge all the nations of the world to the comparison! And this is what they call "failure"!

We have given some attention to the political aspects of the great question before us, because they are naturally, and by the actual discussions of the day, deeply involved in it. Let us now make an observation or two in closing, upon its simply religious bearings.

We have said that the claims of the Catholic Church are in conflict with the liberty of the world. To its infallibility, if we submit to it, we must resign freedom of thought; to its authority, freedom of action. But this freedom, it is very manifest, is the special, characteristic, overwhelming demand of the age. In such an age, can that Church regain its ancient supremacy? This apparently is its present endeavour and hope; but it seems to us that the question about its success is very much like asking if feudalism and absolute power and the ages of darkness can come back again. It is in vain to talk about a modified Romanism. That Church must have absolute supremacy over the universal conscience and will, or it is no longer the Roman Church. Is the present age likely to submit to such a power? Will it welcome back Jesuitism, the Inquisition, and pontifical supremacy? We are certain that it will not; and that all the signs that wear that appearance to a superficial observation, are but the temporary and partial reactions and fears, that naturally wait upon the progress and development of principles so new to the world, as those of rational and Christian freedom.

Now, that some philosophical mystics and enthusiastic artists and frightened latitudinarians, and young women educated at the *Sacré Cœur*, should have gone over to that Church, is not surprising; but that any deep-thinking man, of sound practical sense, and in view of the simple merits of the case, should have given in his adhesion to it, is a problem that we cannot solve; and we do not know that we are called upon to solve it.

We say, in view of the simple merits of the case: there are several grounds, which we very well understand, on which a man may be drawn to the Catholic Church; but not one of them is the abstract argument for it. We doubt whether one convert to it can be found, who has

given up his Protestant faith from feeling any speculative difficulties about it, such as have led, and in fact obliged, many thinking men to give up the doctrines of the Trinity, of Election, &c. Other influences have been clearly at work in this matter. The Oxford converts, it is well known, for some time previous to their retrograde movement, found themselves in a stream of liberal, if not rationalistic speculation, that threatened at length, in their own apprehension, to sweep them away from Christianity altogether. They naturally said, if we, studious and retired men, cannot meet this peril, surely the mass of the people cannot. They reconsidered the grounds of their faith, naturally and especially seeking for the element of safety; and they found it, as they conceived, in the old and infallible Church. They became conservative and ultra-conservative in religion, just as men — a well-known case — become conservative, and go to the extreme on that side, in politics. The *æsthetic* influence, again, is powerful with some. We understand it very well, for we have felt it. The ever-open churches, the sacred altars and venerable shrines of the old worship, the symbolic and solemn ceremonial, are naturally attractive to such. We could tell our readers of those who have passed months in the city of Rome, and who spent a part of every day in sincere pilgrimages to the churches; who went, not, as most Protestants do, to criticize, but to meditate; who visited them in early morning and evening twilight, and in the bright noonday, which scarce penetrated their “dim, religious light” and solemn stillness; who constantly found solitary worshippers there, kneeling on the worn altar-steps, — often in tears, — and took part in the hallowed emotions of the place and the hour; and who said in their hearts, “Would that we could find such things at home! Would that Protestantism had not cast them all away! We *would* be Catholics if we *could*.” In short, there are minds which have imaginative affinities for the Catholic Church, for its venerable antiquity, for its parental control and care, for its unity and stability and repose. And now that the old Protestant horror against it is passing away, such minds are left free to follow their natural tendencies. They go to that Church, just as some go to the Methodist, others to the Episcopal communion. Such, we think, are the influences that

account for some conversions among us to Romanism,—much noticed on account of their singularity,—for we are inclined to believe that conversions the other way are quite as numerous. They are indeed sufficiently remarkable; but they would be far more so, if it were not the fact, that in many cases they are the offspring of sentiment and imagination, or of conservative alarm, and that clear apprehension and sober reasoning have very little to do with them. We have sometimes said to a person just upon the verge of such a conversion,—“Do you know what it is that you are about to embrace? Do you know, for instance, what the *mass* is?” Well, what is it?—was the reply. “It is that what you know to be bread and wine becomes, on the utterance of certain words by the priest, blood and flesh,—the very body and blood of the living Christ.” O, we can never believe *that*! “Then you cannot be a Catholic. Your feelings, your imagination, may be touched by this religion. We very well understand all that; we may have wished, as you do, that we could embrace it; but before the incredible miracle of the mass we have stopped, and could go no farther. And, furthermore, do you know what the doctrine of infallibility is,—to wit, that there is in this Church a perpetual and miraculous power of judging, such that it is liable to no chance of error,—not infallible intuition, which dwells in all minds, but infallible judgment, about dogmas, about books, about much-debated and perplexed cases of political or moral conduct? Did you ever read the history of this Church? Did you ever read the history of the Popes? *Infallibility* in this body! Was there ever a greater mockery than such a pretension? Was there ever a lineage of kings, in which could be found more pride, passion, ambition, nepotism, luxury, and licentiousness than can be found in the history of the Popes? Were there ever assemblies of men that had upon them clearer marks of human passion and policy, than the Œcumenical Councils? Read the history and decisions of those councils, and see if you can accept them as infallible oracles!\* And once more, have you fully considered what submissions you are to

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\* See Canons of the Church, in a small volume, containing the Decrees of the Six Œcumenical Councils, translated by the Rev. William A. Hammond.

make of your reason and conscience to that Church? — that you are to yield yourself up, bound hand and foot, to whatsoever it may please that Church authority to ordain, — dogmas, penances, canonization of saints, celibacy of the clergy, Inquisition, *auto da fe*, — to every edict and ordinance of that power, without qualification and without question?"

And now, to pass from the difficulties in the individual, to the state of the general mind, we ask, Is it possible that such claims as those of the Papacy should prevail in an age like this? Is it possible that the Papal power should regain its dominion over these our Protestant countries? Every school-house is a barrier against it. Every printing-press is a battlement. Every steam-car is a battering-ram, to break it in pieces. Light, and light in a state of free diffusion, — we will believe that the day of the world is to go down for ever, before we can believe that this shadow of spiritual darkness is again to come over us.

There are those among us who fear the success of Roman propagandism in this country. We cannot conjure up in our minds one sympathy with that fear. We believe that Romanism has more to fear from this country, than this country has to fear from Romanism. Romanism wholly in the ranks of the democracy! Romanism contending for the largest liberty! — it is self-destruction. We do not forget that still the priest has extraordinary power; but it is not here what it is found in Italy, and never can be. It will melt from his grasp here, in the solvent power of universal opinion.

Yes, opinion, free opinion, universal opinion, every man's opinion; — that is a power which has come up into the modern world, conducted by education and supported by the press; and it is a power of which the Roman Church, when she laid her foundations, never calculated the force. It is a power which the old Roman Empire, in all her majesty and strength, never knew and never equalled. Men are no longer obedient masses, but thinking individuals. Yes, thinking, a little thinking, — it is the mightiest power in the world. It has produced all the great revolutions in modern times; the Reformation, the French Revolution, the English Constitution, the American Republic. Let us not mistake it because it is an invisible thing. On nothing can we lay our hand, of

nothing can we calculate the results, with such security, of no force have we such assurance as of that.

Whoever would frame any enterprise or calculation upon these modern times, must take this into the account. This is the great, central, seminal innovation of this latter age, the new thing under the sun; it is not radically a free constitution, it is a free thought. Thought at last has got leave to be, and to be uttered. Long ages it slept in the mass beneath the leaden pall of ignorance, in the iron-bound vault which despotism had built and barred around it. Long ages of its waking, it stammered with inarticulate utterance. But now it is a clarion, a trumpet voice upon all the winds of heaven. Bid that voice be still; remand to the grave the thought that breathes in it; and then may you have a religion like that which Romanism has been represented to be; "a religion lying in state and surrounded with the silent pomp of death."

This is no declamation. This is the issue to be made up. It is between free opinion and the Catholic restriction. We state the issue in no unfriendly spirit towards Catholics. We understand *them* to avow that they hold free opinion to be unsafe, and the restriction which they propose to lay upon it, to be necessary. This, then, is the issue. And thus do we state the inevitable result as it appears to us. If Romanism is greater than reason, if the Catholic Church is stronger than public opinion, it may regain its lost ascendancy. But on the contrary, if the freed mind of the world is stronger than the Roman Church, it will hold its ground, it will advance, and that Church will never prevail against it. O. D.

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#### ART. II.—BROWNING'S POEMS.\*

MR. BROWNING's earliest productions were so obscure, involved, and egotistical in their character, as rather to repel than to excite the admiration of ordinary readers. Nor are his later poems entirely free from these vices.

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\* *Poems.* By ROBERT BROWNING. In Two Volumes. A new Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 16mo. pp. 384, 416.



But in his revised edition those pieces which most severely exercised his readers have been quietly dropped. Few persons will regret their omission; and we think our poet has acted wisely in rejecting them, as they must have tended greatly to circumscribe his popularity if printed in connection with his other works. We do not suppose, however, that he will ever become a general favorite, or attain to the same degree of popular regard which is now enjoyed by Mr. Tennyson, the only English poet of the day who approaches him in excellence. He discloses a pride of self-conceit in his manner of treating a subject, which is somewhat repulsive to those who are accustomed to the current forms of poetry. In other words, he exhibits an ungracious superiority to his audience, and commands rather than invites their attention. Hence his works are poems for the thoughtful few rather than for the thoughtless many, — dramas for the closet rather than the stage. They must be studied rather than be glanced over in a few leisure moments, or be indistinctly caught from the lips of mouthing actors amidst the glare of gas-lights, the tinsel of a theatre, and the impertinent gossip of idlers. The cold, calm, passionless student may well spend the midnight oil over them; and with each new perusal he will discover new beauties and new food for thought. There is hardly another English poet now living, in the full exercise of all his faculties, who is so suggestive of new ideas, who shows so keen an insight into the mysteries of character, or whose works are so strongly impressed with the marks of genius. Mr. Tennyson alone, as we have intimated, can dispute the preëminence with him; but the works of that deservedly popular poet are too often disfigured by a feebleness and effeminacy which we nowhere find in Mr. Browning's poems. And although Mr. Browning has little or none of that airy fancy and musical harmony which delight us in Mr. Tennyson, he possesses a much stronger imagination and a more manly style. There is a masculine energy in his poetry which we fail to discover in Mr. Tennyson's pieces, and which reminds us of the great dramatists of the age of Elizabeth, — those intellectual giants of the sixteenth century. We might cite, in proof of this, many instances of that happy boldness of imagery which is a prominent characteristic of their works; but we shall

content ourselves with giving one or two illustrations only. The following, from the dying words of Paracelsus to his friend Festus, is a striking picture of a restless life:—

“ Well !

Well : 't is a strange thing. I am dying, Festus,  
And now that fast the storm of life subsides,  
I first perceive how great the whirl has been :  
I was calm then, who am so dizzy now, —  
Calm in the thick of the tempest, but no less  
A partner of its motion, and mixed up  
With its career. The hurricane is spent,  
And the good boat speeds through the brightening weather ;  
But is it earth or sea that heaves below ?  
For the gulf rolls like a meadow, overstrewn  
With ravaged boughs and remnants of the shore ;  
And now some islet, loosed from the land,  
Swims past with all its trees, sailing to ocean ;  
And now the air is full of up-torn canes,  
Light strippings from the fan-trees, tamarisks  
Unrooted, with their birds still clinging to them,  
All high in the wind. Even so my varied life  
Drifts by me.”

— Vol. I. pp. 137, 138.

A still finer illustration occurs in the guilty conversation between Sebald and Ottima, in *Pippa Passes*:—

“ Buried in woods we lay, you recollect ;  
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead ;  
And ever and anon some bright white shaft  
Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof, — here burnt and there,  
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen  
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,  
Feeling for guilty thee and me : then broke  
The thunder like a whole sea overhead.”

— Vol. I. pp. 180, 181.

In his less lofty flights of imagination, Mr. Browning exhibits the same richness of imagery. Indeed, all his poems are thickly set with these verbal gems, which flash and sparkle with true poetic beauty. We can give only two examples, taken almost at random. Thus, when Festus, listening at the death-bed of Paracelsus, perceives a faint gleam of reason through his friend's incoherent and feverish murmurings, he exclaims:—

“ A sense  
Will struggle through these thronging words at last,  
As in the angry and tumultuous west  
A soft star trembles through the drifting clouds.”

— Vol. I. pp. 127, 128.

Again, when Luigi is arguing with his mother that he is peculiarly a fit person to destroy his country's tyrant, he tells her:—

“ Every one knows for what his excellence  
Will serve, but no one ever will consider  
For what his worst defect might serve ; and yet  
Have you not seen me range our coppice yonder  
In search of a distorted ash ? it happens  
The wry, spoilt branch 's a natural perfect bow ! ”

— Vol. I. p. 210.

Mr. Browning farther possesses a keen and lively wit, a quiet humor, a decidedly sarcastic turn of mind, and a hearty dislike of all the conventional follies of our boastful age. But these characteristics are more apparent in his shorter poems than in his elaborate dramatic pieces. In *Waring*, for instance, he shrewdly asks:—

“ Who 's alive ?  
Our men scaree seem in earnest now :  
Distinguished names ! — but 't is, somehow,  
As if they played at being names  
Still more distinguished, like the games  
Of children. Turn our sport to earnest  
With a visage of the sternest !  
Bring the real times back, confessed  
Still better than our very best ! ”

— Vol. II. p. 292.

In *The Englishman in Italy* he thus sarcastically indicates his political belief:—

“ ‘ Such trifles,’ you say ?  
Fortù, in my England at home,  
Men meet gravely to-day  
And debate, if abolishing Corn-laws  
Is righteous and wise,  
— If 't is proper, Scirocco should vanish  
In black from the skies ! ”

— Vol. II. p. 340.

*The Flight of the Duchess* seems to be designed |

chiefly as a satire upon the "Middle-Age-manners-adapters," as our poet calls them, who, through the almost impenetrable darkness of the Middle Ages discover the brightness of a meridian light, and who sigh over a greatness which exists only in their own diseased imaginations, or upon the rose-colored pages of the Tractarian writers. A brief analysis of the poem will help to confirm this view, and enable us to present several fine extracts, illustrative of his various characteristics as a poet and thinker.

The story is told by an old forester, who has grown gray in service, while sitting over his bottle of wine with a friend. After professing a full knowledge of all the circumstances attending the flight of the Duchess, he thus describes his master's ancestral territories:—

"Ours is a great, wild country :

If you climb to our cattle's top,  
I don't see where your eye can stop;  
For when you 've passed the cornfield country,  
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,  
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,  
And cattle-tract to open-chase,  
And open-chase to the very base  
Of the mountain, where, at a funeral pace,  
Round about, solemn and slow,  
One by one, row after row,  
Up and up the pine-trees go,  
So, like black priests up, and so  
Down the other side again  
To another greater, wilder country,  
That 's one vast red, drear, burnt-up plain,  
Branched through and through with many a vein  
Whence iron 's dug, and copper 's dealt;  
Look right, look left, look straight before,—  
Beneath they mine, above they smelt,  
Copper-ore and iron-ore,  
And forge and furnace mould and melt,  
And so on, more and ever more,  
Till, at the last, for a bounding belt,  
Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore,  
— And the whole is our Duke's country ! "

— Vol. II. p. 361.

Upon the death of the old Duke, his infant heir is left in charge of the Duke's wife, a termagant of the first order; but the lady is dissatisfied with her wintry home,

and carries her son into foreign lands to be educated. At length they return, little improved in the eyes of the honest retainer:—

“ And he came back the pertest little ape  
That ever affronted human shape;  
Full of his travel, struck at himself. —  
You ’d say, he despised our bluff old ways.  
— Not he! For in Paris they told the elf  
That our rough North land was the Land of Lays,  
The one good thing left in evil days;  
Since the Mid-Age was the Heroic Time,  
And only in wild nooks like ours  
Could you taste of it yet as in its prime,  
And see true castles, with proper towers,  
Young-hearted women, old-minded men,  
And manners now as manners were then.  
So, all that the old Dukes had been, without knowing it,  
This Duke would fain know he was, without being it;  
’T was not for the joy’s self, but the joy of his showing it,  
Nor for the pride’s self, but the pride of our seeing it,  
He revived all usages thoroughly worn out,  
The souls of them fumed-forth, the hearts of them torn out:  
And chief in the chase his neck he perilled,  
On a lathy horse, all legs and length,  
With blood for bone; all speed, no strength;  
— They should have set him on red Berold,  
With the red eye slow consuming in fire,  
And the thin, stiff ear, like an abbey spire!”

— Vol. II. pp. 364, 365.

After a short time our Puseyite Duke concludes that it is good for a man to marry, and takes to himself a wife:—

“ She was the smallest lady alive,  
Made, in a piece of Nature’s madness,  
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness  
That over-filled her, as some hive  
Out of the bears’ reach on the high trees  
Is crowded with its safe, merry bees.”

— Vol. II. p. 365.

She wins all hearts by her sweetness of temper and the gentleness of her demeanour; but her husband shows little affection for her, and her mother-in-law makes her home any thing but a pleasant abode. The fair bride’s health gradually breaks down under the constant ill treatment

to which she is subjected, when the worthy Duke bethinks himself that it would be proper to give a grand hunt.

“ Well, early in autumn, at first winter-warning,  
 When the stag had to break with his foot, of a morning,  
 A drinking-hole out of the fresh, tender ice  
 That covered the pond till the sun, in a trice,  
 Loosening it, let out a ripple of gold,  
 And another and another, and faster and faster,  
 Till, dimpling to blindness, the wide water rolled :  
 Then it so chanced that the Duke our master  
 Asked himself what were the pleasures in season,  
 And found, since the calendar bade him be hearty,  
 He should do the Middle Age no treason  
 In resolving on a hunting-party.  
 Always provided, old books showed the way of it !  
 What meant old poets by their strictures ?  
 And when old poets had said their say of it,  
 How taught old painters in their pictures ?  
 We must revert to the proper channels,  
 Workings in tapestry, paintings on panels,  
 And gather up woodcraft’s authentic traditions :  
 Here was food for our various ambitions,  
 As on each case, exactly stated,  
 — To encourage your dog, now, the properest chirrup,  
 Or best prayer to St. Hubert on mounting your stirrup, —  
 We of the household took thought and debated.  
 Blessed was he whose back ached with the jerkin  
 His sire was wont to do forest-work in ;  
 Blessed he who nobly sunk ‘ ohs ’  
 And ‘ ahs ’ while he tugged on his grandsire’s trunkhose ;  
 What signified hats if they had no rims on,  
 Each slouching before and behind like the scallop,  
 And able to serve at sea for a shallop,  
 Loaded with lacquer and looped with crimson ?  
 So that the deer now, to make a short rhyme on ‘ t,  
 What with our Venerers, Prickers, and Verderers,  
 Might hope for real hunters at length, and not murderers,  
 And O, the Duke’s tailor, — he had a hot time on ‘ t.”  
 — Vol. II. pp. 368, 369.

Having made these preparations, the Duke commands his wife to perform her part as set forth in the musty tomes of the old chroniclers ; but she refuses, on the plea of physical inability. The chivalric lover of old-fashioned sports is horror-stricken at this breach of feudal discipline ; and his amiable mother comes to his assistance

in a fierce harangue about the ingratitude, conceit, and arrogant presumption of her daughter-in-law. Still the lady persists in her refusal; and the hunt goes on without her. Just, however, as the party is about to start, a troop of gypsies make their appearance. The leader, a villanous looking old hag, accosts the Duke; but he is deaf to her words until she tells him that she has come to pay her duty to the new Duchess. A smile at once lights up his sombre countenance, and bending forward in his saddle and whispering a few words in her ear, he commands the forester to set the old gypsy to telling stories to his wife during his absence. The servant gladly obeys, conducts them back to the castle, and remains outside of the room during the interview, occasionally catching the strangely melodious sound of the gypsy's voice; but at the most important moment he falls asleep, and is only aroused by hearing the Duchess come out of the chamber followed by the gypsy. They proceed to the stable, where he instinctively saddles a horse; and the Duchess mounting, with the gypsy behind her, rides off, and is never heard of more; —

“ Brief, the Duchess was gone and the Duke was glad of it,  
And the old one was in the young one's stead,  
And took, in her place, the household's head,  
And a blessed time the household had of it! ”

— Vol. II. pp. 389, 390.

Mr. Browning's sly humor is perhaps seen to the best advantage in *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a charming child's story told in a somewhat quaint manner, but full of genuine touches of nature. His power of vivid description has already been sufficiently shown in the foregoing extracts; but we cannot refrain from citing the following spirited ballad, which forcibly reminds us of Mr. Macaulay's *Armada*: —

“ ‘ HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT  
TO AIX.’ ”

[16—.]

I.

“ I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
‘ Good speed!’ cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;  
‘ Speed!’ echoed the wall to us galloping through;

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

## II.

“Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

## III.

“’T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Duffield, ’t was morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, ‘Yet there is time!’

## IV.

“At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

## V.

“And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;  
And one eye’s black intelligence, — ever that glance  
O’er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

## VI.

“By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, ‘Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault ’s not in her,  
We ’ll remember at Aix,’ — for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

## VII.

“So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
’Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;



Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

## viii.

" 'How they 'll greet us!' — and all in a moment his roan,  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which could alone save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

## ix.

" Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

## x.

" And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent." — Vol. II. pp. 318-320.

Rich as are Mr. Browning's powers of imagination and description, his chief excellence lies in his delineation of individual character; and we know of no other living poet who so thoroughly conceives or so finely portrays the differing shades of it found in actual life. His personages have a vitality and idiosyncrasy of their own, while they are always true to nature and never degenerate into caricatures. Take almost any one of his principal characters, and we at once perceive this excellence, although we occasionally find them dealing quite too much in metaphysical arguments and discussions about abstract ideas. But, apart from this defect, which is, to a greater or less degree, inherent in nearly all his creations, we have little to object to his conceptions of character. Among his female characters, the preference, we suppose, will generally be given to Pippa, who is one of the sweetest creations of modern poetry. It is impossible to resist the beautiful simplicity and purity of her charac-

ter, as it is developed in the few brief glimpses which we catch of her during her single holiday. Widely different from her and from each other are the clear-headed but faithful Polyxena, the gentle Mildred, the spotless and affectionate Guendolen, the fond mother of Luigi, the tender-hearted and patriotic Colombe, the devoted Anael, the cunning Domizia, and the thoroughly wicked Ottima; yet all are admirably conceived and sharply drawn. We at once pierce to the very heart's core of each of them, and read her whole disposition at a glance. In his delineations of male character, Mr. Browning shows equal skill. Luigi, Sebald, Monsignor, King Victor, King Charles, D'Ormea, Valence, Thorold, Austin, Henry, Gerard, Luria, Puccia, Braccio, and Tiburzio, are all living realities to the mind. From this enumeration of Mr. Browning's best characters, we have purposely omitted all mention of the characters in *Paracelsus*, his earliest published poem. They seem to us too much like mere metaphysical abstractions; and too nearly approach the dangerous borders of caricature. They are the offspring of his immature years; and, notwithstanding its many beautiful passages, the poem, considered as a whole, is intolerably wearisome, and conveys but a faint idea of the powers displayed in *Pippa Passes*, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and *Luria*.

Mr. Browning's mind is eminently dramatic; and all of his works have a dramatic tone. Even his lyrical and narrative poems are very properly denominated "dramatic lyrics." Most of them, however, are dramatic poems rather than dramas, and might just as well have been cast in a different form. They lack those salient points, and that briskness of movement which are needful in an effective stage-play. Mr. Macready's powerful patronage and his own acting failed to interest a London audience in them because they were deficient in these qualities; and they were speedily laid upon the shelf.

We have left ourselves little space in which to speak of particular pieces, and can barely indicate their general character and relative merits. *Paracelsus* is the longest poem in the collection, and fills nearly half of the first volume; but its merit is by no means commensurate with its length. Mr. Browning's next two publications, *Sordello*, and *Strafford*, are now withdrawn from circula-

tion, and probably will not again be brought forward to vex the public. *Pippa Passes* is the second poem in the present edition, and is altogether the sweetest and most graceful of his published works. The originality of the design, the simplicity and beauty of the story, and, above all, the character of Pippa herself, commend it to the reader, and must always make it one of our poet's most popular pieces. *King Victor and King Charles* is, upon the whole, a favorable specimen of the historical drama; but it lacks interest, and the artistic execution is inferior to that of some of the other pieces. *Colombe's Birthday* is a sprightly and pleasant dramatic sketch, in which the interest centres wholly in the two principal characters, and we care little for the accessories. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* comes next, and is undoubtedly Mr. Browning's masterpiece; but it must be read as a whole in order to be fairly appreciated, for no extracts can do justice to its great power and beauty. It possesses a simple and massive grandeur to which none of his other works can lay claim. The reader's mind is completely overwhelmed and led captive during its perusal; and he rises from it with the full conviction that no one but a poet of the highest order could thus have chained his attention. *The Return of the Druses* falls far short of this height of excellence, and ranks even lower than *King Victor and King Charles*. *Luria* is a powerfully conceived and skilfully executed tragedy, full of admirable passages, and only inferior to *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. *A Soul's Tragedy* is properly a dramatic poem, with little incident and only a slight attempt at characterization. The second part, however, is full of quiet humor and pointed satire. Few pieces are more characteristic of Mr. Browning's mind than this second part; and if we had not already exceeded our limits, we should be glad to present some extracts from it.

Of the dramatic lyrics, which occupy not quite half of the second volume, we think the best are, *My Last Duchess*, *Count Gismond*, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," *The Italian in England*, *The Lost Leader*, *The Laboratory*, *The Flight of the Duchess*, *Earth's Immortalities*, and those exquisitely beautiful little cabinet pictures, *Meeting at Night*, and *Parting at Morning*.

## ART. III. — THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"THERE are moments in the life of man," says the plotting astrologer in Schiller's great drama, "when he is nearer to the world-spirit than at others, and has the privilege of questioning destiny." That privilege remains, and the practice remains; although the art of interpreting destiny by signs in the sky has fallen into disrepute. There are seasons which forcibly turn the mind toward the future, and which, if they fail to inspire prophetic insight, fail not to loosen prophetic tongues, giving birth to vaticinations which make up in volubility what they want in vision.

The current year, as the high noon of the nineteenth century, dividing its first from its latter half, is apt for speculations of this sort. It furnishes a ready observatory for all who incline to study the signs of the times. It prompts inquiries respecting the present state and future destination of society. How wears the century? What is the import and promise, thus far, of this cycle of earthly life? Whereunto has it brought us? Whither is it carrying us? What has it done, what is it likely to do, for man?

Next to his own individual progress, there is no topic which a man can propose to himself more worthy his attention than the progress of his kind. Is society, on the whole, advancing and destined to advance indefinitely from age to age? or only to oscillate between fixed bounds of alternate gain and loss? A question to be pondered! Philosophy has endeavoured to solve this question theoretically, in favor of human progress. But the historical solution is still remote, and admits only of conjectural approximation. Let us see what light the subject receives from the signs of the times.

The first condition of progress to beings thrown together in the same sphere and having a common destination, is union among themselves. A union not forced or accidental, but voluntary, cordial; a union based in reason and reciprocity, a union of consenting wills and cworking hands, — all the members combining in one interest, to one end; an organization which shall unite the greatest liberty of the individual with the greatest

compactness of the whole, and make the gain of each the unfailing good of all.

Does the present organization of society fulfil these conditions?

A glance at the actual state of the world shows men gathered in large groups, called nations, under political organizations which claim their allegiance by territorial right. Wherever we find man civilized, we find him thus conditioned. We find in society a power distinct from society, to wit, the state. We find men subject to political organizations, to which, in most countries, they are not a party, and which, in all countries, imperfectly represent their wants and claims. We have called the state a power distinct from society. What we mean is, that the state, as it now exists in most countries, is not a necessary type of society as such. Necessary it is that men living together in local proximity should have some kind of polity, i. e. some kind of mutual understanding by which they govern themselves. They must unite in order to accomplish what could not be accomplished by individual effort. They must combine for mutual protection against natural enemies, fire and flood, and the evil passions of men. And this combination must be with some kind of form and executive authority. But the state, as usually known, is more than this. Under existing organizations, government constitutes an interest by itself, distinct from the interests of society; an interest involving a vast expenditure of means, and attracting a large number of dependents who subsist by those means, and whose first care is the preservation of that state of things by which they subsist. Politics becomes a trade, which, however profitable to those who embark in it, is attended with no profit to the people at large. There arises a class of men who add nothing to the industry of the nation, and whose action is chiefly manifest in fomenting discord by pestilent agitation.

It is very clear that politics, in this sense and function, can never furnish the kind of organization which is needed for the best development and growth of society. The government, which constitutes an interest in and to itself, is more likely to retard than to promote that development and growth. Nothing is to be hoped for humanity from political organizations. They have enough to do to take care of themselves.

On this account, we are the less disposed to regret the issue of the late revolutionary movements in Europe ; of which the most remarkable feature is their utter fruitlessness, as it regards the objects contemplated by those who started them. Had those ends been accomplished, it is very doubtful whether the cause of humanity would have gained, or the masses have been essentially benefited by that success. The evils which afflict the masses in Europe are not political but social evils. No speculation can be more idle, than to look for any permanent relief for those evils, from pulling down one dynasty and putting up another. Meanwhile, however, these movements, as failures, have accomplished one good. They have shown how entirely the governments of Europe are based upon force, and how entirely that force is pledged to wealth and wealth to it ; and how vain the hope of any radical and lasting change in the constitution of society, while these make common cause. So long as purse and bayonet hold together, no revolution can prosper which they oppose. The terrible carnage which ensanguined the streets of Paris in June, 1848, revealed the extent of that power with which the *proletaire* had vainly attempted to cope. The same lesson was taught on the other side of the Channel, in April of the same year, when, at the mere rumor of a demonstration of the Chartist on Kensington Common, thousands and tens of thousands of the citizens of London had themselves sworn special constables, and, with bludgeons in their hands, prepared to guard their own.

From political revolutions there is nothing to be hoped. The obstacles in the way of social progress are such as no politics can remove. The evils to be remedied are such as no politics can reach. The ends to be accomplished are such as no politician is likely to contemplate. A better hope for society lies in combinations independent of government,—not in opposition to it, but independent of it,—with such means and conditions as the state allows ;—combinations which have for their object the mutual aid and support of those who combine, and which, by union of means and efforts in one interest, shall secure to each individual a degree of comfort and prosperity which individual effort could never accomplish. This hope it is the glory of the nineteenth century to have

started. These combinations it will be the function of the nineteenth century to bring about. The idea of industrial association is the product of this age; and among the most hopeful of the signs of the times may be reckoned the experiments now making in this kind. Great success is not to be expected from these first experiments, but whether successful or not, they indicate a principle of some importance, as it regards the future well-being of man; a principle which is likely in time to work important revolutions in social economy. The right direction has been found. The principle is there; it only remains to experiment with it until it yields the desired result.

Socialism is to many a word of ominous import, suggesting ideas of disorganization, contempt of authority, corruption of morals, licentiousness, and infidelity. With the socialism of the French school we have no sympathy. It seems to us deficient in all the best elements of human nature. It overlooks the true ends of life. It makes no account of the moral destination of man, as an individual. It is essentially epicurean, irreligious, grovelling; making pleasure the only good, and the kingdom of heaven to consist in meats and drinks, and luxury and art. The phalanstery, as sketched by Fourier, strikes us as a very false picture of human life, too gay and festal "for human nature's daily food." We miss the elements of self-denial and devotion, notwithstanding the so-called "Sacred Band." There is no recognition of the holy ministry of sorrow. We mistrust the extinction of evil by dexterous adjustment of evils. Too gay, too scenic, sensual; in a word too French;—a splendid mask, a paradise without the tree of life. But happily the principle of association is not committed to phalansterian visions, and is nowise compromised by the vices and defects of the French school. The principle is sound; it is grounded in human nature,—at one with the truths of religion and the order of God. It will bear equally the test of skepticism and of piety. The principle is self-evident. Four hands can accomplish more than two, and forty more than four. A house which shall accommodate twenty families is cheaper than twenty houses, and can be more economically warmed and lighted;—wholesale purchases are cheaper than retail, and coöperation is more profitable than competition, &c., &c. There is nothing chimerical in

this, nothing alarming, nothing impracticable, nothing but what sound philosophy approves, and sound philanthropy must wish to see realized. This is only one form of association. The same principle admits of indefinite application to all the business of life. And when so applied, when society in all its functions and relations shall have adopted this principle, and organized itself in conformity with it, then the state will be a commonwealth in the truest sense of that term, and politics as a trade will become obsolete. Already, we fancy, the thoughts and sympathies of the better portion of the people of this country are becoming alienated from politics. The best faculty does not often lend itself to that service, still seldomer the highest virtue. It is felt that the air of the Capitol is impure,—a feeling which the history of the present Congress is not likely to allay. Politics as a science is worthy of all honor. Politics as an art, though destined to become obsolete, is still respectable. But politics as a trade is the meanest of all trades, and is apt to attract the meanest men.

Another sign of the times, which also points in the direction of increased union, consequently a sign of progress, is the peace movement. The reformers of this age have taken upon themselves, along with other charities, the cause of international peace. It is true, their advocacy of that cause has not always been marked with a wisdom equal to their zeal. Much that is said on the subject is not very profound; there has been no just appreciation of the nature and the sources and the meaning of war. The measures proposed for effecting the object in view are absurd, and Brussels and Paris peace-congresses, however well meant, and however respectable in the character and aims of those who composed them, have also a farcical side, which the genius of Parisian comedy has been swift to detect. Still it is the voice of humanity that has spoken, with whatever feebleness of organ. It is the sense of two great nations that has spoken; if the views and feelings of England and America on this subject could be fairly tested. At any rate, it is the sense of the wise and good of those countries and of all countries that has spoken. The word has gone forth, "War must cease." The word has gone forth, "War will cease." And with due allowance of time for its accomplishment,



the word is true. It is true, at least, as it regards the more enlightened nations of the earth. No one who studies attentively the present condition of Europe can fail to perceive that there is a great deal of fighting yet to be done before those immense armies are disbanded. But the fighting will come to an end. Who can say that this century will not see the end of it? If this century does not, some other century will. The word has gone forth; it will not return void. War must cease, says the religionist, because it is unchristian. War must cease, says the political economist, because it is ruinous. These two pleas cover the whole ground, and between them both, the cause of peace must finally prevail. We have no faith in international congresses for the arbitration of international disputes. We believe that, before the time shall arrive when nations will submit to the sentence of such a congress, unless satisfied of its justice, international disputes will cease, and the interests of nations be merged in the interests of humanity. But the pleas of religion and economy will finally win the cause. War is unchristian; that means unlawful, wicked. It is not that war occasions so wide a destruction of human life. This ground has been made unnecessarily prominent in conducting the argument, to the injury, as it seems to us, of the cause of peace. No good can come from dwelling on this point. No new conviction of the unlawfulness of war is obtained by urging the statistics of carnage;—so many thousands slain at Cannæ, and so many thousands at Waterloo. It is not a question of arithmetic. If only one individual were slain in a battle, the Christian argument would be precisely the same as if half the human race were swept into death. Morality does not reckon thus; questions of right and wrong do not go by figures. That war is destructive of human life, is a fact of which no one needs to be informed. It is so understood by the makers of war. It is for that very reason that war is made. To argue against war as fatal to life, is about as cogent as to argue against murder as fatal to life; as if homicide in either case were only an incidental consequence, and not the design, of the act. The plea is, not that war is destructive of human life, but that the life destroyed is the life of a brother. This is the Christian view of it. Those who call themselves ene-

mies, whom war arrays in deadly opposition, are brothers. The enemy is accidental, the brother is essential. The enemy is imaginary, the brother is real. They are brothers. That which binds them together is incomparably more than that which divides them. The highest interests of each are common to both. It is only through ignorance of their true relation that they seem to themselves enemies. Let the fact of brotherhood be fairly grasped, and war becomes impossible.

It is singular enough, that, since the first century of the Christian era, when Christians refused to fight because of their faith, the unchristian nature of warfare should never, until the nineteenth, have been fairly brought to speech. Two years ago, when Pius the Ninth was urged by his counsellors to declare war against Austria, he refused to do so, as unbecoming the head of the Church. This is the first instance, so far as we remember, in which a Christian prince has taken Christian ground on this subject. Governments professing to be Christian, supporting Christian institutions, have ignored, in the coolest manner, the Christian law in relation to this point. The same governments employ men to fight, and men whose business it is to say that fighting is contrary to the commands of God. And what is specially noticeable, governments bring these two incompatibilities into immediate contact. Along with the troops which are sent to fight, they associate preachers of the Gospel which forbids to fight, unconscious of the irony they are perpetrating. At the taking of Magdeburg, in the 'Thirty Years' War,—after the most unheard of atrocities, atrocities, says the historian,\* “for which history has no language, and poetry no pencil”; a carnage in which the Croats and Walloons of Pappenheim amused themselves with throwing infants into the flames, or transfixing them at the mother's breast; after 30,000 citizens, mostly women and children, had been put to death; after the splendid city had been fired and reduced to ashes, only two churches and a few huts remaining, — Tilly with his troops entered one of those churches, and a solemn mass was performed, and a *Te Deum* sung, as a suitable acknowledgment to the Father of mercies who had gotten them the victory.

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\* Schiller.

These things are done in good faith. There is no irony intended. The design is not to insult Christianity. And yet if this were the design, we see not how the most exquisite satire could devise any thing more ingenious. Every enlightened Christian must wish, that, if nations professing themselves Christian will persist in violating the law of Christ in this particular, they may have so much of restraining grace yet left to them,—so much outward respect for the sanctities of religion,—as to leave the name of God out of the play.

War must cease, says the political economist, because it is ruinous. It creates an inextinguishable debt. It paralyzes industry, baffles finance, and makes nations bankrupt. Here Moloch and Mammon come into collision. In ancient times, when the men of the sword ruled the world, the cost was not counted. The *seigneurs* fought when their stomach was up, and let the people pay the piper. But now, when the purse rules, war becomes a question of finance. Will it pay? What will the effect be on "the equilibrium of the budget"? And the effect on the equilibrium of the budget is found to be disastrous; and commerce protests, and governments send envoys and settle the dispute with treaties instead of grape. And since war always ends with a treaty,—since, after harassing and tormenting one another till they are weary, both parties resort to argument at last,—why not begin with argument, omitting the tedious, preliminary carnage? Commerce protests, and commerce, in these days, hushes many a difference which in former times would have blazed forth in irreconcilable discord. The multitudinous sails that whiten every navigable sea are so many white-winged messengers of peace, pleading with strong persuasion against the deep damnation of a rupture that would scare them from their wonted paths, and peril with fresh hazards what is so perilous at best.

"War promotes civilization," say the philosophical among its defenders. It does so after a fashion. A first-rate steamship is crossing the ocean with a precious freight. Every thing promises a prosperous voyage. Suddenly its course is arrested, its fires extinguished, its engine stopped; it is taken in tow by a man-of-war, carried hither and thither, detained in many engage-

ments, and brought at last, battered and dismantled, with damaged cargo, into port. This is the way, as it seems to us, in which war promotes civilization. The ship is finally brought to port; it is brought in by a man-of-war. The only question is, how much quicker it would have made the voyage, and in how much better condition, had it been suffered to pursue its course by its own unaided powers. Or, to use another illustration, the ultimate benefits resulting from war, compared with the evils it inflicts, are like burning down a flourishing city in order to manure the ground where it stood with its ashes. The ground is made fruitful, but will the fruit pay for the city? War fertilizes, no doubt, but at what price? How many harvests of peace must be gathered in, before the loss inflicted by war can be equalized?

We take no extreme ground on this question. We hate absolutism, we hate abstractions. They belong to the world of ideas, and are always false and often mischievous when applied to the real. A man may gaze on the sun until he is blinded, and incapable of finding his way on the earth; and a man may lose himself in the contemplation of the absolute until he is incapacitated for the practical duties of life. The true use of the sun is to walk by its light, as it comes to us modified and refracted by the atmosphere of our planet; and the true use of the absolute is to work by it as it is modified by the necessary conditions of our being, and not to reflect it from the concave mirror of our metaphysics until it burns and annihilates where it falls. Among the fatuities which hover round the path of reform, and to which a false interpretation of Christianity has given a seeming sanction, is the notion of non-resistance. Resistance is implied in existence. If existence is a right, then resistance is a right; and if a right, then a duty. This is the voice of the universal heart, which no letter can put to silence. The "Resist not evil" of the New Testament, common sense must interpret "Avenge not evil"; which is quite another thing. War is bad, but war is not the worst that can be. The betrayal of sacred trusts is worse, shrinking from natural responsibilities is worse, pusillanimity is worse. War is unchristian in spirit and ruinous in its effects; still there may

be cases in which war shall be a duty. Advantage or no advantage, gain or ruin, it may be a duty. Though it involve the clearly foreseen annihilation of the weaker party, it may be the duty of that party. It may be a duty to take the sword, with the certainty of perishing by the sword. And when such a case occurs, it will not be from the power of Christian principle that a nation refuses to fight; but from the want of *any* principle strong enough for that purpose. It is not that war is never lawful, but that the origin of war is always a crime. The true mission of the peace movement is not to contend for pale abstractions, but to do away, if possible, the provocations of war, and among these the standing armaments of Christendom. Let Russia employ her 800,000, France and Austria their 500,000 and 400,000 able-bodied men, living at the public expense,—unproductive consumers,—in a war with brute matter; in subjugating the earth; in levelling mountains and filling up valleys; in tunnelling the Alps; in connecting the Grecian peninsula with the Scandinavian, the Ural Mountains with the Pyrenees, by continuous rails;—let them kindly coöperate in opening Europe to the travel which always rushes in wherever a path is made for it, and who can doubt that, with these material bands, the moral bands between nation and nation will be strengthened, and that the occasions of war will diminish with the vigorous prosecution of the arts of peace?

A further indication of social progress may be found in the interest which society is beginning to manifest in its weaker and erring members, its paupers and its outlaws. One manifestation of this interest is the mitigation of the penal code;—the abhorrence which is felt for the sanguinary measures of a former age, and indeed for every species of retribution which is prompted by vengeance, and not absolutely required for the safety and well-being of society. It is felt that the basis of punishment should not be the principle of exact retribution,—so much suffering for so much crime,—but the principle of self-defence; in fact, that the true idea of penal legislation is not expiation, but, first, security, then reformation. The feeling of which we speak is manifest even in conservative England;—nowhere more manifest than there. Conservative England sees that conservation it-

self, let alone humanity, requires that something be done in this line; and that society has other duties to the vicious besides hanging them. One of the most touching incidents in the history of these days is Lord Ashley's conference with the thieves of London. Two hundred and seven thieves, — professed thieves, — a small delegation of the whole number, meet and confer with a member of Parliament respecting their condition. The existence in that city of a large body of men who are born and bred to thievery as a profession, and have no hope of subsistence from any other source, was nothing new. But the formal recognition of such a body, and a kind of toleration of it, as an unavoidable necessity, implied in that conference, and in a special ministry devoted to these outlaws, is a marked sign of the times. The most beautiful feature in this transaction is the mutual good faith exhibited by both parties. The thieves placed implicit confidence in the nobleman, and he, on his part, took no advantage of their confession, to betray that trust. They declared, without a dissenting voice, their readiness to embrace an honest livelihood if employment were given them; but where was employment to be found? Lord Ashley could do nothing for them. A distant prospect of emigration was all he could offer. "But what are we to do meanwhile?" said the thieves; "we must steal or die." Lord Ashley could do nothing. It is doubtful if Parliament, at present, can do any thing effectual. Still, the fact of such a conference is a hopeful sign. It discovers, at least, a disposition to help whenever a way shall be found. It shows that the heart of society is awake, and turned toward these outcasts. Humanity has recognized a brother in the thief, and is travelling in his behalf. Whether, with existing institutions, any thing can be done to prevent those crimes which may be regarded as the legitimate product of society, remains to be seen. One thing is evident; that is, the impossibility of abolishing theft until employment, with wages sufficient for his reasonable wants, is found for the thief; and, in general, the impossibility of reforming the souls of men until their bodies are provided for. "Parson," said an English farmer to the pastor of a flock composed of the laboring peasantry, "why don't you put souls into your

congregation?" "Souls," said the preacher, — "souls without bodies? Find you the bodies with fitting wages, and I will undertake to raise the souls. I cannot create souls in starving bodies."\* A certain degree of outward prosperity is indispensable to moral culture. It is vain to expect that the hungry and the naked will appreciate the highest while the lowest is unprovided for.

It remains to notice that feature of the age which is justly considered its leading characteristic; we mean the tendency to material perfection. If there is any one tendency which more than another distinguishes the nineteenth century, it is this. Other eras have been marked by the conquest of nations, but this by the conquest of nature. It is a period when all the sciences are flourishing with extraordinary vigor, but, most of all, the sciences which deal with material nature, the "physical sciences," so called. It is not till lately that men have begun in earnest to acquaint themselves with the world in which they live. The surface of the earth had been explored, but the composition, laws, properties, and functions of earth, air, and water were unknown and uncared for. All this is now explored with an avidity which seeks to dissolve all matter with intelligence and to occupy it with use; replacing the dead, unconscious masses with conscious mind and victorious art. Unlike the individual man, the race grows more inquisitive as it grows older. In the early ages matter was regarded as an insoluble problem, a topic of speculation, but not a subject of experiment. There it stood, an antagonist power, a brute obstruction, the aboriginal, eternal evil. Man looked upon nature as a strange, mysterious force, never to be comprehended, much less controlled. It awed him with its silent presence and moulded him wholly. The world was strange to him and he a stranger in it. Science, and the arts directed by science, are fast inverting this relation. Man is no longer the passive subject of material forces, but, in a measure which every year increases, their master. He is no longer nature's sport, but moulds nature and stamps his impress upon her. He is no longer a stranger on the earth, for

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\* Westminster Review, No. 102, p. 14.

science has adjusted his relations with it, and given him the freedom of the planet.

The aim of this age is to learn and apply the adaptations of nature to the wants of man. It is thoroughly to comprehend and possess the material world, to make it a condign dwelling for the soul, by perfect acquaintance with all its natures, and perfect command of all its uses. It is to make the intellect of man coequal with his sphere, and his will coequal with his needs. The progress already made in this direction, since the close of the last century, assures indefinite progress for the time to come. The history of the last sixty or seventy years has been a continued invasion of the inanimate world by intelligence, — a continued interpenetration, if we may so speak, of matter with mind. The science of chemistry has made more discoveries during this period than during all the ages which preceded it. Mechanical invention has kept pace with scientific discovery, marrying science with art for the procreation of use, and making the knowledge of the school a solid contribution to the comforts of life.

One effect of this astonishing progress in the application of knowledge to life has been an almost unlimited faith in the capabilities of nature and the power of man. If, half a century ago, some prophet had predicted the discoveries and inventions familiar to this generation, — had predicted, for example, that in fifty years men would communicate by lightning, and take portraits by sunbeams, amputate limbs without pain, or make the voyage from America to Europe in less time than was then required to go from Boston to Baltimore, — such a prophecy would have found few so bold as to profess their belief in it; not so many, certainly, as the prophecy which predicted the end of the world in 1843. But at present, no vaticination as to what may happen in the way of material improvements before the twentieth century would seem incredible. So great is the impulse which, in these years, has been given to scientific pursuits, so great the number of minds employed in those pursuits, so incessant the stream of inventions which is daily flooding us with new wonders, that we have almost lost the power of surprise. The wonderful has become the order of the day. It is difficult to conceive of any thing in this kind,



any discovery or invention, that would greatly surprise us; not even a journey to the moon or a telegraphic communication with Jupiter. We seem to be standing for ever on the eve of some further and more momentous development, in daily expectation of something greater and more fruitful of blessing than has yet been realized; haunted by dreams of a time when nothing that is desirable of material good shall be impossible.

And now, suppose this tendency to material perfection to proceed, until the process which translates substance into thought, the process which informs matter with mind, and replaces senseless masses with intelligible forms and serviceable forces, — which subsidizes and organizes and mechanizes all things, — until this process is consummated. Suppose the conquest of nature to be complete. Suppose the intellect of man to possess the entire sphere, so that the foot shall not tread nor the eye rest on a spot where the human mind has not wrought. What then? Suppose the earth to be completely organized from pole to pole, — every obstruction removed, every waste subdued, all its powers in subjection, all its uses brought out, all its peoples civilized, and the whole covered over with prosperous communities, and want and war and vice done away, — what then? The capacity of this planet in relation to human organism is yet unfathomed; but it is not difficult to conceive of a time when the uttermost limit of that capacity shall be reached; when the child of earth shall have found the goal of his culture, and the limit of his action, and the bounds of his habitation. Suppose that time to have come; — what then? Is any thing yet wanting to complete the ideal of planetary life? One evil still remains, — an evil to which the very absence of all other evils might seem to give additional terror; that is, death, which, as terminating such prosperity, might seem more bitter than now. Shall we then ask the abolition of this evil also? Shall we demand an earthly immortality for man? "The last enemy that shall be put under," says St. Paul, "is death." Suppose that last victory accomplished. We have then a race of immortals inhabiting an earthly paradise endowed with every advantage which the limits of their nature allow; every circumstance in their condition adjusted with even measure to the scale of their being. Here-

with the ideal of earthly happiness might seem to be fulfilled. Farther than this our dreams cannot go. And now that his paradise is finished and secured to him, will man rest satisfied? Will he wish to abide for ever in this last estate? We fear the golden vision will not bear examination. The gold all vanishes when we attempt to fix it with a steady thought. Leave nothing to desire, and you leave nothing to enjoy. Take from man his expansive power, put an end to his development, cut off his progress, and you make him the most wretched of beings.

"Our hearts must die except they breathe  
The air of fresh desire."

The one thing that man cannot endure is a limit. He will have nothing beyond himself. Show him the garden wall impassable of his paradise, and you make it a decorous prison. Set him a boundary never so remote, and his heart will beat against it till it break. We shall have to give up his earthly immortality and seek another sphere for him when once he has reached the perfection of this.

We come back to the question proposed at the outset. That society is now advancing admits of no doubt. But whether destined to advance indefinitely is not so clear. There would seem to be in the earth's capacity a limit to human progress. But even that limit may never be reached. The earth has its own destination apart from man's. Nature endures no permanent types. Geology shows us that successive races of animals have become extinct, and one type of earthly life is replaced by another, from the trilobite to the mammalia, whose head is man. Is it absurd to suppose that some future revolution shall, in like manner, sweep man from the earth to make room for other organizations, with such alterations in the scale of life as to bring out new adaptations of the planet for which human organs furnish no key? Or possibly the earth itself may undergo such changes in its own organism, and in its relations with other bodies, as to offer a new field for man, when its present capabilities, internal and cosmic, are exhausted. But these are dreams we will not pursue.

"*E pur si muove.*" The race advances, and is probably destined to advance through indeterminable times in

the path of material and social improvement. But when we say for ever, we transcend the horoscope of philosophy. For ever is not a category for earth-born natures. Human progress, as an earthly manifestation, must have its period, though indeterminable by us.

Meanwhile, be the future of society what it may, the interior destiny of the individual is not essentially affected by the progress of the race. The individual has his own charmed sphere in which he lives, and no perfection of social arrangement, no grouping and adjusting of sphere with sphere, can ever penetrate that inner world and command its issues. The greater part of his life will be spent in that sphere, and he will be happy or miserable according to laws of his own nature, over which society has no power. If any one dreams to himself an increase of private happiness in consequence of these improved methods and social arrangements which we have been contemplating, — he dreams. Make the earth a garden, drive want from the face of it, and ignorance and vice. Let competence be secured to all. Build palaces instead of huts, and let cities as lustrous as the New Jerusalem lift their domes into skies attuned by art to perpetual blandness. Let there be no forced tasks, no chiding of the laggard will, no painful bracing up of the dissolute mind; but only duties which invite, and work which is play. Fashion a world after your own heart, and know that a day in that world will have the same proportion of joy and sorrow that a day has in this. Our joys and our sorrows grow from the same root; we cannot cultivate the one without cultivating the other also. "In all minds awakened and reflective," says Martineau, "there arises and accumulates a secret fund of dissatisfaction; a dark, mysterious speck of care upon the heart, which turns to a point of explosive ruin in bad men, to a seed of fruitful sorrow with the good." There is a certain quantum of bitterness in human life, which no change of circumstances and no improvement in the outward condition of man can ever remove. And, perhaps, if we rightly understood the constitution and the wants of man, we should not wish it removed. It is the bitter oil of the kernel that gives to all fruits their peculiar flavor, — to the fruits of the tree of life among the rest. There goes a notion in the world,

that man was born to be happy, and that, if he fails of this end, he has missed his destination as man. If happiness means enjoyment, nothing can be more false. Enjoyment is not the destination of man. Rather it is something which Heaven permits by way of compensation to those who, by reason of untoward circumstances, have failed to accomplish their true destination. Enjoyment is for children, and beggars, and slaves. The mature man, well conditioned, and rightly fulfilling the ends of humanity, can do without it. For him labor and production, and constant growth in wisdom and well-doing, supply the place of enjoyment. If we inquire who are the happiest men as a class, we shall find that they are those with whom it is a matter of doubt whether from day to day they shall have enough to eat. The happiest we remember to have seen were the *lazaroni* of Naples, whose outward condition is as low and forlorn as that of man in a civilized community can well be; and the saddest we have known were those whom fortune and their own efforts had raised highest in the social scale. It might almost seem to be a law of human nature, that the poorer, the more degraded, a man's condition, the happier he is; and, on the other hand, the higher we rise in the scale of life, the more thoughtful, the more earnest and the more sad life becomes. Increase of happiness is not one of the results which we are authorized to anticipate from the growth of society. Whatever may be the aspect and destination of society, the individual has his own discipline and destiny independent of society, which no degree and no results of social improvement can supersede. And of that discipline and destiny, sorrow is a Heaven-appointed and indispensable element.

Yet none the less, on this account, is social progress a legitimate and worthy object of human endeavour, and one for which we are called, as social and moral beings, to labor with our might. If human enjoyment is a constant quantity, human well-being, physical, intellectual, moral, is a constant growth. If we know any thing of the counsels of God, we know that he has ordained that man should grow in all the dimensions of his being, toward the perfect good, the Divine original whose image he bears. If we know any thing of human obligation, we know that every man is bound to promote this

growth in the measure of his endowments and ability. If we know any thing of the laws which regulate individual well-being, we know that, just in proportion as a man gives himself to this object, and consults it in his pursuits, and merges his private ends in the common good, he consults his own happiness. The secret of all happiness is to lose sight of self, and to live in some object which tasks all our powers, and absorbs us wholly.

No man is complete in himself. We are fragments; complements of humanity, and humanity of us. We have no true life except in connection with the whole to which we belong. Our wisdom is to come out of ourselves and live in the whole; to constitute ourselves efficient members of the universal man; to lose our life in the part, that we may find it in humanity more abundant and more blest.

F. H. H.

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#### ART. IV. — THE FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE SCRIPTURES.\*

THE little book which has suggested the remarks we are about to offer has interested us much, principally by reason of the important and engaging character of the subject with which it deals, but also by the able and happy manner in which the subject is for the most part treated. The author, William Jones, commonly known in the communion to which he belonged as Jones of Nayland, was somewhat distinguished in his day. Born in 1726, and educated at Oxford, he resided for several years at Nayland, where, in the exercise of his duties as a minister of the Church of England, he wrote and delivered these Lectures. He seems to have been a zealous and devoted Churchman, and to have felt all the horror at Unitarianism, then showing itself under the teachings of Priestley and his school, that was expected and becoming in a member of the Establishment. He is said to

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\* *A Course of Lectures on the Figurative Language of the Holy Scripture, and the Interpretation of it from the Scripture itself.* Delivered in the Parish Church of Nayland, in Suffolk, in the Year 1786, by WILLIAM JONES, M. A., F. R. S., Author of "The Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity," &c. Oxford and London: John Henry Parker. 1848. 18mo. pp. 186.

have been the original projector of the "*British Critic*." He died in 1801. His works have been published in twelve volumes, octavo, with an account of his life.

The book before us consists of eleven Lectures. The Introductory Lecture proposes to show in what the language of Scripture differs from that of other books. The second Lecture distributes the figures used in the Scriptures into separate classes. Those figures are taken,—"1. From the natural creation, or world of sensible objects. 2. From the institutions of the Law. 3. From the persons of the prophets and holy men of old times. 4. From the history of the Church. 5. From the actions of inspired men; which, in many instances, were not only miracles, but signs of something beyond themselves, and conformable to the general plan of our salvation and redemption." (p. 20.) After a general description of these classes of figures, our author proceeds to treat of them distinctly and severally in the eight Lectures that follow. In the eleventh or concluding Lecture are discussed "the uses and effects of the symbolical style of the Scriptures." In the remarks we have to offer, we shall keep this order of topics in view, without confining ourselves strictly to it.

No book is so picturesque in its style as the Bible. It contains little, if any, reasoning. It has no system of thought, philosophically connected in every part, nicely fitted and jointed by a skilful logic-art, general truths and principles being deduced by inference from particulars, and all compacted into a creed or body of theoretical doctrine, to be received or rejected as a whole. The Scriptures do not deal much in abstractions. They present truth in the concrete, illustrated by examples and scenes copied from the actual world. They contain a series of impressions, taken by a divine heliography from real life in past ages. They give us, not the results which human speculations have reached, but those results rather which human experience has proved, and put its seal upon, and chartered the good ship Tradition to convey, on the stream of time, to posterity. The writers of the Scriptures do not go about in school-fashion, and by the help of all the pedantries and sophistries of science, to prove that there is a God, and keep the mind in a state of philosophical suspense, until, forsooth, the regular pro-

cess is completed, and the conclusion is legitimately arrived at, so that a rational being may not be ashamed to believe. They leave this whole matter, where it may be safely left, to the heart. By a law of spiritual forces established by the Creator, the currents of the heart's feelings rise just as high as the source from which they flow. By a sure instinct, the heart of man turns to the object of its best affections. Instead of mounting with the slow steps of reasoning the heights that lead to the Infinite and Perfect, the soul spreads its wings, — the wings of faith, and hope, and love, — and flies upward to God. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks," — and that wearied tenant of the forest needs no training to teach him where the cooling streams flow, and no instruction to prove to him that drinking at those streams will give him the relief which he craves, and which he must have or die, — "so panteth man's soul after God." This representation of the Bible puts the subject in such a shape as to embolden every heart to utter the same sentiment. The sentiment includes, and takes for granted, the truth on which it is based. The intellect is not left cautiously and coldly to reason out, in the midst of questionings, misgivings, and denials, the abstract truth of a God. There is a "law of the spirit of life" in man, that urges him to outstrip the halting movements of reason, and to leap to a conclusion with which his peace in time and in eternity is intimately connected.

Instead of adopting the principle of the schools, that faith in things unseen is the result of evidence and of a course of argumentation, the Scriptures declare the reverse of this, and say that "faith is the evidence of things not seen." The existence in our bodies of an appetite for food is a proof that food exists somewhere to satisfy this craving, and is a natural assurance, which no sane person hesitates to credit, that that food, when found, is just what we need, — a wholesome supply for our hunger and thirst. And there are, in like manner, what may be called spiritual appetites in man's soul, and they must have their appropriate objects. Those objects, then, are real; they actually exist. The witness to their reality is within us. The vouchers for religious truth are in the soul. So important a conviction as faith in a God is not left by Him who made us, and made us wisely with

a view to the occasions and needs of the present life, to be painfully and with difficulty deduced from a comparison of arguments for and against, — a comparison which leaves the mind hovering over the abyss of unbelief. He who adores, and hopes, and aspires (and no heart that beats, the world over, will be content to lack these sentiments) must believe in some being, and must represent to himself that being invested with attributes that will awaken these several affections.

Nor, again, do the Scriptures moralize any more than they philosophize. Nathan did not go to the royal sinner, whose conscience he was desirous of awakening, and enter into an argument with him, and explain logically the principle upon which his conduct was blameworthy. Had he taken such a course, he might or might not have come off victor from the encounter. When a man is driven to the wall, and is forced to reason in self-justification, his wits are greatly sharpened, and the prophet would have grappled with a tough adversary. He approached the offender in another way. He painted a familiar scene to the king's imagination, and touched his heart at a point that had not lost its sensibility. The incident of the poor man's lamb, his pet lamb, being taken by the wealthy host to entertain his guest, while the air was full of the bleatings of his own flocks, outraged the monarch's sense of justice. In his indignation, he declares that such an act deserves the punishment of death. And thus thrown off his guard, and open to right impressions, he was prepared for the application, "Thou art the man."

There is no moralizing, we repeat, in the Bible, understood by that word the discussion, on abstract grounds, of moral questions, and the solution in school-fashion of moral problems. It has repeatedly been alleged, that the religion of Christ contains no moral system. And, in an important sense, this is true. There is, in the Christian records, no body of moral principles, elaborated by reasoning, and connected together in such a manner as to form a complete, well-digested system. This was not the way of the Great Teacher. He reasoned about nothing. He never attempted to furnish a proof, such as a logician would demand, for anything he asserted. "He taught as one having authority," and not as



scribes teach, — not as one who relies upon arguments would teach. “Verily, verily, I say unto you,” was the style of his instructions. He drew a scene from real life, presented it in a parable, and left it to make what impression it might upon the heart and conscience.

Which have contributed most to the moral improvement of mankind, the speculations of Plato, or the parables of Christ? Which method would be most likely to promote the end proposed, — such a parable as that of the good Samaritan, or an elaborate discussion of the grounds of moral obligation in general, and a deduction, from what are styled established principles, of the particular virtue of kindness to a suffering fellow-creature? No one hesitates how this question should be answered. The heart answers it, if the head cannot. The parable, considered as a vehicle for conveying to the minds of men moral instruction, carries the day against all the philosophies that have had vogue, from the brilliant speculations of Greece to the nebulous and fantastic *isms* of Germany.

The absolute truth on any point of theology or philosophy is one thing, and our conceptions of that truth are quite other things. An abstract truth is a dead formula, until it is presented to the mind and accepted by the mind in such a shape as gives it the appearance of reality, makes it capable of impressing an image, and of stirring the affections, and of moving the will, and, through these faculties in our nature, of prompting to right action, or of restraining from wrongdoing. Religion, when it emerges from the schools, which are always more or less monastic in their nature and discipline, where it is taught as the most general form of philosophy, — when it descends from the cold pinnacles of speculation, which, like glaciers, lift their bright and barren needles to the sky, and exchanges such dizzy heights for the level of the world’s familiar affairs, — religion, considered as a practical element of life, to be administered to human beings plunged in the cares, sorrows, sins of the world, requires, for its mission among human homes and to human hearts, not abstract truth, but truth in some familiar shape. The electric fluid has always existed in the upper chambers of the world we live in. The mind of Franklin devised an instrument to conduct it safely

to the ground. And the genius that invented the magnetic telegraph has gone still farther, and has taught us how we may apply this subtle agent to a useful purpose. The invisible spirit of the air is made to do our errands, to fetch and carry for us between distant points. The fanciful Ariel of Shakspeare is thus changed into a reality, and this airy being of the poet's creation is transferred from the realms of imagination to the region of fact and life. "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?" Modern science has answered this question which ancient wonder put, standing on the limits which the searching mind of man had not then passed. The spirit of the air, who then defied, in his native freedom, all attempts to bind him to service, now owns man's controlling power.

"All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds: to thy strong bidding, task  
Ariel, and all his quality."

Such, too, by analogy, was the beneficent service which the Author of Christianity performed for the moral world. He reduced moral and spiritual entities to a familiar shape, breathed life into the dry bones of philosophy, peopled the modern mind with incarnations of truth, and was himself a representation in the flesh, in a human form, of his doctrine. Christ in the flesh, or the earthly life of Christ, is to be regarded as the figure under which moral and religious truth is represented to the human soul.

And from this we may draw the important inference, that Christian truth is not to be learned in a form separated from him who taught and embodied that truth. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," are the Master's significant words. The schools of theology are ever striving to abstract his doctrines from himself, to sift from the words and acts and life of Christ certain principles, dogmas, and rules, from which may be constructed a system of ethical and metaphysical doctrine. This is not the Christian method. We must learn what Christianity is, by studying it and conceiving of it as it is exhibited in the life and character of the Author and Finisher of our faith. As soon as theology and philosophy

effect their favorite purpose, and abstract what they choose to call the essential truths of Christianity, and mould them into dogmas, or systems, or creeds, the peculiar power of the Christian religion is lost. Instead of the truth "made flesh," manifested to our conceptions in a perfect human life, we have now nothing left to us but a dead formula. "I am the vine, ye are the branches," was the figure by the help of which Christ explained to his first disciples the intimate connection that ought to subsist between himself and them. Without him, they could do nothing. Separated from him, they would be like a branch cut off from the vine. Having no longer any living connection with the organism of the plant, it could bear no fruit, it was dead, it would be cast out and burned up.

And this analogy illustrates the peculiar method of instruction adopted by our religion. Christ is the figure under which religious truth is conveyed to the mind of the world. That which existed from the beginning, which was with God, which was a part of God, at the advent of the Gospel took shape, became incarnate, was the inspiration of a human mind, spake through human lips, exhibited itself in a human life, prompted a human soul to virtuous action, sustained a human being under sufferings, and raised a human being from ignominy to glory, from the cross to the right hand of power on high. This incarnation of religious truth is the grand figure or image under which it is presented to us in the Christian Scriptures, and it is this form that makes the truth powerful, profitable, saving. Change this form, and the vitality of our faith is destroyed. The result is the same in the moral world that would ensue in the physical universe, if the light which was, subsequently to its creation, ensphered in the sun, and in this shape was made an agent for quickening universal nature, should be now unsphered, and diffused like a cold, thin, pale veil over the face of the world. It is the effort continually of philosophy, and of theology, which is one branch of philosophy, thus to unsphere Christian truth, — that truth which is englobed in the Sun of Righteousness; to strip off all that is special, human, individual, in the form it assumes; to resolve it, by a sort of moral chemistry, into its primitive, constituent elements. Suppose this to be done, and of what

value will be that which is left? The diamond, chemists assure us, is of the same nature identically with charcoal, and differs from charcoal only in the arrangement of its minute parts. Suppose that science were able to change the precious stone into that substance. What would it then be worth? Would it be sought for in this form to glow on the bosom of beauty, or to sparkle in the crown of power?

The importance of expressing abstract ideas by figurative forms, borrowed from sensible objects, is plain from two considerations. This is the only way in which we can secure to the mind a distinct and satisfactory notion of the subject on which we desire to inform ourselves. And, again, this method alone furnishes an object to awaken sentiment. If religion require for practical purposes, not only that clear ideas be formed in the mind, but that strong and fervent feelings be inspired in the heart,—if, in order to make the truth of a God effectual, we must not merely believe in a God, but must reverence, fear, love, worship God, with the whole strength of the heart's affections,—then we perceive the need of so conceiving of God, of so picturing him to our minds, that these sentiments may not fail to be quickened. Who can love, or fear, or worship an abstraction? The God of the philosopher, the Deity of the pantheist, a mere cause or law, or a system of forces, can inspire no feeling in the human heart. There is no ground or motive for prayer to such a being. And what is religion, considered as a practical agent, without prayer? This is what gives the warmth of life to religion. Mere thought, opinion, cannot save a man,—cannot, indeed, do much for any man. There must be sentiment, or there will be light without heat. The religion of the Bible is based upon this simple principle. It presents to the imagination a personal Deity, not a system of laws and forces. And it furnishes various images, familiar, yet grand, venerable, and touching, to call out and to exercise the soul's best affections. The Scriptures do not confine themselves to any one image, and would save the mind from stiffening into any single mould in its conceptions. While they ascribe, in some passages, human passions and actions to God, in order to bring us near to him in idea, they seek to save the mind from the ill effects of anthropomorphism by the representation of God the Spirit.

The Divine nature is to finite minds unfathomable. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" In all parts of the earth, wherever thinking human beings are found, there exists, as by a divinely appointed law of man's spiritual nature, a common notion, more or less clear, more or less rational, of a supernal energy, that works through the universe, a central source of motion, life, and thought. To this first cause various names are assigned,—*"Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."* But plainly, the value of this truth, to beings having limited capacities, must depend upon the particular form under which it is conceived by the mind. We have remarked, that in the Scriptures there is not one only symbol or mental form under which we are taught to conceive of God, but the forms are numerous and of great variety. He is represented as a Sun, when his enlightening influence is spoken of, or as a Shield, when his protecting providence is described, or as a King, when his authority is declared.

It is a striking peculiarity in the religious system of the Hebrew people, that they were taught to conceive of the Deity as a Voice or Word. They were forbidden, in their law, to make any graven image, or to fashion any object into a fancied resemblance of God. And this prohibition was designed, in a semi-civilized period, to guard the chosen people from idolatry and from its attendant corruptions. They were to be made intellectual and spiritual, in their creed and worship, in the measure that the world was then prepared to reach. Instead of blocks of stone or of wood carved by ingenious art into visible symbols to represent the benignant or the stern and awful attributes of Jehovah, they were taught to conceive of him as a Word, uttered by the lips of no presence which the eye could discern, but echoing through the universe, and addressing, in a "still, small voice," his commands to the conscience. The conception of God which the Hebrew mind was taught to receive, was of an all-embracing Law, declared in audible tones; and in this conception lay the practical efficacy of their religion.

Keeping this in mind, we shall better understand the strong language of the Evangelist John, when, in the introduction of his Gospel, he says, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and "the Word was with God, and the Word was God." It is a mistake to

suppose that this phraseology is peculiar to John. It prevails throughout the Old Testament Scriptures. "By the word of the Lord," says the Psalmist, "were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." In the sublime account, given by Moses, of creation, the language made use of is, "And God *said*, Let there be light; and there was light." When our first parents, after having sinned by eating of the forbidden fruit, had become sensible of their guilt, they are represented not as seeing any form. No Divine shape looked on them, with angry countenance, from the midst of Eden's beauty. In what way, then, was the dread presence betokened? "They heard the *voice* of the Lord God, walking in the garden in the cool of the day." On the top of Mount Sinai it was as a voice out of a thick cloud that the Deity made himself known. A visible shape, however majestic and terrible, might have been imitated by the wicked devices of idolatry. The awful voice that spake in tones of thunder could be perpetuated only by the faithful memory in the soul. So, also, we find it to be a mode of expression frequently repeated in the writings of the Prophets, that "the word of the Lord came unto Isaiah," or some other Prophet.

We perceive, therefore, that the most common mode of conceiving of the Supreme Being among the Hebrews was as a VOICE or WORD. In the beginning, that word was uttered, and all things were called into being. And after the work of creation had been completed, when the earth had been fitted for the residence of man, and when a being had been placed upon the earth with a hearing ear and an intelligent spirit, that word continued to be spoken. It was uttered to the musing mind of man in the flapping of the invisible wings of mighty winds, in the thunder pealing through the sky, in the solemn roar of the sea, "when deep calleth unto deep," in the mysterious murmurs of tempest-rocked forests. In this way does the God of nature now and always make himself known to the unlettered mind. The ear is the nearest avenue to the soul.

Finally, the Word became flesh. It assumed a bodily form, and took upon itself the likeness of man. It spake now in articulate accents, not from any sublime elevation, not "out of the whirlwind," nor from the black cloud, but

from a human tongue, in the abodes of men. It was heard at the fireside and in the streets; in the villages and in the cities; at the receipt of custom, and in the Temple; from the fishing-boats of Galilee, and on the Mount of the Beatitudes; by doctors of the law and learned scribes, and by the common people, who "heard it gladly." It spake with authority, as the future judge of quick and dead should speak, of the righteousness that will be accepted, and of the doom of the impenitent sinner. It spake of life, of its uses, duties, and responsibilities; of death and immortality; of heaven and hell. It was a word of rebuke to the proud, the selfish, the hypocritical, the worldly. It was a word of encouragement to the poor, the humble, the penitent, the persecuted. It was a word proclaiming liberty to the captive, pronouncing in trumpet tones the rights as well as the duties of men. That Word was Jesus of Nazareth.

Again, it is worthy of notice, that in the Christian writings a threefold conception is given of God, according to the remarkable formula,—"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." God the Father; God in the Son; and God the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit. Not that the Scriptures declare that the nature of the Godhead is threefold, which is the notion of the proper Trinitarian; but they do make the Christian mind's conception of the Godhead threefold. The distinctions of Father, Son, and Spirit are in us, as we attempt, by the aid afforded us in revelation, to form distinct and profitable conceptions on the awful subject of the Godhead. And for lack of attention to this particular, the proper Unitarian theory seems to us to be defective. Neither Trinitarianism proper nor Unitarianism proper conceives of the Divine nature as Christianity teaches us to conceive of it.

In order to make the truth of a God available for all the practical ends for which it is needed, three things seem to be requisite and necessary. First, an unexceptionable image, by the help of which the mind may regard God as an object of contemplation, prayer, and praise. Such an image is furnished in the Christian doctrine of the Father. We are taught to say in our prayers, "Our Father who art in heaven." Secondly, the human mind needs that there should be some mani-

festation of the Divinity, an assumption of a visible outward shape, a union of the Divine with the human, in order to bring near to us, and to make intelligible and familiar, what is afar off, even at an infinite distance. And Christ was this manifestation. He was the Image of God. The idea of God was conveyed to men's minds through Christ considered as a figure or symbol. God in Christ manifests himself to the world. And it should be remarked in this connection, that Father and Son are correlative terms. The character of God, when viewed under the conception of a Father, is not fully understood if we consider it by itself. It is implied throughout the Christian Scriptures, that the idea of God as a Father can be reached by the mind only through the manifestation made of the Father in the Son. The chief practical end proposed in teaching such a doctrine as the parental character of God is, not that we may barely acknowledge it, and mentally accept it, and meditate on it, but that we may bring ourselves into fellowship with the Father as his believing and obedient children. The doctrine of God the Father is to be learned in the best way through the manifestation made by the Son. And our Lord says, accordingly, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, and no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him." And, in the third place, mankind need, in order that the doctrine of a God may fulfil all the practical purposes for which its influence is valuable, not merely a suitable and worthy image under which the Supreme Being may be contemplated and worshipped, nor only such a manifestation in time and among earthly realities of the Divinity, that we may place ourselves in intimate relations with him, but, further, the assurance of a constant influence proceeding from him, acting on, moving, enlightening, helping, restraining. And to supply this want, we are taught to conceive of God as a Holy Spirit, a sacred breath permeating our being. This element in the threefold conception of Deity is what makes the doctrine universally and ever applicable. Any manifestation or incarnation of God must, of necessity, be local and limited in time. The conception of God as a Spirit makes him near to all at all times. Spirit, in its primitive signification,



is air, the subtle and invisible fluid that surrounds us, and the sound of which we hear when it is set in motion, although we "cannot tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth." And from this unseen agent, without whose constant influence we must die, the Scriptures borrow a fit symbol of God's influence on the mind, — of that breath of God which sustains the life of the soul.

The particular form in which God had been manifested to men was removed when Christ was "taken up"; and from that time nothing remained except the written record of the acts and words through which the Divine power and wisdom had been expressed. This record contains the historical idea of God. And it may or may not be of value to us, according as we read the record aright or amiss, and apply or fail to apply its teachings to our lives. But merely to know, from sacred traditions and from church memorials, that certain wonders were wrought, and special influences exerted, and particular effects and results accomplished, in the case of human beings who lived and passed away centuries before we were born, — this information will not certainly and necessarily be profitable, and it may be altogether without advantage to ourselves. To read of what God did in former periods, and to other generations, may have the effect to remove him to such a distance, that, for all practical purposes, he shall be to us as though he did not exist. The habit of conceiving of God as acting in other periods of time is unfavorable to the habit of conceiving of him as now, and with regard to ourselves, active.

How, then, is the doctrine of a God to be made applicable to every age and to all human beings alike? Here comes in the Christian conception of God as a Spirit, as a Holy Spirit. We are taught to think of him and to believe in him, not merely as the Father of the ages, who, in the beginning, called all things and all creatures into being; not merely as the God and Father of Jesus Christ, who, "when the fulness of time was come," manifested him to the world; but as now and continually in communication with human minds. Without this conception of God, we do not see that men can have a religion that will be of much practical value. Fathers

to children may declare the wonderful things which God did for them. But we need a conviction of what he, in like manner, is doing for us. We must understand and feel that he is near to us. We must be assured that the Divine power and wisdom and influence have not been exhausted by any instances, however signal, of their exercise in past ages, whose records and monuments remain for our instruction. With him is "the residue of the Spirit." It can never be exhausted. Inspiration has flowed into the minds of patriarchs, of prophets, of sages, of apostles, in former times. The Scriptures record, for our profit, what was written by wise and holy men of old, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. To the Master of Christians the Spirit was "given without measure." It was promised by him to his disciples. That promise began to be fulfilled, after his departure, on the day of Pentecost. They were filled with the Holy Ghost. The extraordinary influence was continued in the Christian Church, as occasion required. "The manifestation of the Spirit, was given to every man to profit withal." There were then, and there are still, and there ever will be, "diversities of operations, but it is the same God that worketh all in all."

Again, what the Scriptures teach concerning the providence and government of God is conveyed, not in a philosophical way, but by means of visions and symbols. Thus, for example, the four living creatures seen in the vision of Ezekiel, and the wheels that went beside them, are significant figures, taken from the most excellent of God's works, and from the chief contrivances of man's skill, to represent to the mind the glorious attributes of Him, to whom all creatures, however powerful, useful, swift of motion, or intelligent, are subject; and whose orders are carried to every part of the universe with the speed of which wings and wheels are natural and apt emblems.

The vision seen by the prophet Daniel is to the same purpose. By the help of familiar images drawn from an earthly court, he is enabled to conceive of Him whose kingdom is over all. He sees, in his vision, a throne, upon which sat "the Ancient of days, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burn-

ing fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him." And how much more lively and impressive is this Scriptural mode of conceiving of the Divine Providence, than the view which philosophy gives of the same subject! Philosophy leads men to think only of a system of dead laws and mechanical contrivances, while it puts out of view and out of mind the personal Deity, who ordained those laws, and who devised those contrivances. Instead of barely stating that there is a government of this universe, that all the changes which take place in nature are the results of a celestial and terrestrial mechanism, the Scriptures help us to conceive of all these changes as wrought by a Supreme Intelligence, who employs innumerable agents, or ministers, or angels, to accomplish the purposes he intends. Instead of regarding the beneficent changes of the year, for instance, as so many effects brought about by the action of a vast machine, which, having once for all, in the beginning, been set in motion, (we know not how, or by whom,—perhaps by chance,) continues to move, obedient to the impulse at first received;—instead of this cold, comfortless, unfruitful view of the subject, the Scriptures would have men conceive the image of a Sovereign, who employs the winds and flames as his ministers, who causeth his sun to shine, and his rain to descend, upon the evil and the good alike, and who giveth "fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

Were there space, we should be pleased in this connection to exhibit those Scriptural figures which are employed by the sacred writers to aid us to conceive aright on the dread subjects of death and judgment, of retribution, heaven, and hell.

One of the boldest figures contained in the Scriptures is the vision of the Apostle Peter, in which he follows his Master into the abodes of the departed. "He went and preached unto the spirits in prison." The Apostle assembles in idea about his disembodied Master the innumerable multitude of sinners of all ages,—the proud scoffers, and ungodly rebels, and unclean profligates, who had made the earth in their day a scene of blood and pillage and pollution, the men of Sodom and Gomorrah, the reprobate contemporaries of the Patriarch Noah, "who

were reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." Into this vast congregation of God-defying spirits the Apostle carries the spirit of Christ, to confront their scorn and wrath with his heavenly meekness, and to preach amidst groans and curses the righteousness of God.

If the imagination of the Apostle was allowed to follow the soul of his Master after the crucifixion, it must assign to him some employment among the dead. And what so likely to be suggested to his mind, as to conceive of Christ still engaged in the same great office to which he had devoted himself while on earth,—still preaching to guilty souls. We learn, from various ancient writings, that it was a common notion, shared alike by the wise and by the ignorant, that men, after death, continued in the same employments which had occupied them while living. When the Latin epic poet introduces his hero, under the conduct of the Sibyl, into the regions of the dead, he describes some of the scenes and objects which were there witnessed in these terms:—

“ Here found they Teucer's old, heroic race,  
Born better times and happier years to grace.  
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.  
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,  
Their shining arms, and coursers trained to war,  
Their lances fixed in earth ; — their steeds around,  
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.  
The love of horses which they had, alive,  
And care of chariots, after death survive. —  
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,  
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood :  
Priests of unblemished lives here make abode,  
And poets worthy their inspiring god ;  
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
Who graced their age with new-invented arts ; —  
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,  
And all their temples were with garlands crowned.” \*

And not alone in the writings of heathen authors, but also in our own sacred books, do we discover traces of the same universal notion. There is a passage in the

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\* Virgil's *Æneid*, Book VI., Dryden's Translation.

book of the prophet Isaiah which illustrates this part of our subject. The prophet is denouncing the king of Babylon. And as he conducts him, in vision, into the pale regions of the dead, he represents the kings of the earth as rising, when he enters among them, from the thrones on which they continued to sit, as during their lifetime, and greeting with bitter irony the fallen majesty of Babylon, who has come to take his place among the crowned spectres.

So, too, when the ghost of Samuel was evoked by the woman of Endor, and when Moses and Elias appear, in company with Christ, on the Mount of Transfiguration, they are represented, in the sacred record, as prophesying, as they had been accustomed to do while they were still among the living.

And in the same manner as these heroes, poets, patriots, kings, prophets, are represented to be still engaged in those pursuits to which they had devoted themselves in life, so, to the vision of the Apostle Peter, Christ appears among the dead as a preacher, or advocate of truth and righteousness, because this had been the great office which he bore and exercised in his earthly ministry.

As much as one half of the book before us is taken up with a consideration of the artificial figures of the law of Moses, and of the historical and personal figures drawn from the Old Testament Scriptures. We have given, in our remarks, more space to those figures which are drawn from nature and life, because these have a permanent meaning. As our author well observes, "all the objects of sense in heaven and earth, and under the earth, are as the letters of a universal language, in which all nations have a common interest." (p. 49.) The language and images drawn from the law of Moses were designed chiefly for Jews, to whose minds the ceremonies of the ancient faith were so familiar, that the new religion could be explained to them only by using the old terms. Much of the language used in the Levitical law, in relation to sacrifices, is applied, in the Apostolic Epistles, to Christ's offices, acts, and sufferings. To interpret literally such terms is to explain Christianity by Judaism, instead of explaining Judaism by Christianity. This is particularly true in regard to the doctrine of atonement, which has been constructed out of the sacrificial figures and phrases made

use of, by the early Christian teachers, in order to explain the new religion to the Jews, who were numerous in the primitive churches. To make Christ literally a sacrifice, as the doctrine of atonement does, is to Judaize most grossly. The sacrifices under the law were literally sacrifices; but the death of Christ is only figuratively a sacrifice, as when the Scriptures declare that the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a good life, a resigned will, an entire self-surrender.

We come next to the historical and personal figures used in the Scriptures. All history, whether sacred or profane, is figurative in its higher meanings and applications. Its occurrences were once real in respect to those personages of whom they are recorded. But now they are types and figures, signifying what may, and very likely will, take place again. When to this we add the consideration, that events proceed according to fixed laws, that He who knoweth the end from the beginning unfolds his plan gradually in the successive stages of his providence, the past becomes, to our minds, a typical foreshowing of what is to come. "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done." History is a parable, of which the meaning is hid from those who look no deeper than to the literal signification. Considered merely as a series of facts, disposed against their respective dates, history not seldom loads the memory with a heavy burden of details and particulars, which might, without serious injury to the world, be forgotten. To be of use, history must be looked at as typifying or setting forth in a figurative way what may take place again, what may befall ourselves.

But, in order to serve this purpose, it is essential that history be a candid and faithful record of what has occurred in past times. The Bible, regarded as a history, is thus candid and faithful. Men in former times spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, or acted as they were instigated by Satan, and in Scripture we have the sayings and doings of both saint and sinner. The sacred pages give us impressions from life's various scenes, stripped of all that is artificial and conventional,—pictures of pure humanity. "All Scripture is profitable," but not every portion in the same way. Some parts are designed for reproof, some for encouragement; some to deter from

sin, by examples of evil; and some to provoke to good works, by patterns and specimens of virtue. The Bible is an honest book. We detect in it none of the pious frauds practised by a certain class of moralists, who, from a misguided desire to shield men from temptation, hide from them the true character of the world, give them lying descriptions of what they will find in the world, and conceal from them their own true nature, by drawing, as a portrait of a human being, a monster of perfection that has no prototype in creation. In the Bible man is painted as he is, not as the dreamer imagines he might be, or hopes he will one day become. He appears, on the pages of Scripture, the same compound of the divine and the devilish, of the seraph and the swine, that we meet with in the actual living world. Pictures of the Jezebels and the Marys are hung side by side in the Scripture gallery.

Some purists would fain expurgate from the pages of the Bible the accounts of wicked men, of men of violence and blood and lust, whose history is there recorded, as if such instances were palliatives of iniquity. Not so. We need that there should be set before us instances of sin, as much as we need examples of purity and goodness. We get our clearest ideas of any subject from comparison and contrast. And upon this familiar principle the mind conceives vividly of wickedness, by seeing in real life, or as they are described on the pages of a book, the wicked contrasted with the good. We need the example of a Judas, that our minds may be able to measure the distance between such a one and the "just person" whom he betrayed. We should fail to understand from what a pure and loving soul was breathed the prayer, "Father, forgive them!" if we could not listen in idea to the curses and mockings of those in whose behalf that prayer went up from the cross to the mercy-seat. In order to measure distances upon the earth, which is a globular body, we are obliged to assume imaginary lines and points, and by the help of these we reckon the comparative position of countries and cities. A place, we say, is so many degrees distant from that central line which the mind draws through the warmest, most brilliant, and most fruitful portion of the globe, or it is so many degrees nearer than other places to the poles, where light and heat are reduced to

their minimum. And so on the map which the human mind draws of the moral world. There seems to be no faculty given to man, by which he may judge of things or their qualities absolutely. To be able to state intelligently of any act, or quality of character, or person, what it or he is morally, and where to be placed, there must be drawn round the moral globe an equator, passing through the regions of perfect loveliness, which are enlightened, warmed, and quickened into the greatest possible fertility, by the sun of Christian truth and righteousness; and there must also be moral poles, where those may be conceived to dwell, "to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

No portion of the little book we are examining has pleased us more than the lecture in which the author treats of "the miracles of the New Testament, as they belong to the figurative language of the Scripture."

It should be our object, in reading the sacred record, not merely to inform ourselves what wonderful works the Saviour performed, but to understand the moral sense of the miracles; "and a miracle thus understood becomes a sermon, than which none in the world can be more edifying." Surely Scripture is made more impressive and instructive by thus giving a moral signification to the accounts of Christ's miraculous works, than it would be if they were looked on merely as narratives of the wonders which were wrought eighteen centuries ago. They are in this way associated with what is constant, uniform, and permanent in human experience. Very frequently the moral of the act is expressly drawn out or suggested by our Saviour when he is performing the miracle. "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world," were his words when he was about to restore sight to a blind man, "Labor not for the meat that perisheth," was the caution which he connected with the miraculous feeding of a multitude. And the Apostles borrow from the great miracle of Christ's resurrection a type of that moral power which is exerted by Christian truth to "quicken those who have been dead in trespasses and sins."

To accept for true facts the historical occurrences recorded in Scripture is one species of belief. To receive into the soul the moral truths and principles, of which the recorded incidents are figures and types, is a much higher



species of faith. One of the best uses, as it seems to us, to which the Christian miracles can be put, is to regard them as signs and figures of a supernatural power, wisdom, grace, compassion, without a living persuasion of which there can be no religion. The Christian miracles must, indeed, be accepted and assented to, first of all, as historical verities. But to regard them merely as so many isolated marvels, that occurred centuries ago, can be of but little use. What we most need, what all human beings need, is faith in a supernatural power, wisdom, and love, of which these recorded miracles are symbols, assurances, and attestations;—faith in a power on which we constantly depend, in a light whose effluence sheds upon the mind a “wisdom from above,” and in a gracious influence which the soul craves, to help its infirmities, to sustain us in our trials, and to enable us to overcome the world. To question the reality of such a supernatural power which is always active; to extinguish the cheering faith in such a supernatural influence which is cherished by every religious mind; to let drop from our thoughts the assurance of a Holy Spirit ever working with us and in us;—this is far worse, considered in its injurious consequences to the religious character, and in its fatal fitness to rob the soul of its peace, than to question, on historical grounds, the record of this or another miracle, ascribed in the sacred volume to Christ. A person may speak a word against the Son of Man, may criticize the person, the claims, the history, of this Prophet of God. All this is pardonable, and we can suppose all this to take place, without any fatal influence being felt upon the religious character. There would not necessarily be proof in this of an unbelieving, undevout heart, disinclined to God and truth and goodness. But to speak against the Holy Spirit,—to deny that there is a supernatural energy that holds us up, a supernatural wisdom that imparts to our minds the measure of light and intelligence we possess, a supernatural grace and mercy that pardons and redeems us,—that raises us when we are fallen, and restores us when we go astray, and will receive us when we die,—this form of unbelief eradicates all religion from the mind. It is, what the Scriptures declare it to be, the unpardonable sin.

We cannot better bring to a close our remarks, than by

adopting the language, as we cordially assent to the sentiment, of our author, when he says of "the sacred style," that "it is absolutely necessary to a Christian preacher, whose doctrine, if it be after the form of the Scriptural imagery, will be more intelligible, more agreeable, and more edifying to all sorts of hearers." W. P. L.

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#### ART. V.—MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. \*

THE great cycles of history do not by any means follow the ordinary measures of time. Men, opinions, empires, do not wait for the clock to strike an hour, a day, or a century, to tell them when to come or go. Nothing can be more puerile than the idea favored by a certain school of historians, who divide their record by centuries, as if each hundred years began and ended a new order of things. It is very much like the simplicity of the child, who expects as a matter of course to find spring blossoms on the first of March and winter snows on the first of December, because he has seen in the almanac the pictures of the four seasons in their peculiar imagery.

We would not expose ourselves to this mistake in trying to give some general views of Christendom during the last hundred years. Without undertaking to set up any arbitrary chronological boundaries, we think it safe to say that within that period, and through all the vast and apparently tumultuous throng of events, a twofold work, capable of being somewhat accurately defined, has been going on in the world,—a work both destructive and constructive; and that the constructive tendency is so closely connected with the destructive, that the period in question has in these respects something of epical unity.

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\* *Die Kirchengeschichte des 18 und 19 Jahrhunderts aus dem Standpunkte des Evangelischen Protestantismus betrachtet in einer Reihe von Vorlesungen von DR. K. R. HAGENBACH.* Erster Theil 1848. Zweiter Theil 1849. Berlin. [The Church History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, considered from the Stand-point of Evangelical Protestantism, in a Course of Lectures, by Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. Second Edition. In two Parts. 8vo. pp. viii. and 511, viii. and 467. Berlin. 1848, 1849.]

The latter half of the eighteenth century stands in history most conspicuous for what men denied or destroyed; the first half of the nineteenth century is most conspicuous for the general desire to affirm and construct. Yet both tendencies have been so constantly at work, and the ruling spirits in each movement are so little dependent upon dates, that we will not deal in any ambitious generalizations, but content ourselves with sketching, in a very desultory manner, some of the prominent characters and principles on either side.

The work of Dr. Hagenbach is an admirable guide, that we shall freely use. It presents him to us in a new aspect as a writer. We have used for some time his *Theological Encyclopædia* and his *History of Doctrines*, and found them invaluable alike for their vast learning and felicitous method. We are more delighted than surprised at finding in the industrious scholar and discriminating theologian so much of the man of taste and the philosopher as the volumes before us indicate. They portray in a very interesting and instructive manner the external and, especially, the internal history of Christendom, from the commencement of the eighteenth century to the present time. The sketches of lives and characters that diversify the narrative are especially valuable, and certainly to an English reader must be a rich addition to the treasures of Christian biography. The author's point of view is taken, very naturally, from his position as a German Protestant of the Evangelical school. Yet his German nationality does not blind him to the affairs of other Christian nations, nor does his doctrinal attitude interfere with his fairly judging the portions of the Church beyond his special communion. The Romanists might perhaps think him, in a few cases, a harsh critic. The Liberal school of Christians in this country will find in his Evangelical orthodoxy very little which they cannot wholly approve.

The spirit of innovation which ruled the latter half of the eighteenth century had its stronghold in two countries previously in almost utter subjection to spiritual despotism. Prussia had of late been as much under the sway of the old Protestant dogmatism, as France under that of the Romish hierarchy. The power of bigotry in each of these nations was to provoke a mighty reaction,

and to call up two opponents who were to unite the ablest sceptre with the most brilliant pen of their time in behalf of the new age of boasted toleration and free inquiry.

Had we an artist's pencil and genius, it would not be difficult to present, in two or three historic *tableaux* of the date of 1750, the circumstances that gave those men their disposition and power. Just a hundred years ago, the leading prelates of France revived in full force the somewhat dormant decrees of proscription, which had attended the repeal of the Edict of Nantes and the exile of the Huguenots. The Archbishop of Paris was especially conspicuous in the movement. Voltaire was in the French metropolis part of that year, and, with his sharp remembrance of the decrees of the priesthood against himself, he could not be ignorant of the atrocities meditated against heretics in France, nor unmindful of the power thus thrown into the hands of a champion of toleration. We can almost see his smile, partly contemptuous, at oppression, partly vindictive, in memory of his own experience, partly mischievous, in accordance with his somewhat Satanic temper, when informed of what had been decreed in the Archbishop's palace. A sketch of the prelate in his cabinet of priests, or of the wit among his clique of friends, would represent well the elements of the impending crisis in France.

The same year presents us with a most significant view of the powers at work in Northern Europe. Frederic the Great then had the body of his illustrious ancestor, Frederic William, usually called the *great Elector*, and actually the founder of Prussian power, deposited in the vault of the new cathedral at Berlin. He ordered that the coffin should be opened, seized the bony hand of the stout old Protestant prince, bathed it with his tears, and said, partly in French, partly in German, — "*Messieurs! der hat viel gethan!*" "Gentlemen! he has done much!" This deist king, at the coffin of the man who was, perhaps, with Gustavus Adolphus, the most efficient champion of the Protestant cause, gives a good idea of the future of Northern Germany. Denier, as in many important respects he was, disgusted with the narrow dogmatism and petty tyranny which, under the name of religious discipline, had been the torment of his youth, Frederic the Great, however little disposed to acquiesce in his bigoted

father's dogged orthodoxy, was yet, in his political relations, wholly in the Protestant interest. Whilst we must ascribe to him the shame of giving the sanction of his court and pen to the infidel principles that were to corrupt European faith and morals, we must not rob him of the honor of putting a check to the arrogance of the Papal states of Southern Germany, especially of setting a barrier against the power of Austria, which is not likely to be removed.

In June, 1750, Frederic and Voltaire met at Potsdam, under peculiar circumstances. In spite of all their many quarrels, these two men gave their influence essentially to the same principles, and led the attack upon the established creeds and powers in the churches. The son of a French notary and the son of the second Prussian king were bound to each other by ties whose strength they did not always know; for when reciprocal jealousies separated them, common hatreds brought them again together. The pupil of the Jesuits, and the victim of a Protestant *régime*, if possible, more rigid than theirs, were sworn brothers in the new crusade against bigotry, and in behalf of a new age of light and liberty. They had been correspondents before the accession of Frederic to the throne, and upon his accession, in 1740, Voltaire was at Berlin upon a diplomatic mission. But from the time that we have named their relation was more intimate, and their part in the opening campaign was more clearly defined. Voltaire and Frederic, closeted together daily, for hours, at Potsdam, whilst at Paris Diderot and D'Alembert were just ready to send the first two volumes of their Encyclopædia to the press, certainly give some emphasis to the year 1750 as a date in history.

In speaking of the century just passing, we shall treat chiefly of its intellectual and moral developments, dealing with events only as they connect themselves with opinions and principles. Taking this course, the people among whom learning and thought have been the engrossing interests, and business and politics have been less absorbing than with the other leading nations of Christendom, shall furnish the main thread of our narrative, or the stand-point of our survey. We need not say that we refer to Northern Germany, the region where Protestantism began, and where it has shown itself, both

in its negations and affirmations, throughout all the phases of opinion. Taking Germany for our point of view, we shall have our eye also upon France, England, and America, those states with whom now rest the fortunes of Christendom.

When Frederic came to the throne, he found the Protestant Church agitated by three leading controversies; — the controversy between the two Protestant confessions, the Lutheran and Calvinistic, — the controversy between the Orthodox and the Pietists, — and that between the Pietists and the followers of the Wolfian philosophy. The first of these had been in progress for centuries, and was of comparatively little importance; the second, which had begun in the seventeenth century, had lost its principal interest; whilst the third, the controversy between Pietism and Philosophy, contained the germs of the question which was agitated during the whole century, and which still occupies our age. We need not repeat the familiar story of the gradual hardening of the old orthodox Protestantism into a lifeless dogmatism, and of the rise of the school of devotees, who asserted the claims of the heart in religion, and established the party of Pietism. In turn, the new apostles of the religion of the heart fell into a formalism peculiar to themselves, and provoked a protest as emphatic as that which they had directed against the old orthodoxy. At Halle, Francke and Spener had fixed the head-quarters of Pietism. There, too, Philosophy, so long held in contempt by the new devotees, found in Christian Wolf its conspicuous defender.

Wolf brought to the pulpit the passion for logical definition and mathematical precision. From his youth he had meditated upon the possibility of setting forth the truth in theological matters so clearly that it could not possibly be contradicted. Following in the steps of Leibnitz, Wolf rather introduced into the Church a rationalizing spirit, than rationalistic doctrines, and aimed to confirm the prevalent faith by philosophical considerations, rather than to overturn it. But the stricter theologians saw at once what treason lurked in such a procedure, for, if philosophy were made the support of faith, it might also be employed to undermine it, and in their view the philosophical spirit betrayed the Gospel with a kiss. The

old king, Frederic's father, knew nothing of philosophy, and hated every thing that he could not understand and control. He settled the question, as he supposed, conclusively, by ordering Wolf to leave Halle, and the entire Prussian dominions, within forty-eight hours, under the penalty of the halter. This was in November, 1723. In December, 1740, the exiled philosopher was recalled in triumph to Halle, and trumpets and processions proclaimed the inauguration of philosophy as one of the powers of the realm under the new king.

This Wolfian logic, however, was a very tame affair, compared with the doctrines of deism and naturalism, which were imported into Germany from England and France. England, indeed, began the attack upon the Christian revelation; but there the expression of opinion has been comparatively so free, that infidel doctrines have never been kept down by such force as to provoke a volcanic explosion, and, moreover, Christianity has developed itself in forms so various, as to conciliate various classes of minds, who might have been thrown off the track entirely, if allowed no choice but the narrow path marked out for the believer by the Continental churches. Bolingbroke is the connecting link between English deism and French and German infidelity. As a wit and man of the world, he won a favor abroad that was denied to his more serious and substantial predecessors. This brilliant trifler died in 1751, and his mantle fell upon the two notables whom we have named, and who were still playing their game of flattery and jealousy at the palace in Potsdam.

Like Bolingbroke, Frederic and Voltaire were not men of heart, or of any deep moral convictions. The religion of their day seemed to them contemptible, rather because it was offensive to their good taste and intellectual pride, than because it stood in the way of a more spiritual faith, or a nobler humanity. They were both advocates of toleration, but because all creeds were indifferent to them, rather than because they were more ready than other men to be patient under opposition. In some cases, Frederic carried his toleration so far as to lean to the other extreme, and to compel men by force to withhold their actual views of prevalent manners; as when he fined Professor Francke for preaching against the theatre, on the ground that ac-

tors ought to be, as much as any other class of persons, under legal protection. In Voltaire's famous plea for toleration in the case of the legalized murder of John Calas, in 1762, he shows rather the expediency of a politician, than the principle of a moralist, and quotes the policy of Rome in admitting all gods to the honors of the Pantheon, to rebuke Christians, not merely for the outrage that had condemned an innocent man to the torture, but for the zeal which holds any opinions upon religious subjects to be worthy of zealous defence. Yet we will not try to rob these men of their due, as friends of intellectual liberty. If they had not great sympathy with the common people in their desire for political emancipation, they were certainly wholly opposed to all spiritual despotism, and not in vain have they appeared upon the stage of affairs. They both acknowledged the being of God, and both professed to hold religion itself in respect. Frederic seems to have tried for a time to retain a belief in the Divine mission of Christ, without sacrificing his rational principles; but his advisers were so little able to help him in this effort, — the orthodox were so dogmatic, and the Pietists were so extravagant, and the principles of Liberal Christianity were so feebly developed by the Wolfian school, — that he found no alternative but deism. During the retirement of his early years, at Rheinsberg, he was on intimate terms with clergymen, and expressed to them freely the difficulties in his faith, and his desire to have them removed. He read with pleasure the masterpieces of the French pulpit, although probably far more attentive to their rhetorical and logical excellence, than to their moral and spiritual power. "The time had not yet come," says Hagenbach, "in which the sense of Christianity in its peculiar essence, and of humanity in its broad, grand universality, could be combined in one consciousness. In the decay of the old Protestant orthodoxy, almost the only choice left to a mind so full of life as his own was between a rigid pietistic Christianity, and the philosophical religion of deism. Half-way measures were not to his mind, and to develop a third and still higher faith was not within his province. He was a soldier, not a theologian." (Vol. I. pp. 228, 229.)

Of course, the spirit which animated Frederic and his clique could not be without great influence upon the tone



of literature and philosophy. Roman Catholic countries caught something of the infection, and the jealousy of priestcraft was shown in the general decline and authoritative suppression of the Jesuits, whilst the liberal and humane, if perhaps Quixotic, policy of Joseph II. of Austria seemed to anticipate the principles of freedom and toleration, which were to be the pride of the rising republic of the Western hemisphere.

We will not attempt to rehearse the familiar story of the infidel tendencies in the literature and philosophy of Germany and France in the eighteenth century. It is enough to say that the two hierophants at the altar of free inquiry were themselves scandalized by the excesses of men who professed to follow in their track, that Voltaire was called superstitious by the Encyclopedists, and that Frederic was moved to take up his own pen to refute that last word of atheism, the "System of Nature." Still more would they have been scandalized, could they have known what use would have been made of their principles after their death. These haughty and intellectual aristocrats thought it a very brave thing to defy the old religions, and humble the priesthood before the tribunal of reason. But they did not see that the very weapons used by them against the Church might be turned against the throne, and that a new order of men, utterly disgusting to their dainty tastes and aristocratic notions, would steal their thunderbolts, and write their name upon ruins which it would have shocked them to behold. Free inquiry among the plebeians, backed as it was by hunger and every form of misery, was soon to tell its story, in its own way, and with a different ink from that which had written so many brilliant satires and witty romances.

We cannot pass by our author's survey of the development of Biblical science in the eighteenth century without a few words. The sharp, intellectual, defiant temper of the age must of course show itself in the domain of theology, and especially in the study of the books upon which Christianity rests. The new criticism, in its best representations, was intended mainly to confirm the faith of Christians, although its negative side was more prominent than its positive. Hagenbach exhibits these two tendencies in a very candid contrast between Semler and Bahrdt. Wetstein had already revised the Greek text of

the New Testament, Michaelis had brought his rich Oriental learning, not, indeed, in the best spirit, to illustrate the manners, customs, and phraseology of the Scriptures. Mosheim had endeavoured to exhibit Church history in its actual truth, free from the distortions of bigotry and superstition. Ernesti founded a school of Biblical interpretation, whose aim was to give the true sense of the Scriptures, as it was in the mind of the sacred writers, without being controlled by the authority of the Church, or its creeds, mystical fancies, or philosophic systems. He must be placed at the head of the new school of Biblical interpreters, although, like Michaelis and Mosheim, he remained in the orthodox ranks. Semler, however, is the man who is to be regarded as the father of the neologists. He was born in 1725, and entered the University of Halle at the time when that stronghold of Pietism was agitated by the Wolfian controversy. He was much moved by the religious fervor of the dominant party, whilst his intellect was wholly unsatisfied with their doctrines and phraseology. He did what all men are apt to do. He embodied his own experience in his system, and insisted much upon the distinction between religion and theology, or between the essentials of personal religion and the claims of theological creeds. Every honest experience is sure to find response, and Semler had assurances enough that he was not alone in his views. In him the two tendencies, which were afterwards to be so widely separated, were in some measure harmonized. In his affections a Pietist, in his understanding he was much of a rationalist. The admirer of Jacob Boehme and the pupil of Francke was the head of the modern neologists. He died in 1791, at the age of sixty-six.

To show the positive side of Semler's movement, we are to contrast him with Bahrđt, who marks the lowest step in the descending scale of Biblical criticism in the last century, — Bahrđt, the somewhat brilliant writer and popular orator, the Paine of Germany, whose life and whose faith seem to have been equally below the true standard, and who ended his days in tavern-keeping and his studies in utter unbelief. His views are fully enough given in a single sentence: — "I consider Moses, Jesus, like Confucius, Socrates, Luther, Semler, and myself, as instruments by which Providence in its good pleasure promotes the welfare of the human race."

Bahrddt died in 1792, a year after Semler's death, and six years after the decease of Frederic had brought to the Prussian throne, in Frederic William II., a wholly different prince and as different a policy, — a prince as much more orthodox in creed as weaker in power; a policy which compelled conformity to the Church standards of faith, without exhibiting any elevated standard of morals. For ten years, from 1788 to the accession of Frederic William III., in 1797, the activity of German thought was arrested by the famous *Religions-edict* and the censorship of the press; but upon the accession of the latter, the odious restrictions were abolished, and a new era began. Before entering upon our survey of the labors of those men who undertook to reconstruct the edifice of faith and order in the nineteenth century, we pause awhile to glance at the various efforts to check the destructive spirit whose power had been so obvious in the wide decline of faith and morality, and in the horrors of the French Revolution. In other words, let us speak of some of the constructive men and measures of the eighteenth century.

Skepticism is an unnatural state of the human mind, and utter unbelief in Divine things is a monstrosity. We do not believe that the mass of men ever have been or will be without religious convictions. The century so identified with doubt and denial was conspicuous for earnest teachers of religion, who won the response of multitudes. England, who had begun the work of denial, began the work of defence, and in her noble list of Christian apologists offers names like Butler and Lardner, that have enriched for ever the treasure of Christian scholarship and philosophy. Germany, so ready to receive from England the spirit of unbelief, recompensed the bane with a powerful antidote in the new school of Moravian Christians, and Wesley lighted his torch at the fire which Zinzendorf had drawn from heaven, set the common people of England in a blaze of religious enthusiasm, melted the ice in many episcopal pulpits, and touched with a living coal the lips of many a dull priestly official. Bengel, too, in Germany, with his warm Christian heart and his singular Apocalyptic theories, raised up a new and powerful school of Pietists, whom Christendom must thank for establishing effective charitable and religious associations, which have already, by fourteen years, survived the date

assigned by Bengel himself for the end of the world. Proofs were everywhere given, that the rights of the human heart to hold a near relation with God were not to be trampled upon. The heart invaded the domain of science, and turned the crucible and telescope, the magnet and the scalpel, into instruments of worship. Swedenborg based a new and wonderful system of theology upon the foundation of natural philosophy, whilst, each in his own way, the devotee Stilling and the versatile Lavater followed him, as the apostles of a mystical theosophy. In the very strongholds of doubt, something of the spirit of faith reappeared. France began to be weary of her sad denials, and in the *Vicaire Savoyard* of Rousseau, despite its frequent errors, the claims of the heart upon religion are set forth with a power that entitles the author to be called the sentimental Pietist of deism, and the harbinger of a day when France, to a sentiment equally beautiful, shall add a faith and morality far more substantial and profound. The practical philosophers of nature were conspicuous in their defence of Christianity. Hagenbach very judiciously says, that, so far from resting upon professional theologians alone, Christianity found some of its ablest champions amongst men of wholly secular pursuits, and most likely to be infected with the prevalent tone. So far from true is it, that the study of nature was with faith, that the greatest natural philosophers and mathematicians have been defenders of the faith, and with laudable pride our author points out the very chiefs in the physical sciences, Newton, Euler, and Haller, as proofs of his words. The services which were rendered to the cause of spiritual faith by men not professionally theologians were far greater than was understood at the time. Dogmatists like Horsley found eulogists enough in their own day, but who in their own time adequately estimated the labors of Christian philosophers like Hartley and Reid?

It is probably true, that nearly all the opinions that have been the delight or disgust of conservative thinkers for the last fifty years, had their root in the eighteenth century. The last fifty years have shown them in full development, and therefore we will not linger with our author, but cross the threshold of our own century. He announces as the subject of his second volume, the in-

ternal development of Protestantism, from the last decade of the eighteenth century. We can quite as well give an idea of his field of vision, by taking our position at the close of that decade, and looking before and behind.

How changed the horizon since the day when Frederic and Voltaire met at Potsdam! Instead of Voltaire, we have Napoleon as the representative of Young France, — Napoleon, who was, after all, a kind of Voltaire in armour, using not the pen, but the sword, against what he regarded as the antiquated shams of the age, — signing the Concordat with Pius VII. in very much the same spirit of Roman state expediency that was the basis of Voltaire's plea for toleration, and bringing back the Romish worship very much from the same motives that had moved Voltaire to undermine it. The man of the world now First Consul, and taking such conservative ground, was but another version of the man of the world the dictator in the realm of letters. He who settled the question of political fanaticism with cannon in the streets of Paris, had pretty much the same notions of all sorts of fanaticism, as he who threw paper bullets at the superstitions of Rome and at the sentimental Quixotism of Rousseau, that high-priest of the Robespierrean deism and socialism. France and Prussia again stand in close relations, but not such as when the French apostle of illumination went to live with the deist king. Ideas are very different when used to point brilliant conversation, and when used to point cannon and bayonets. The rise of Napoleon, whilst it checked the progress of speculative studies in France, favored it in Germany. The German powers, alarmed into a timid conservatism, were eager to call to their aid all the forces of scholarship and philosophy, to rebuild the fabric that had been so rudely shattered. The men of letters who partook most largely of the revolutionary spirit in its first outbreak, in the end more or less favored a conservative policy; and we cannot but regard as the characteristic aim of German literature for the last half-century, the desire to construct the social order upon a sound philosophic basis. True, indeed, that Germany has been full of the wildest speculators, and equally true, that her leading scholars and thinkers have had a positive aim, far more desirous of constructing than destroying. Con-

servatism in Germany was not, indeed, as prominent and utilitarian as in England, but it is our firm faith that Kant and Schelling have been as much in favor of a sound social order as Burke and Pitt. The fact, that sad excesses may have come in the train of their speculations, does not in the least prove them to be spirits of destruction. They were as little in love with a skepticism like Hume's, as the Tories of England were in love with the Terrorists of France.

If, standing on the threshold of the nineteenth century, we look about us for representatives of the leaders of recent opinion, we are not long at a loss, so far as Germany is concerned. Central stands the benignant figure of Herder, the representative of the spirit of humanity in literature, history, philosophy, theology. He is the very genius of reconciliation, and in that age of antagonism and revolution he seems to be the angel of peace, the harbinger of a day when the warring elements, which he sought to harmonize by his kindly temper, universal knowledge, and pliant imagination, shall be subdued by a philosophy more profound and a time more auspicious than his. Herder is obviously Hagenbach's pattern man, and is treated of more largely than any other in his volumes. On one side of Herder stands Kant, the metaphysician, the head of all the rationalists of philosophy and theology; on the other side stands Reinhardt, the leader of the school of supernaturalists, who, until the present day, have been so powerful, and, we believe, so salutary, a counterpoise to the rationalists. These three men represent the tendencies of almost all recent thought. If we are to add another, it would be Pestalozzi, the head of the great dynasty of schoolmasters, the elect apostle of education. If, however, he is not to be placed by himself, he may probably be reckoned among the followers of the philosophical tendency represented by Kant, for although a receiver of Christianity as a revelation and a man of prayer, his method has far more the sharpness of the Kantian rationalism than the poetic universality of Herder, or the dogmatic positiveness of Reinhardt.

In the line of Herder we place the minds who aimed to be reconcilers of all antagonism, such as Jacobi, De Wette, Schleiermacher, Neander, and in many respects Schelling and Goethe. With Reinhardt we number the

whole school of supernaturalists, who have been jealous of the intrusion of philosophy into the domain of religion, such as Storr, Flatt, Hahn, Knapp, Hengstenberg. Kant heads, properly speaking, the whole host of the sharp philosophizing minds, alike the school of rationalist theologians, such as Paulus and Wegscheider, and the race of moralists and poets (among the poets even Schiller) who rang changes upon the Kantian triad of God, Freedom, Immortality. In a larger sense, we may connect with Kant the whole set of philosophers, whether Fichte, who carried his reverence for reason into an almost devout egotism; Schelling, who, in aversion to such excess, went to the other extreme, and almost lost all idea of personality in his alleged, but by no means avowed pantheism; or Hegel, who revived something of Kant's intellectual sharpness, and aimed to apply it to the facts of the universe in a spirit uniting Kant's exactness with Schelling's universality.

With the mazes of transcendental speculation, we have nothing now to do, but will merely try to give some view of the influence of German literature, philosophy, and theology upon Christianity. It is obviously a very important question, What is to be the connection between the new culture of Christendom and the cause of religion? This question has nowhere been more severely argued than in Germany. Hagenbach very frankly confesses that the history of Protestantism in the nineteenth century is by no means limited to the sphere of professional theologians or the government of churches, but concerns itself with all the developments of literature, poetry, art, education, philosophy. The earnestness with which he discusses the absolute and relative influence upon Christianity of the two chiefs in German poetry, Schiller and Goethe, seems very singular to one whose ideas of Church history have been taken from Milner or Mosheim. Yet our readers might be as much interested in the topic, as in the discussions that agitated grave English theologians regarding baptismal regeneration, or the right to marry a deceased wife's sister. In England our modern poets have not been zeros in point of theological influence, and when we think of the influence of Byron and Shelley among the innovators, and of Scott and Wordsworth among the conservatives of the Church, we cannot marvel that a

grave professor should choose to introduce into his lectures the greater names of German poetry.

Our author regards Schiller as, on the whole, more true to the Christian ideal of character, and Goethe as a better interpreter of the essence of Christian truth, whilst he considers them both as friends of Protestantism in the main. Schiller partook largely of the influence of Kant, and was jealous of any power that undertook to control the human reason. In his earlier and more revolutionary period, he was the sworn foe of the dominant Church parties, whilst he always acknowledged the reality of religion, and even in his most extravagant production, "*The Robbers*," undertook to save true faith from contempt by putting a canonical dress upon the Kantian ethics, in the person of the pastor Moser. He gave his influence to the cause of Protestantism by his spirit of indomitable freedom, and his uniform defence of the rights of the oppressed. As the historian of the Thirty Years' War, he stands as the uncompromising adversary of Romish despotism. If he deals too severely with the forms of Protestant religion most prevalent in his time, we must remember that a dry dogmatic orthodoxy may offend the spirit of the New Testament quite as much as the poetic enthusiasm that is too jealous of the rights of the soul to be patient even under just discipline. We are informed by one intimate with Schiller, that towards the close of his life he was in the habit of speaking of the influence of Christianity on the world, and of the person of Christ, with peculiar tenderness and reverence. Our author refers, therefore, with gratification to the address made on the occasion of uncovering Schiller's statue, which stated that "the heart of the great poet might not be far from Him whose name was seldom upon his lips, although it was above every other name."

Goethe is usually regarded as a favorer of Romanism, but Hagenbach regards his mode of speaking of the poetry of the Roman ritual as simply the criticism of an artist, who claimed the right to judge every thing by his own principles, and as actually a Protestant assertion of independence of Popery in his assumption of the right of a critic.

We will say no more of the bearing of the new German literature upon Christianity, content for the present



with these illustrations of the influence of the two chiefs in letters. Nor is it necessary to speak now of the relation of speculative philosophy to theology. We will only remark, that Hagenbach's view of the religious spirit of the German philosophers is far more encouraging than is usually taken by theologians. Kant he represents as a man of strong moral convictions, and always reverent towards Christianity, although disposed to regard it too exclusively in its perfect morality. Fichte, notwithstanding his early extravagance, his almost worship of the soul, leaned ever more towards childlike faith in the Supreme, and at the close of his life was known to have regular daily devotions in his family. Even from Schelling, whom our author fancies less, as favoring among devotees implicit acquiescence in the Catholic Church, and among the irreligious pantheistic views of nature, he anticipates some good, in the enlargement of the domain of natural science, art, history, and theology. He thanks Schelling more than all for giving countenance to a more devout spirit of philosophical investigation, and rebuking, by his vast comprehensiveness, the narrowness that would tolerate no mystery in religion and leave no place for faith. He is also disposed to regard him as in some measure the occasion of calling forth, perhaps provoking, that more genial philosophic method, which reasserted the rights of the moral and spiritual faculties, and thus met a want which was not satisfied either by the keen logic of Kant or his own pantheistic theorizing. We should like to speak of Jacobi, who undertook to vindicate the religion of the heart on philosophical grounds, and thus guide the soul by the torch of reason to the shrine of God in a filial faith that rejoices in the Heavenly Father after its weary wanderings among abstractions and impersonalities. Instead of enlarging upon him, however, and his pupil Fries, or their representatives in literature, Richter and Hebel, we will say a few words of the class of theologians who most truly express their views in respect to religion.

We are very little inclined to agree with those who think that the power of Christianity, even with persons of the highest intellectual culture, depends wholly upon its alliance with philosophical theories; much less disposed to believe that the Gospel is like a faint Daguerreotype

picture, which cannot be apprehended by the usual vision, but only by being held up in a certain light under the direction of an adept operator. There is much that is offensive in the German methods of forcing Christian doctrines into the moulds of metaphysical formulas, or of stamping all manner of speculations with the Christian mark. But we have far more liking for the religious philosophy that aims to meet a deep want of the heart, than for that which comes from intellectual restlessness or morbid curiosity. We therefore should be ready to judge favorably what our author calls the new Protestant theology, whose leader is Schleiermacher. We are well aware that to many this school is very offensive, and its leader is stigmatized as a pantheist. It is undoubtedly true, that his early works have a pantheistic tendency, and may have led some readers away from the Christian idea of God. But he denies ever having proclaimed or cherished such opinions. So long ago as 1801, the year after the publication of his two most extravagant works, the *Reden* and *Monologe*, he wrote a letter to the Prussian Bishop Sack, denying the charge, — a letter which is published by the Bishop's son, for the first time, in the last number that we have seen of the *Studien und Kritiken*.

To understand Schleiermacher, we must remember that he was educated under the influence of the Moravian pietism, became an admirer of the Platonic philosophy, and from his temperament and position was led to yearn for such views of religion as would deliver him from the dry dogmatism and cold rationalism around him, and give him a faith based upon the facts of history and the wants of the soul, and placing man in direct communion with God and the Church. For his speculations we do not hold ourselves responsible. So far as praise is concerned, we are content to quote a passage from his *Monologe* regarding his plan of life, and to say with Hagenbach, "He has kept his word": —

"Unimpaired will I keep my spirit to the last; never shall the vital freshness of my heart fail; what cheers me now shall always cheer me; vigorous shall be my will and vivid my imagination, and nothing shall rob me of the magic key which opens to me the mysterious doors of the higher world, and never shall the fire of love die out. . . . Even unto the end will I be stronger, and more living through every action, and more loving through every

idea ; youth will I wed to age, that even this may have fulness and be pervaded by enlivening warmth. . . . . This have I decided upon, and will never give up, and thus smiling I see the light fade from the eyes, and gray hairs springing between fair locks. Nothing that can be done may narrow my heart ; fresh beats the pulse of the inner life until death." — *Monologe*, p. 115.

He who wrote this at thirty lived to charm all his friends with the example of a fresh, childlike old man, and to infuse young life into the Church of his time. He lived, moreover, to trust less in his own will and strength, and to lean upon God through Christ. They who judge him solely by his early works may appreciate his noble, manly spirit, but sadly misunderstand his progress in Christian faith and humility. His later theology may be called the philosophy of humility and faith, the need of dependence being his cardinal principle on the subjective side, and the fact of God's manifestation in Christ being the objective ground of religion.

The rise of his school of theologians is identical with the new development of German nationality. When Germany, in the struggles of 1812–15, threw off the yoke of French despotism, a new enthusiasm pervaded the people, and the countrymen of Luther felt moved by a fresh spirit of patriotism, which showed itself in religious affairs. They were ready to answer to the call of the king, and listen favorably to his plans of Church union. Some were for bringing back the rigid dogmatism of the old Lutheran symbols, others were captivated with the rationalistic doctrines. At this important crisis Schleiermacher acted as mediator, and saved the Church from the counsels of bigots such as the Lutheran Harms, and deniers such as the rationalist Paulus. Himself in brotherhood with the reformed or Calvinistic party, he did much to conciliate their favor towards the union with the Lutherans, whilst he opposed all coercive measures, such as the famous *Agenda*, which aimed to force upon the churches a common mode of worship. His *Glaubenslehre*, which was published in 1821, has exercised an influence which can be claimed probably for no works of nominal Calvinists since the Institutes of Calvin and the Treatise on the Will by Edwards.

In respect to universal culture and generous humanity, Schleiermacher is fitly compared with Herder. The one

was more the poet and historian, the other more the philosopher and theologian. Herder had more of the Oriental fancy, Schleiermacher more of the European acuteness, in his composition. The latter is reproached, not unjustly, with overlooking the value of the Old Testament, whilst the former was perfectly at home in the Old, and left something wanting in his views of the New. Schleiermacher has had the wider influence, and has acted powerfully upon many minds who do not take his name, and who hold far more strict and positive views than he.

"We may say with confidence," writes Hagenbach, "that no conspicuous theologian of either party has arisen within ten years who has not, at least for some time, sat at Schleiermacher's feet, who has not disciplined his mind under him, and not won from the study of his works great light. There has, indeed, been no lack of opposition, and this, too, from opposite sides. The old rationalism found itself uncomfortably affected by the new life that began to stream through the Church; it accused Schleiermacher of equivocation, and charged him especially with pantheism, which he knew how to spin out and robe in Christian phrases; but if this charge was, as we have seen, just, when directed against those who have wilfully broken away from all historical ground, and dissolved every thing into the mist of their speculation, in reference to him it can rest only upon misunderstanding. But to the rigid orthodox (such as Harms) the Schleiermacher theology was not serviceable; they feared, nay, they abhorred, the sharpness of his criticism, and desired an unconditional return to the past."

We will not enter into the theological bearings of the Hegelian philosophy, which disparages sentiment as an element of religion, and assumes the right to reason upon the loftiest subjects of theology, and strives to argue concerning the Divine Being and Providence with the sharpness of Kant and the comprehensiveness of Schelling. The right wing of the Hegelians becomes ever more orthodox, the left more lax; and whilst some theologians of the right are rigid dogmatists and churchmen, the men of the left have gone so far as to throw Strauss quite into the shade, as a tame conservative, and the folly of Feuerbach, who presumes to construct a sort of Christianity out of utter atheism, marks a pitch of absurdity in the godless speculations of German theorists which obviously

is provoking a reaction, and marking the deep darkness that heralds the returning light.

We stand now at the end of the century whose theological history we have very cursorily traced. Few religious persecutions, little of external church warfare, should we record, even if we had undertaken to speak of the external history of Christendom. The conflicts of religion have been mainly in the realm of opinion and peaceful moral enterprise. Vast are the services that have been rendered within the century to sound learning and Christian truth. Cheering, indeed, is the record of the wealth, intellect, and energy devoted to plans of benevolence, whether for the relief of misery or the promotion of knowledge, sobriety, and devotion. Especially has the practical Christian mind of England and America been engaged in humane and religious enterprises, in works, we believe, far better than discussing the nature of the Categorical Imperative, or settling the philosophy of the Absolute.

We have reason to believe that German Christians are wearying of their too fruitless passion for speculation, and thinking soberly of doing something stoutly and well for practical morality and religion. Frederic William IV., styled by Strauss the modern Julian, who, he thinks, insanely attempts to revive an exploded faith, does not find his throne a bed of roses. Yet Prussia under his sway is freer than under the rule of Frederic the Great, and we think none the worse of him for incurring the enmity of the Voltaire of his age. The leading men of Prussia are obviously favoring more practical and zealous modes of Christian action, and the last word from Germany that we have read is, not a new hash of Hegelian philosophy, but an admirable report of a new and comprehensive Home Missionary Society, upon the moral condition of the great cities of the land.

The volumes before us do not profess to treat of the troubles that have agitated Germany within two years, as such a course would make the publication rather a new work than a second edition. The recent theological works that we have seen show apprehension of the danger to religion from separating church and state, according to the resolutions of the Frankfort Parliament. But later acts of the Prussian government have obviated their fears, and the prospect is, that whilst all religions are fully

tolerated, the same state countenance as before will be given to the Evangelical Church. If such patronage be a blessing, then Ewald and Ullmann, and others of their mind, may remove their fears. The terrible commotions of 1848 have not as yet so far subsided as to enable us to judge of the actual position and probable future of Germany. Our hope, of course, is, that the result will be a gain of civil and religious liberty, with the restoration of general order. Very fair the prospect seems to be, that the land of Luther is to be saved from the sway of the godless fanatics, the young Hegelians, whose excesses so defamed the name of liberty, and threw a gloom over the last hours of a man so patriotic and liberal as De Wette.

We now only add a few remarks upon the lessons to be drawn from the century now ending.

In the first place, it is very clear that throughout the world there has been great gain in point of civil and religious freedom. How much the area of civil liberty has been extended since the days of Louis XV. and George II. we need not say. Nor are many words necessary to show how much freedom of opinion and worship has gained within that interval. In Protestant states, one by one the shackles have been thrown off. Such acts as the torture of Calas and the exile of the Zillerthalers seem out of place in the century, and, like foul bats that have blundered out in daytime, make us feel all the more that night has gone. It may, indeed, be, and is doubtless, to a certain extent, true, that the prevalent spirit of toleration is tinctured largely with indifference, and that men are disposed to bear with each other's opinions, because less disposed to value religious truth. Yet, among persons of the most decided religious convictions the principle of toleration finds its most earnest advocates, and the government that has so long been the leader of the Protestant interest more and more inclines to emancipate all sects from civil and religious thralldom. Such petty despots as the Bishop of Exeter serve to show how far England has gained in general liberality, whilst the croaking of those who saw the land of Cranmer and Cromwell falling back into Romanism has been effectually silenced by the Pope's disastrous defeat in his own domain, and his more disastrous restoration under the protection of French bayonets. With all its divisions and strifes, Protestantism has stead-

ily gained power, and the race now in the ascendant — the race that has stretched its power over America and India — has a history and a temperament that will never allow it to be the minion of Rome. We do not despair of hearing a Protestant sermon within the gates of the Eternal City. The ominous power that is gathering its resources in the North of Europe, little as it loves the name of liberty, may in the end be its helper. If the autocrat should plant his standard on the shores of the Bosphorus, and displace the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia by the cross, Rome would be far from gaining by the change, and the spirit of Photius, rather than that of Hildebrand, would rule over the restoration of the Greek Church.

We may remark, in the second place, that whilst liberty has gained vastly within the century, the spirit of order has not by any means decayed, but has on the whole been renewed upon the basis of freedom. The order that is enforced by arbitrary authority has been most rudely shaken, and in its fall it was predicted that not one stone would stand upon another in church or state. But the work of reconstruction has been going on. We need not speak of the truly conservative influence of the representative system in civil government, or of the obvious impossibility of a continued state of anarchy. Nor need we speak of the new powers that have risen up within the century, and which bear so strongly upon the good order of nations and the progress of intelligence, — the school and the press, — the first now acting as never before, and the latter under the form of journalism the offspring of the century, and, in spite of its frequent errors, giving its best minds to principles wisely conservative. The Christian Church has fully shown that the progress of liberty is not the destruction of faith, and the withdrawal of state patronage is not the downfall of worship. Christianity has identified itself with the best culture of the age. In this country, where the Church is least of all dependent upon the state, the clergy have taken the front rank in literature, and will be traitors to themselves and their cause if they are not the leaders of the moral sentiment of the nation. The natural sciences themselves are offering substantial aids to Christian divinity, whilst history and philosophy have lost the defiant temper of the Gibbons

and the Diderots. What naturalist now speculates like D'Holbach,—what historian discourses like Volney,—what metaphysician dogmatizes like Helvetius? Sometimes we fear a return to ancient superstitions, so ready are many persons to recognize spiritual existences, and find even in nature a basis for the supernatural. But such fear is groundless, and there is every cause for satisfaction in the thought that the foundations of utter skepticism have been overthrown, and in the study of nature, man, and revelation, even philosophy has put beyond question, in the highest courts of free inquiry, the essential principles of faith.

Of the century to come, we will not aim to be prophets. We bless God for the liberty and order that have been our birthright, to a degree never before accorded to man. The debt owed to the past we are to repay to the future. Giving our best strength to the cause of education, sobriety, industry, faith, devotion, we are to do our part well for the liberty and the law that are in Christ, and commend to the Lord of the ages the century whose setting sun must shine upon our graves.

What a prospect is opened after this retrospect! The progress which grave history now connects with the last hundred years gives a romantic hue to anticipation. Not without fear, indeed, but with far greater hope, may we look forward. Much good has risen from events in their own time very sad and inauspicious. Over many a storm we now see a bow of promise, and at the tomb in which many devotees thought faith to be buried, the angels of the resurrection have stood. What for eighteen centuries has invariably taken place, we may expect once more, and ever. All the gathering treasures of humanity shall at last be laid at the feet of him who came to call the nations into the kingdom of God. No gift shall be despised for its lowliness, none withheld on account of its grandeur. The humblest utilities of art and the sublimest discoveries of science,—the simplest charities of the good and the most exalted thoughts of the wise,—shall join in the homage, lift to the Creator hymns of joy beyond that of ancient chants, and build monuments of faith passing in their meaning and their majesty the proudest of ancient temples.



## ART. VI.—PAUL AT EPHEBUS. IN A SET OF PICTURES.

THE city of Ephesus figures so much in the narrative and Epistles of the Apostle Paul, that it may be interesting to attend to some of the scenes where he appears in connection with it. The subject leads us to a place that is renowned in sacred history, and brings before us a few of the most striking incidents of a life eventful for himself and for mankind. By associating the great missionary to the Gentiles with a single spot of his labors and sufferings, we may gather several remarkable transactions into one group, and make them more distinctly present to us. We may get a sort of epitome of his whole career by observing what befell him, and how he bore himself, in one city. It was a famous city. It was called one of the eyes of Asia. It was large, bright, powerful. He was determined to open it to the light of the everlasting Gospel. He was determined to give to that proud name a divine celebrity of which it had no conception. In one of his Epistles he speaks of himself as resolving to "tarry" there; and the reasons that he gives for that resolution will appear strange enough to indolent and timid persons. They were, that there was a great deal of work to be done, and a great number of enemies to oppose him in the doing of it. Here was one of the most magnificent capitals of the earth, and he was only a visitor in it. But its splendor had nothing to dazzle, and its pleasures nothing to tempt him. He thought only how it might be converted to God. He would stay there because it wanted him, and he could serve it, and not because he was himself in want of any thing it could give; not because it contained all that art could minister to enjoyment, but because it was the post of danger. "For a great door and effectual is opened unto me," was his language, "and there are many adversaries." The door of its temple of Diana, that was gorgeous with all the miracles of Grecian genius, was open to him. But it was only that he might denounce the idolatry within. The door of its theatre was open to him, but it was only that he might be dissuaded from risking his life there to no purpose. It was through the door of perilous duty which it threw wide to him that he resolutely passed;

and, but for that, he cared nothing for any of its stately gates.

We will go with the Apostle, then, to Ephesus; and as we tarry with him there awhile, we will look at him in the following order of circumstances:— Paul in its synagogue; Paul in the school of Tyrannus; Paul with its silversmiths; Paul with its conjurors; Paul with its beasts; Paul with its Church elders.

Paul in the synagogue at Ephesus. Thither his steps were the earliest directed. There were his countrymen, his spiritual kinsmen, those of the same faith in which he had been brought up, of a race and law that separated them strongly from the rest of mankind. His sympathies began with them. In various parts of his writings he speaks of them with the deepest interest and affection, though they were his chief opponents, and were always stirring up hostility against him among every people whom he went to address. He could not forget that they shared together the reproach that was cast by the heathen world upon all the children of Abraham; that he honored, to a certain extent, with them the same peculiar usages; and that both had been instructed from childhood in the sacred books of the same legislator, psalmists, and prophets. He was anxious to persuade them that the prophetic testimony had now received its fulfilment; that their Christ had come, and they were not to look for another. Therefore he went into their synagogue,—an humble building, certainly, compared with the architectural magnificence that surrounded it, but it drew within its walls the men and women on whose behalf he was so earnestly engaged;—and for three months at a time he reasoned with them, and strove to convince them, concerning the kingdom of God. He did not assail their former persuasions, for he shared them. He did not mean that they had hitherto believed in an error and a fable, for he maintained that they had been educated in the truth,—in divinely communicated truth. He had not to lay anew in their minds the foundation of a just religious belief, for it was strong there already. They were zealous for the doctrine of One only Living and True God. But they had not yet received Jesus Christ, whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world. He was anxious that they should embrace this doctrine also; that

they should add the love of the Gospel to the strength of the Law, and the revelation of immortality to the temporal rewards of well-doing; that they should increase their faith, not detract any thing from it, and through the further way which had just been disclosed go forward to perfection. But these endeavours of his met with only a partial success. Many would not hear. Many would not believe when they did hear. And some turned fiercely upon their teacher, and publicly attacked what they looked upon as a schism in their ancient Church, and rejected with a passionate obstinacy the grace that was bringing salvation. Then he departed from them, carrying with him those who were willing to listen.

Behold him now, no longer in the sacred place that was appropriated to the worship and religious instruction of his nation, but in the school-room of a Grecian sophist, whose name was Tyrannus. There he discoursed, not on the Jewish Sabbaths only, but every day in the week; setting forth the wonders that had been done in the land of Judah and by the Galilean lake, and the light that had gone forth from thence to bless the Gentiles. His audience was no longer composed of Jews only. Together with his own countrymen came the Ephesian citizens, and the strangers, of various creed and of none, that chanced to be mingled with them at the time. For two years he kept up this course of Christian indoctrination. He addressed himself by turns to the religious wants of the different parts of his assembly. With that ingenious versatility by which he became all things to all, he recommended his word now to those who had been brought up in idolatry, and now to the disciples of Moses, who could conceive and allow of nothing beyond his monotheistic law. Both of them, all of them, received in their due season the instruction which each required. He argued with the Hebrew from his own Scriptures, and with the Greek from certain of his own poets, winning men of every way of thinking to the truth as it is in Jesus. Thus, the school of Tyrannus—that uncertain person, who probably, after the manner of his tribe, made a trade of using vain arguments for still vainer speculations, and would undertake with equal readiness the defence of either side, as if nothing was divinely true—echoed at last with a voice that was always in strong and

affectionate earnest ; whose various tones sprang from one living sentiment, breathed the same generous purpose, and declared constantly a central reality, to which the hearts of all people should be turned, from every diversity of opinion, and from the whole circumference of the earth. Here Paul proclaimed one religious truth, around which all others were to arrange themselves harmoniously ; and that was the mission of a Redeemer clothed with the combined power of the new and the elder covenant. Still more. This school of a doubtful or false wisdom, deserted by its former master, and consecrated by the coming of an ambassador of Christ, became now a seminary for all that part of the world ; and in "the space of two years" it acquired a name that the whole tide of time will never cover over.

Paul with the silversmiths is the third scene to be presented. Here we lose sight of the Jewish disciples altogether. There is no longer any trace of their interference. The synagogue is at a distance, and the school too, with its many Israelitish faces. We are in a heathen place, — in a city that makes no recognition of one God, even the Father. In the midst of it rises a temple for profane rites. It is dedicated to a goddess ; and she is not a chaste one, though bearing the name of Diana. The image that was feigned to have fallen down from Jupiter was but the representation of the powers of nature. It was not even intended as the slightest emblem of Him who is the Omnipotent Ruler of nature. It is not only an idol, but of an earthly expression and a rude cast. Over it, however, rises one of the seven wonders of the world. We have all heard the names of a few illustrious artists of Greece, when she was in the height of her fame. Their works were but a part of its embellishment. Their statues stood there, of the purest marble. Their paintings glowed upon the polished walls. The worshipper of Jehovah would naturally turn away with abhorrence from such a sight, that set forth to his eyes with so much splendor an abominable superstition. But we may be sure to find the active Apostle where there was the most to be confronted ; and we are next to see him in connection with this famous edifice. It was in this way. Every natural spot that acquires renown, and every marvellous work of human hands, is apt to collect persons

around it who are maintained in some degree by the curiosity of strangers. They are guides to it, or they furnish the visitor with something by which to remember it. It was so in the present case. There was a company of artificers, who occupied themselves with making little silver models of Diana's shrine;—perhaps of the whole temple, perhaps of that part where her image was set up. These persons were alarmed for their gains. They were told that "this Paul had turned away much people" by representing that "they were no gods which were made with hands." They therefore proceeded to excite the populace against him. Covering their worldly interest under the garb of religious zeal, which has been very common always, they cried out that the temple of their goddess was likely to be despised, and her magnificence to be destroyed whom all Asia and the world worshipped. Then rose the shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and the whole city was full of confusion. The multitude seized upon two of Paul's companions, and hurried them before an assembly called suddenly together in the public hall. He himself would have gone in to address the tumultuous meeting, and was scarcely restrained, when not only his disciples, but some of the chief men of the place, besought him not to adventure himself into the throng. His reasoning and his pure zeal could have availed nothing there to himself or to his cause. He had made the desired impression, and it was enough. The Ephesian idolatry had received an immediate wound. His prudence now took the place of his fervid self-devotion; and, after the uproar had ceased, he called to him his converts and embraced them, and then set out for Macedonia.

Before his departure, however, we must see him with the conjurors, over whose minds he gained a great ascendancy. This city had long abounded with persons of such a stamp. It had become a proverb throughout the country for the number of magical books that were there published. What these were, it is easier to guess at than to describe. They were used for the purposes of divination and sorcery. They were meant to put men into certain relations with supernatural powers of evil. We may suppose them to have been consulted and employed often by those who were only credulous, or inquisitive, or am-

bitious, reaching after a forbidden knowledge and a might above that of mortals; but they were taken in hand also, and more by the crafty and wicked. At the best, they had their origin in fraud; their tendency was to wild speculations and mischievous practices; they were dark and foul with the worst superstitions of the time. They dealt in charms, in incantations, in "curious arts." The bright signs of heaven and the shape of the crescent moon were put to unhallowed service, and the shades of the dead were pretended to be evoked for the instruction or the terror of the living. We looked at the Apostle before with the Jew and the half Jew, and the fanatical polytheist; he is now with those who were the farthest off and the lowest down from a true religious apprehension. Many an enlightened Gentile there might have understood that the tutelary divinity of his fellow-citizens was only an emblem of Nature, and that "an idol is nothing in the world." But these men lay in the depths of heathen error. Paul met them with the plain instructions of religious wisdom, as they had been written down of old; with the simple but sublime words of inspiration; with the intelligible and affecting story of the redeeming Son of Man, and with the miraculous power which that Saviour had committed to his chosen, that it might be a sign to all others. As they listened and beheld, the volumes that they had studied as treasures, the pages that were traced over with mystic characters, grew as hateful to them as they were pernicious. The book of the Lord triumphed over their prejudices and delusions, and became sufficient for them. The clear duty of a virtuous life, and the open knowledge which the humblest may acquire, and the sure trust of a confiding spirit, seemed to them to put to shame all their vain studies, all their dreamy endeavours. They brought together the rolls that contained that black art, and showed their sincerity and their zeal by burning them in the streets. "So mightily," adds the historian of the fact, "did the word of God grow and prevail."

But Paul, in one of his letters to the Corinthians, seems to point to a worse kind of struggle than that which he was compelled to hold with the most violent men. "I have fought with beasts," he says, "at Ephesus." As no such event is elsewhere mentioned, and this

would be so remarkable a one in his experience, many have supposed that his language here is merely figurative, referring to what he had to contend with through the rage of his enemies. It may be so. It does not sound improbable. But yet the opinion of many of the learned has inclined to the literal interpretation. We know that in those days one of the barbarous methods of tormenting or destroying obnoxious persons was to expose them to wild animals in the amphitheatre. "The Christians to the lions!" was one of the cries of persecution in the early ages of the Church; and he who gathered so many of its communions tells us that he was "in deaths often." In that very epistle he shows the imminency of his danger, by asking, "And to what end all this, if the dead rise not? And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" The most ancient traditions say, that here was an actual contest with the rage of brutes. Doubtless he was ready for either violence, and could be as little intimidated by one kind of irrational force as by another. And thus should the Christian heart set itself steadfastly against every foe;—against man in his pride, and what is lower than man in its ferocity, and nature and accident in all their blind forms of terror.

But lo! he presents himself before us once more,—and in how different an attitude from the one in which we have just left him, with his strained muscles and daring countenance! Time had passed by. The unwearied Apostle, after having made a wide tour to the West, was journeying towards Jerusalem. He determined to "sail by" Ephesus, that he might not be detained in that part of the country. But when he arrived at Miletus, a little beyond it, his heart yearned towards the company of the faithful, whom he had confirmed there at so much cost; and he sent for its elders that he might have, at least with them, one conference more. The touching language that he spoke on that occasion has been handed down to us. It would be difficult to find its match for a dignified but tender eloquence. He ended his discourse with a saying of Christ, which the Scriptures have nowhere else recorded:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." And when he had thus spoken, the bold champion whom nothing had dismayed fell on his knees and prayed with them all;—and they, melted

to tears, threw themselves upon his neck, lamenting that they should never behold him again.

And this was his departure from Ephesus. Ephesus ! It is now a name, and no place. The traveller sits under a covered shed where it stood, and seeks in vain for the traces of its former grandeur. Its goddess may be reproduced from the rusty coins of the antiquary ; her temple, not even that. The very name it went by, a praise in all lands, would not now know itself under its Turkish substitute. But it is made perpetual mention of under the roofs of innumerable churches of Christ, while everywhere else it is only pored over by the student of things that lie almost forgotten under the ruins of the ages. After every vestige of visible pomp has become effaced, the memory of Paul hallows the spot. The ever-living Gospel makes the waste where the mother of cities once stood blossom again with holy traditions. It sets up the pillars of its testimony, more lasting than the Ephesian marbles, or the great globe itself, telling us that every thing but God's truth passes away.

N. L. F.

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#### ART. VII. — REFLECTIONS.

“RIGHT” has been defined as “the centre of a circle,” and “about right” as “its circumference.” The centre remains unchanged, but the circumference may be drawn of any size.

To gain a small advantage, men frequently sacrifice a great one. To gain the equivocal respect attached to wealth or office, men frequently sacrifice the great and undoubted respect attached to virtue.

Some three hundred thousand emigrants from Europe land annually on our shores. In ancient times these would have been hordes of Celts or Teutones seeking, sword in hand, for better quarters in foreign lands. Christianity and Commerce have done something to improve the world.



A few men furnish ideas. The rest only combine, express, and apply them.

Men's minds, like birds' eyes, are provided with a nicitating membrane, which serves to shut out light when there is more of it than they like.

To many persons whatever is profound is obscure, so that they are easily persuaded that what is obscure is profound. A mud-puddle seems to them as deep as the Mississippi. The unintelligible jargon which passes current with such persons for philosophy reminds us of the machine which Gulliver saw at Laputa, throwing out chance combinations of written words. These were carefully collected by a philosopher of that region, with the expectation that some of the combinations would present new and sublime truths. A number of the philosophical works of our day seem to have proceeded from this source.

Solon said of his laws, that they were not the best in themselves, but the best which the Athenians would bear. This principle of adaptation applies to most laws. They are moral rules alloyed to make them fit for rough use. If a man makes such laws his standard of right, he shows that he is inclined to do right only so far as he is compelled to it.

It is not enough for a man to pursue such a course as, if pursued by all, would produce the greatest happiness. The doings of the good must take their direction in a great measure from the misdoings of the bad. A course which would befit a member of a community of angels is not the one which befits a man in this scene of warring elements, where vice and misery are the great incitements to virtue. To fulfil the duties of this life, a man must be more than innocent. He must be active in resisting evil and relieving suffering.

To do good to-day is the way to be happy to-morrow.

Melancholy magnifies the evils of life and consumes the energy required to meet them. To indulge such a temper is to violate the duty which lies at the foundation of all others, namely, the duty of keeping ourselves fit to perform our duties.

Solomon tells us that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety." But the safety is more often for the counsellors than for the counselled.

Happiness cannot be had without care and labor. The wealthy are apt to seek for it in a mere change of circumstances. This may remove a particular form of ill. But the great cause of unhappiness remains, namely, powers unused and conscience unsatisfied. A sub-acid state of conscience is a common evil.

A man who acquires fame by overtasking himself commonly impairs his faculties, and suffers the mortification of sinking below the level to which he had forced himself. It is better to have a reputation below one's ability than above it.

If you wish for content, do much and expect little.

Do not sacrifice the good that you can have for the good that you cannot have.

What a man has to do he should do when he thinks of it, and not put it off to a time when he won't think of it. Now is the time for doing, by and by for forgetting.

Suggestions which are scornfully received are often quietly adopted.

One great element of success is, not to be afraid of failing, nor to be discouraged by failing, but to be willing to fail sometimes for the sake of succeeding often. The man who will not act except when he is certain of success will accomplish little.

Are not the recollections of dreams sometimes mingled with those of actual occurrences, so as to pass for them? May not such impressions account for that feeling experienced at times in new scenes or situations, namely, that we have been in such before?

One reason of a man's over-estimate of himself is, that he looks upon himself and others from very differ-

ent points of view. He cannot see the workings of other men's minds directly. He infers their characters from their acts. But he looks directly into his own mind, and judges of himself by what he finds there. In short, he judges of others by their doings, but of himself by his feelings and intentions. And as good feelings and intentions are abundant, and good deeds rare, he easily comes to think of himself "more highly than he ought to think." Besides, one cannot see the difficulties of others as he sees his own. Many difficulties are learned only by experience, and a vast many more are too petty to be described. These are appreciated by each one in his own case, and overlooked in the case of others. Moreover, men conspire to inflate each other. The common language of social intercourse is complimentary. Every one is supposed to be pleased with praise, and this being cheap is liberally bestowed. And though each one knows that he is uttering counterfeit coin, he is apt to think that what he receives is genuine.

A studious man beset with family cares is like a primitive Christian. His enemies are those of his own household.

E. W.

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#### ART. VIII.—HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.\*

"THE liberties of Hungary have played their last part. That part has been long and bloody. There is nothing that has not been done on the one side to suppress them; there is nothing which has not been done on the other to maintain them. The world knows the catastrophe of this tragedy, but the world is divided in the judgments which it has formed of it."

It is with these words that a Hungarian chronicler of the last century begins his history of the reigns of Leopold and Joseph I., so fatal, as it then seemed, to Hungarian independence. Leopold had attained the object which

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\* *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie, depuis la Révolution Française.* Par A. DE GERANDO. Paris. 1848.

his house had pursued from the period when they first turned their designs upon the kingdom of Hungary; he had succeeded in causing the crown to be declared hereditary in his family, and, in the views of the prince, as in the apprehensions of the people, hereditary was synonymous with absolute monarchy. The sacred crown of St. Stephen, which, hitherto, no king had worn but by the gift of the Hungarian people, had passed from their custody, and was held, in the very seat of their enemies, at Vienna. The heroic and devoted man who came forward, at this crisis, as the defender of their liberties, had fallen, — rather through cabal and intrigue, than by the force of Austrian arms, — and wandered in exile, to find, at last, among the Turks, a refuge that Christendom denied him. At the period when the lines we have quoted were written, all the towns and castles of Hungary were filled with Austrian garrisons; the country everywhere swarmed with Austrian troops, living at free quarters upon the inhabitants, whom they were not only permitted, but encouraged, to afflict with every species of extortion and cruelty; confiscation had brought ruin to all the most patriotic families; the noblest heads in Hungary had fallen upon the scaffold. That nothing might be wanting to the completion of their miseries, and that the last avenue of hope might be closed, the successful party in this contest had attempted to withdraw the sympathy of other nations from its victims, by blackening their character and objects. Thus the world, which had looked upon this tragedy, was “divided in the judgments which it formed of it.”

Thus was it with Hungary at the beginning of the last century. In our own time, we have witnessed these same scenes again. We have looked on the same struggle, the same fall. Again Hungary lies prostrate before imperial power. Again, in tones of triumph or despondency, the enemies and the friends of freedom repeat, — “The liberties of Hungary have played their last part.” Again calumny has added the last bitterness to misfortune.

But with the fall of Rakoczy, the liberties of Hungary were not hopelessly fallen. They have been nobly vindicated since then. The Archdukes of Austria, after they had caused the crown to be declared hereditary in their

house, found themselves no nearer the accomplishment of their ends than when they wore it by election. Charles III., successor of Joseph I., restored the regalia to the Hungarian people, and was forced to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution and established customs of the kingdom. Of his successors, one only dared to disregard this compact, and to reign without being invested with the sacred Hungarian crown. His name is not found on the list of the kings of Hungary, and all his edicts have been expunged from the statute-books.

The emperors of Austria, at the present day, may perhaps find, that, with the expense of so much labor, money, and crime, they have yet done nothing towards the accomplishment of their ends. A people in whom a sense of justice and love of freedom are innate, and in whom these qualities have been kept alive and strengthened by the habit of self-government, is not to be subjugated. When active and armed resistance fails, it has still the power of offering a passive resistance, often found as effective, since, without violence, which calls for violence in return, it can disconcert the best-laid schemes, and prevent the machinery of government from working. No nation understands this kind of resistance better than the Hungarian. This resistance, they will, doubtless, now exert, until, in the chances and changes of time, the occasion shall present itself for a more energetic assertion of their rights. Then, wiser by its late experience, — enfranchised from those sentiments of loyalty which held back many sincere patriots at the beginning of the late struggle, — freed, by the acts of the Austrian cabinet itself, from the obligations of the Pragmatic Sanction, by which many of the Magyars still felt themselves bound long after its terms had been violated by the other party, — the Hungarian nation will rise as one man, and Hungary will be once more the field of the conflict between despotism and freedom. It is important, therefore, not only in order to enable us to form a correct judgment of past events, but that we may be prepared beforehand to understand the nature of the movements which may in future agitate this part of Europe, that we should know what is, in truth, the character of the Hungarian people, what is the state of political science among them, and what is the real na-

ture of those institutions which they have so strenuously, and, until the last unhappy year, so successfully, defended. Only thus can we be enabled to judge what influence the destinies of this nation are to have on those of Europe,—what the world has to gain or to lose by its reestablishment or its extinction.

Austria has employed with success against the Magyars the peculiar weapons of the age. The periodical press, which in England and this country has, with all its abuses, so well served the cause of freedom and progress, has on the continent of Europe, dependent, as it is, for its existence on the favor of the ruling powers, proved an equally powerful engine in forwarding the designs and maintaining the permanence of despotism. The German press has, for the last twenty years, misrepresented the character of the people of Hungary, and has either kept out of view or given a false coloring to the important events which have taken place there during that period. Through this medium, Austria has spread abroad an impression that the Magyars are a half barbarous people, still buried in the darkness of the Middle Ages, who have resisted every attempt to introduce reform into their ancient constitution, by which, as it is represented, the Magyar portion of the inhabitants of Hungary has been secured in the possession of immense privileges, from which the other races have been excluded. That falsehoods so bold should obtain credit is only to be accounted for by the general ignorance which has prevailed in regard to the institutions and condition of Hungary, in consequence of its secluded position and peculiar language. The only source accessible to the general reader, from which information has reached the rest of the world, has been found in the reports of those few French and English travellers who have penetrated into Hungary. Those who have remained there long enough to become disabused of the prepossessions with which most foreigners have entered the country, have left it filled with admiration for a people who have maintained their ancient constitution and their national independence, in the very heart of despotism, by a struggle of three centuries, and who, in the present age, have set themselves resolutely to the task of reforming their ancient institutions, and placing their country, in regard to

political freedom, on an equality with the most enlightened nations of the earth. Among those writers who have contributed to render the position of Hungary better understood, M. de Gerando holds a distinguished place. The work of this author, entitled *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*, published in 1848, before the breaking out of the war, is of the highest value. M. de Gerando has lived many years in Hungary. He is intimately acquainted with the character and customs of every class of the people, and has qualified himself for the task he has undertaken by studying the history and constitution of the country.

With regard to the injustice which Hungary has suffered from the misrepresentations of the German press, and those of writers who have relied on this source of information, M. de Gerando thus speaks:—

“If the knowledge of the facts is wanting to us, it is the German press which we must accuse. It suits, indeed, the views of the cabinets from which the crowd of paid journalists draw their inspiration, to stifle the report of what is passing in Hungary. The gazettes, therefore, which bring the two extremities of Europe into correspondence, that is to say, the German newspapers, make it their business to depreciate, to distort, the facts which they relate, and to invent false recitals in support of their assertions. They disparage the Hungarian constitution, which contains, old as it is, precious germs of liberty, and they ridicule the sincere men who are endeavouring to develop it, and to appropriate it to the wants of their age.”—p. 3.

And again:—

“The Hungarian journals which reply to them are very few in number, and have no publicity beyond the frontier. This explains the errors repeated by the foreign newspapers and reviews, from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to the Times, not to mention the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which MM. Saint René, Taillandier, Cyprian Robert, and M. Desprez discuss subjects with which they are only half acquainted.

“Instead of an exposition of facts, we find vague talk about the oppression of the Slavonians, on the authority of the gazettes. It has been represented that there is a ‘war of languages’ between the Magyar language and the Slavonic language. But those who assert this have, either through ignorance or negligence, omitted to say that the so-called Slavonian resistance had no partisans except in Croatia, among a minority, and this exist-

ing only through Austrian support, — and that this minority, which pretends to defend its liberty, begins by attacking the liberty and nationality of its opponents. For the majority of the Croats, who are deprived of their constitutional rights, declare that the Illyrian language, which this faction attempts to impose on them, is for them ‘a foreign language.’ Those who are represented as the oppressed are themselves the oppressors. We shall see that the oppression they exercised went the length of assassination.”

Our readers may form an idea of the tone of exaggeration so commonly adopted in speaking of Hungary, and of the carelessness or imperfect information of these Continental journalists and reviewers who pretend to guide public opinion in regard to the affairs of that country, from the following extract from one of the least unjust, and not the most ignorant, of these writers, M. Langsdorff, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. After observing that the inquirers into the customs of the Middle Ages might have found the best field for the observation of feudal manners in Hungary, he proceeds: —

“It is there that one might have seen this long strife between the conquering and the conquered people, separated from each other by all the exterior signs which perpetuate the remembrance of the victory of one race and the defeat of the other. The one, always armed, on horseback, *masters of the whole soil they have conquered*; the other, cultivating, under the hard domination of their masters, fields whose harvests will not be theirs, clothed in sheepskins or in coarse cloth, chained for eight centuries to the glebe, — by force at first, later, by the law, — hardly freed at the present day, not daring to believe or to trust to the sudden, unexpected destiny of their liberty,\* — a race without any other tradition than that of servitude, without legal existence, of whom the chronicles have left us this energetic definition: *Plebs misera, egens, contribuens aut potius nulla*. . . . . Riches even, that power which everywhere else has killed the feudal system, there effect nothing. An individual of the *victorious race* is poor, one of the *enslaved race* is rich; that is all; the social condition does not change, because it is established on other relations than those of fortune. The slave or freed man in Rome, with a million of sesterces, did not the less tremble before a Roman citizen, poor and a beggar. This new king-people only amounts to half a million of men,† yet it is of them only that there has hitherto

\* M. Langsdorff here alludes to the laws abolishing the distinctions between noble and peasant, passed by the diet in March, 1848.

† The Magyar race is the most numerous in Hungary, and there is a greater number of peasants of this race than of any other.



been question in history. The *vanquished*, crushed by a long servitude, had not even thought of redeeming their rights, of protesting against their destiny. They bowed, without a murmur, their heads beneath the hard and eternal law of *væ victis*."\* — *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1er Août, 1848.

We have quoted this passage at length, because it contains, very distinctly set forth, an error which has been extensively circulated, and which has given rise to very incorrect impressions with regard to the character of the Magyars, and their position relative to the other races, inhabiting with them the kingdom of Hungary. The author of this graphic sketch apparently writes under the impression,—certainly his words convey the impression,—that all the nobles in Hungary are of the Magyar race, and that the distinction between noble and non-noble is a distinction between the conqueror and the conquered. He attributes to the victorious race the possession of all the land in the country, and of all the political power.

These representations are utterly without foundation. There have not been, since the earliest times, any political distinctions in Hungary, founded on difference of race. The distinction between privileged and unprivileged classes was not a growth of Magyar institutions, nor a consequence of the Magyar conquest. When the Magyars entered the country, they found the institution of serfdom already existing there; but, with the exception of the prisoners taken in arms against them, all whom they found free they left free.† Those who submitted, without offering resistance to the conquerors, were even left in possession of their estates. The wide plains of Dacia afforded ample room to the invaders. The prisoners taken in war were received into the army of the victors. If they distinguished themselves by their courage, they were raised to the rank of nobles, and received grants of land in reward of their services. Within a hundred years after the occupation of the country by the Magyars, all the inhabitants, of whatever race, were regarded as composing one nation, called the Magyar or

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\* It is due to M. Langedorff to state, that he afterwards does full justice to the generosity and disinterestedness of the nobility of Hungary, in voluntarily abrogating their privileges.

† Fessler, *Die Geschichte der Ungern*, 1ter Bd., S. 323.

Hungarian nation. The laws secured to the conquerors no peculiar privileges.\*

Among the Magyars themselves, at the period of their entering the country, the most entire equality, as regards political rights, prevailed. All were alike called to the public assemblies to deliberate on the affairs of the nation. The distinctions, so contrary to the spirit of their institutions, which afterwards grew up among them, arose from the circumstances of the times. With a nation which was obliged to be constantly in a state of defence against foreign invasion, the military profession was naturally held in the highest honor. The national assembly assumed, in a great measure, the character of a council of war. Those who neglected to attend these assemblies, and refused to serve their country in arms, forfeited their political privileges, and became the dependents, and subsequently the vassals, of the other nobles. The exemption of the military part of the community from taxation was, originally, but an equitable division of the burdens of the state. The weak and timid, who shrank from the dangers and fatigues of the field, were bound to contribute to the support of their defenders, and to devote a portion of their time to the cultivation of the land of those who were employed in the service of their country. For a long period, the disfranchised could recover their rank by fulfilling the conditions attached to it. In after times, power in Hungary, as elsewhere, was, doubtless, often abused. The whole spirit of Hungarian legislation was, however, opposed to the existence of servitude.† The laws of St. Stephen, their first king,

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\* The Magyar race is, without question, regarded as the ascendant race in Hungary; the country takes its name from them; its political constitution is of Magyar origin. This ascendancy, however, is not supported by any peculiar political privileges. The Magyar is the ascendant race in Hungary, as the Anglo-Saxon is the ascendant race in the United States. The allegation, that the other races in Hungary are deprived of their political rights, is as absurd as it would be to say that the Germans of Pennsylvania, or the French of Louisiana, are not represented in the Congress of the United States, because they do not sit there as Germans or as Frenchmen, but as citizens of the United States. The whole Hungarian nation, without distinction of the races composing it, is called the Magyar or Hungarian,—in Magyar, *Magyarok* (pl.); in Latin, *Hungari*. Some of the most distinguished Hungarian patriots, both of past and present times, have been of Slavonian and Wallachian descent.

† See Fessler, *Die Geschichte der Ungern*.—De Gerando, *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*.

offer every encouragement to the emancipation of the serf,\* and forbid, under severe penalties, the reducing any freeman to this condition,† except in cases where the deprivation of civil rights was the sentence of the law upon a criminal. These laws were confirmed, and yet more liberal provisions made, by succeeding kings.‡ The diet has repeatedly decreed to the peasant the right of free migration. With regard to the material condition of the peasantry, there has likewise been much exaggeration and misrepresentation. Even before the commencement of the reforms which were successfully completed in 1848, the condition of the peasants of Hungary was one of greater ease and comfort than that of the common people in most other parts of Europe.§ Their burdens were not heavy. The nobles did not neglect their duty of protectors. The diet constantly defended the people against the extortionate demands of Austria, and in seasons of scarcity, or on any extraordinary emergency, the nobles frequently relieved them of their burdens, by large voluntary contributions. Many of the peasants acquired considerable wealth; and any who possessed sufficient ambition or industry could obtain a liberal education, and, without difficulty, pass into the ranks of the nobility. The following extract from Fessler will show how far the condition of the Hungarian peasant was removed from that of a serf, even as early as the time of Maria Theresia:—

“The son of the peasant may, according to his inclination, in proportion to his talent and industry, become a mechanic, an artist, a merchant, a schoolmaster, a monk, a pastor, a prebendary. Merit, and the recommendation of the county in which he lives, can raise him to the nobility. Strict morality, profound learning, and distinguished merit may, under favorable circumstances, raise him to the seat of bishop. To nothing of all this is the consent of the manorial lord, or any form of manumission, required. Thus was it in the time of Maria Theresia;

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\* Sancti Stephani Regis Decretum II. cap. xvii.

† Sanct. Stephan. Decret. II. cap. xx.

‡ Fessler, 2ter Bd., S. 225, 817, 821; 4ter Bd., S. 980, 981.

§ There were some inequalities in the condition of the peasantry in the different parts of the kingdom. The Slavonian and Wallachian villages did not present so great an appearance of prosperity as those inhabited by Magyars. This did not arise from any provisions of the law, but from the difference in the character of the people.

under Joseph it was no worse; in the time of Leopold II. and Francis, their condition has become yet better. Therefore is it that the Hungarian peasant has never any disposition to rove, and that there are among the peasants as many and as zealous patriots as among the nobles themselves." — *Die Geschichten der Ungern*, 10ter Bd., S. 238.\*

M. Langsdorff himself, in an article written five months later than the one quoted above,† after he had visited the country, and his mind had been cleared of some of the prejudices which he carried with him from Vienna, draws a very different picture of the condition of the peasants: —

"This *cortège* of feudal words, *serfs*, *tithes*, *corvées*, excites in our minds, educated in the school of the nineteenth century, ideas which have no relation to the truth. I shared these ideas on my first journey into Hungary. The simple aspect of things was sufficient to dissipate them. I do not hesitate to say, that the condition of the Hungarian peasant is, in every respect, superior to that of the small cultivators of the greater part of France."

"The irrefragable proof of the advantages of the Hungarian peasants over our *colons partiaires* ‡ is, that the first often sell, at a high price, their tenant right, while our *métayers*, always poor, quit their farms without imagining that they can make a traffic of the situation they abandon, and which hardly sufficed for the laborious and frugal life of their family."

The nobles of Hungary, as well as the peasants, are of all the principal races composing the population of the country. In the northern and southern counties, which are chiefly inhabited by Slavonians, they are in general of Slavonic descent; in the Wallachian counties, they are chiefly Wallachs. In some of the counties, where the population is composed of all three of these races, there are nobles belonging to each race. For example: —

"In the county of Máramaros there are found four hundred and eighty-three Magyar nobles, seven hundred and seventeen Slavonian nobles, and three thousand seven hundred and fifty Wallachian nobles. These numbers are taken from the archives of the county." — *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*, p. 319.

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\* This work was published in 1825.

† See page 449.

‡ Farmers who pay their rent in kind.

In the county of Árva there are found but three hundred Magyars; in the same county there are two thousand four hundred and fifty-six nobles. In the county of Liptó, there are but five hundred Magyar inhabitants; the nobility amount to four thousand nine hundred and ten; in this county there are whole villages of Slovak nobles. In the Slovak county of Trencsén, there are but fifteen hundred Magyars; the nobles of this county are nine thousand eight hundred and thirteen in number.\*

Each county, without regard to the race which inhabits it, sends its deputies to the diet of the nation. These deputies are chosen by the *vármegye-gyűlés* (county assembly) or *congregatio*, which is composed of the nobles of the county.

Nor were the rights of citizenship in Hungary, even before the extension of suffrage by the diet of 1848, by any means so restricted as has been inferred from the fact, that they were the exclusive privilege of the nobility. The word "nobility" has here given rise to a great misconception. Hungary could compare favorably, on this point, with some of the freest countries in Europe. De Gerando assures us, that the number of voters in Hungary was larger, in proportion to the population, than in France at the time he wrote (1847).†

Mr. Toulmin Smith, in his "Parallels between the Constitution of England and Hungary, says:—"In some counties of Hungary the constituency is six, or even twelve thousand; *larger than that of almost any English county.*"

The nobles of Hungary are not only of all races, but of all degrees of rank and fortune. There is a very large class of them who have nothing in their manner of living to distinguish them from the common peasant. They wear the same coarse dress, and follow the same occupations. These peasant nobles are described as a highly dignified, thoughtful, noble race of men. They are not only ardent, but intelligent patriots. They are versed in the history of their country, and understand the nature of its institutions.

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\* See Fényes, *Magyarország Leírása*, Pesten, 1847.

† *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*, p. 72.

The reforms which have taken place in Hungary, during the last twenty-five years, offer the most convincing proof of the patriotism and intelligence of the great body of the nobles. The deputies to the national assembly are obliged to give their votes according to the instructions of their constituents. The acts of the diet are, therefore, the true expression of the will of the electors.

Another charge, which has been brought against the people of Hungary, dates from the accession of the Dukes of Austria to their throne. From that time, the partisans of these princes have represented the Magyars as a seditious, turbulent people, impatient of control, and incapable of submitting themselves to the restraints of regular government. They have alleged, in confirmation of this charge, the contest of three hundred years, in which this nation has been engaged with its kings. In this contest, the nation has been the defender of law and right; the king has been the agitator and disorganizer. Hungary has never been a province of the Austrian empire. The resistance which it has offered to the attempts of its monarchs to reduce it to that condition, cannot be stigmatized as rebellion.

The Hungarian nation has been distinguished, from its first appearance in history, for uniting to a passionate love of liberty a scrupulous reverence for law. The Magyars did not enter the plains of Dacia an undisciplined rabble. From the first, they possessed a fixed form of government, and were distinguished for their subordination to their leaders and their laws. To these habits of discipline in which the Magyars were trained,\* to their love of order, and regard for law, it is to be ascribed, that they did not pass away, like the common hordes of barbarian adventurers, but established a permanent kingdom in the country they invaded. To these qualities, not less than to their courage, is to be ascribed their successful maintenance of their constitutional rights against all the attacks of a power before which the liberties of so many other nations have fallen.

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\* The accounts given, by their own writers, of the ancient Magyars, recall forcibly the description given by Sallust of the manners of the Romans in the first years of the Republic.

The ancient institutions of the Magyars were eminently democratic. Their chief ruler was elected by the votes of the people. For the first century after their establishment in the country, he received only the title of *Vezér*, or leader. In the year 1000, they bestowed the title of king on Stephen, of the family of Arpad, the leader under whose guidance they had entered Pannonia. The power of the king was, however, strictly limited. The consent of the people was necessary to give efficacy to every royal act. The excellent prince who first filled the throne of Hungary had no disposition to infringe the liberties of the people. On the contrary, he endeavoured to guard them against the encroachments of future sovereigns. He framed a code of laws, founded on the ancient institutions of the Magyars, which have, ever since, been regarded as of the highest authority. These statutes were drawn up for the guidance of his son Emeric, whom he educated as his successor in the kingdom. The enlightened and humane spirit in which these decrees are composed gives a very high idea of the civilization and political advancement of Hungary at this period. We find in them an express recognition of the principle of universal equality:—“*Omnes homines unius sunt conditionis.*” \* It is in the following terms that he prescribes the duty of a king towards his subjects:—

“Let them be to thee, my son, as brothers and fathers; reduce none of them to servitude, neither call them thy servants. Let them fight for thee, not serve thee. Govern them without violence and without pride, peacefully, humbly, humanely. Remembering that nothing elevates but humility, that nothing abases but pride and an evil will.”

“My son, I pray thee, I command thee, to show thyself propitious, not only to thy kindred, not only to princes, to leaders, to the rich, nor only to thy country people, but likewise to strangers, and to all that come unto thee. Be patient with all, not only with the powerful, but with those lacking power. Bear ever in thy mind this precept of the Lord:—‘I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.’” †

He recognizes the right of the people to depose an unworthy prince:—

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\* Sancti Stephani Regis Decretum I. cap. IV.

† Sanct. Stephan. Decret. I. cap. X.

"If thou art mild and just, then shalt thou be called a king, and the son of a king; but if thou art proud and violent, they will deliver thy kingdom to another." \*

This right was exercised in the reign of his immediate successor. Emeric, the son of Stephen, died before his father. The people elected, after the death of Stephen, chiefly through the influence of his widow, her brother, Peter, a German prince. They had reason to repent their choice of a foreigner, who had no comprehension of the nature of free institutions. He was deposed in the third year of his reign. The grounds of his expulsion were, that he had banished and put to death many, without observing the due forms of law; that he had *bestowed important offices in the kingdom upon foreigners*; that he had *prevented the states from holding their diet and their accustomed assemblies*. After this experience of foreign rule, the Hungarians returned to the House of Arpad, and chose their kings from this family, until its extinction, in the person of Andrew III., in 1301. The princes of this dynasty, with few exceptions, were just and patriotic kings, who understood the origin and true objects of government, and held their power for the benefit of the people, not for their own selfish aggrandizement. There are traits recorded of many of them, which prove them to have been the worthy successors of St. Stephen. "The republic is not mine," said Géza II., "it is I who belong to the republic. God has raised me to the throne, in order that I may maintain the laws." In 1222, Andrew II. issued the celebrated code of statutes known by the name of the "Golden Bull," by which the decrees of St. Stephen were confirmed, and some new laws added to them, designed to secure yet further the liberties of the people. The Golden Bull has been termed a charter of aristocratic privileges. It was so, in the same sense that the great charter of English liberties may be called so. The Golden Bull corresponds very closely to the Magna Charta of King John, both in its provisions, and as regards the class of persons whose liberties it was designed to protect. The privileges of Magna Charta were expressly restricted to *freemen*. The provisions of the

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\* *Respublica et Status Regni Hungariæ.*



Golden Bull were, in like manner, considered as applicable only to the class of *nobles*, as those possessed of the rights of citizenship were called in Hungary. At the period when these edicts were promulgated, the rights of the lowest class of the people were very little considered in any part of Europe. But the recognition of the principles of just government in the laws of a country is of infinite value, however the circumstances of the time may allow only of their partial application.

We will here transcribe some of the most important of the ancient laws which, in Hungary, guarded the liberties of the subject from the encroachments of the prince. These laws have never been repealed, but repeatedly confirmed. It is to these, the fundamental laws of the kingdom of Hungary, — to whose observance and maintenance the kings of Hungary are bound by their coronation-oath, — that the Hungarians have constantly appealed in their long struggle against royal usurpation; and it is by these that the cause between them and their sovereign is to be judged.

By the constitution of Hungary, the power of making laws belongs to the king and people conjointly: —

“The king, having convened the people, shall ask them whether such or such laws are pleasing to them or not. If the people answer, *Yes*, these decrees shall pass into laws. But it will most commonly happen, that the people (*populus*) will themselves decide unanimously on many things which they think conducive to the public welfare. If the prince shall accept these decrees, they shall, in like manner, have the force of law.”

“It is to be known, in the first place, that the laws bind the prince who has made them, at the request of the people; according to the maxim, ‘Suffer the law which thou hast made thyself.’”

“The king is bound to answer, in the presence of the Lord Palatine of this kingdom, to all those who have any complaint to make, or any cause to plead against him.”

“It is decreed that the king shall observe the peace, and cause it to be observed; *neither shall he make war, nor introduce any foreign troops into Hungary, and the parts which are annexed to it, without the knowledge and consent of the states of the kingdom.*”

The king was not allowed, even under the most ur-

gent circumstances, to raise subsidies or contributions without the consent of the diet. It was even provided, that if any particular county should, by its own motion, and without the consent of the whole kingdom, offer the king any subsidy or contribution, the nobles of that county, being by this act convicted of treason and perjury, should lose the rights and privileges of the nobility, and be denied all intercourse with the other counties. It was likewise interdicted to the king, to employ foreigners in the offices of the state, or to give them the command of garrisons in Hungary.

No Hungarian could be tried out of the kingdom, even if the king had with him the ordinary judges of the kingdom. Nor could any one be condemned without being cited and convicted according to the forms of law.

Our readers may judge, by these provisions of the Hungarian constitution, whether it was indeed a mere heap of feudal rubbish, or whether it is worthy of a place beside the old constitution of England, which, with all its imperfections, we revere as the source from which our wider liberties have sprung.

If Hungary had continued under the government of upright and wise kings, it would, doubtless, at the present day, have been one of the most powerful states in Europe, — powerful, not only by extent and wealth, but by the character of the people, whose love of freedom, and generosity united, would have developed a very high order of civilization. All that was contrary to justice and sound policy in their institutions would, under a government disposed to further their efforts for improvement, long since have been reformed, and they would have kept pace with, if they had not surpassed, the most enlightened nations of Europe in social and political progress. But, early in the sixteenth century, they passed under the sway of a dynasty, the most selfish and unprincipled that ever controlled the destinies of a nation. This dynasty has for three hundred years pursued one undeviating system of policy, — a system of perfidy and cruelty, transmitted, with the sceptre, from father to son. Never have the Austrian kings of Hungary given a thought to the prosperity and advancement of the nation confided to their charge. Their only aim has been to reduce it to absolute subjection, and to obliterate every

trace of its ancient liberties. When foreign wars have threatened the safety of the empire, the Austrian government has been lavish of concessions and promises, to be retracted and forgotten the moment the return of peace left the king of Hungary at leisure to turn his forces against the liberties of his own subjects. The Hungarians, on their part, have displayed towards their perfidious rulers all the generosity and loyalty that could have been due to the most patriotic princes. A hundred times deceived, they have again trusted, again to become victims of new perfidy. Through a course of three centuries, the Hungarians have been, alternately, pouring out their blood and treasure in wars, whose honor and profit were not for them, and, in the intervals of outward tranquillity, maintaining a struggle for national existence with their own king. Thus the season of peace was for them the period of greatest danger; the prosperity of the prince was the misfortune of the people.

Ferdinand of Austria was invested with the sacred crown of St. Stephen on the 1st of November, 1527. He took the oath of allegiance to the constitution of Hungary, and voluntarily added words of assurance to the assembled people, of his love for the Hungarian nation, and his respect for the laws. He did not owe his election to the throne of Hungary to the preference of the nation, but to the cruel circumstances in which it found itself placed. The designs of the Archdukes of Austria on this kingdom had long been manifest, and had, hitherto, been effectually repelled. But after the death of Louis II., in the fatal battle of Mohács, it was judged impracticable to maintain, in addition to the war in which they were already engaged with the Turks, a contest with the Austrian pretender to the crown. It was decided to convert one of their enemies into an ally, by voluntarily accepting him as their king. This measure was effected chiefly through the instrumentality of some powerful nobles, and did not receive the approbation of the great body of the nation. None of the desired results were obtained by it. The German troops pillaged the country more mercilessly than the Turks had done, and extended their ravages through parts of the kingdom where these could never have penetrated. Nor did the Hungarians find, in the Austrian alliance, that protection

against their Ottoman enemies which they had promised themselves. It was no part of the Austrian policy to succour Hungary; its aim was rather to weaken and impoverish it, by whatever means. The victories which the emperors of Germany gained over the Turks, by Hungarian money and arms, brought no advantage to the Hungarian nation. The Turks were allowed to make constant predatory incursions into Hungary, in time of supposed peace. All representations to the king on this subject were unheeded. He would neither remonstrate with the Sultan on these infractions of the treaties, nor suffer the Hungarians themselves to enter into any composition with the Turks. Thus they maintained, alone, a constant border warfare, while, at the same time, they were forced to support large bodies of foreign troops, more cruel and more destructive than the Turks themselves. To such destitution were the common people reduced, that parents even sold their children to the infidels to save them from starvation. The contributions in money, extorted by the Austrian government in one year, exceeded the amount of the tribute which had been exacted by the Turks in ten. Such was the condition of Hungary for the space of nearly two hundred years.\*

The Archdukes of Austria were not content to wear the crown of Hungary by the election of the people. It was their aim, from the first, to make it the absolute property of their house. Ferdinand I. had already declared the crown hereditary, but he did not succeed in having this claim allowed by the nation. In order to secure the succession to his son, he caused him to be crowned in his own lifetime. His successors for one hundred and fifty years were forced to take the same precaution. In every case the form of election by the people was observed, and the prince was required to take the coronation oath which bound him to maintain the Hungarian constitution. Thus the monarchy remained elective until the time of Leopold I. This prince had been crowned at Presburg in 1655, during the life of his father. Be-

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\* See the representations of the grievances of the Hungarian nation made by the diets of 1559 and 1563. See also the letter addressed by the Bishop of Coléza to Joseph I., through Baron Scalvinioni, 1703. — The manifesto of Prince Rakóczy, 1703. — Memoirs of Prince Rakóczy, by himself, 1739.

fore his coronation, the conditions upon which he was to receive the crown were offered him, according to custom. He accepted and swore to them, and caused a diploma to be made of them and inserted in the public acts. All these conditions, like his predecessors, he had constantly violated; and at length, in 1687, at the close of a successful war with the Turks, of which, as usual, Hungary had borne the expense and the suffering, he felt himself strong enough to carry into effect the long-deferred project of his house. He knew, however, that he was to encounter no slight obstacle in the resistance of the Hungarian nobles, the patriotism and courage of many of whom he had already proved. He provided against this difficulty beforehand. Immediately before he summoned the diet that was to sanction this change in the constitution of the kingdom, the discovery of a fabulous conspiracy against the government gave him an excuse for ridding himself of all those whose courage or patriotism might offer hindrance to his designs. A court was opened at Debreczin, presided over by Caraffa, a name more infamous than that of Jeffreys, and here, under the most horrible tortures, numberless victims perished. The trials were conducted secretly; the public never knew of what the sufferers were accused, or on what evidence they were condemned. A yet more terrible tribunal was established at Epéries. Caraffa repaired thither, and to this bar were dragged, from every part of the kingdom, all whose virtue rendered them suspected, or whose wealth offered a temptation to the cupidity of their judges.\* A scaffold was erected in the midst of the city, where, from March to December, the executioners were kept constantly at work. The following passage from the *Histoire des Révolutions de Hongrie*† will give the reader some idea of the horrors of this time:—

“There were seen in this city thirty men, dressed in green, all executioners, or servants of executioners, employed in ad-

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\* See Fessler, *Die Geschichten der Ungern*.

† A very valuable work, written by a Hungarian, in the French language, published in 1739. The Hungarians commonly write in French, German, or Latin, when they desire to give their works a European circulation. In the eighteenth century, prior to the time of Maria Theresia, they used French in preference to German.

ministering the torture, in beheading, breaking on the wheel, and quartering. Dragoons traversed the country, to seek for persons of condition, whether Catholics or Protestants. These were seized, some in the church, some in the streets, others in their houses, wherever they could be found. It was in vain that some alleged their innocence, and that others had recourse to the amnesty which they had received for past offences. They were cast into dungeons, and underwent the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel them to avow the crime of which they were accused, and to declare their accomplices. . . . . The sons, brothers, and relations of those who were thus tortured cast themselves at the feet of Caraffa, to conjure him to follow, at least, some rules prescribed by the laws of the country, or any others which are in use among Christians."

Caraffa referred them to the court of Vienna. Here they found a gracious hearing, and received promises of mercy for their friends; but the executions continued, and when the petitioners returned to Epéries, it was to find those whose pardon they thought they had obtained already dead, or to have their remonstrances unheeded by the judges, who had been furnished with private instructions.

It was under these circumstances, that Leopold summoned the diet of Hungary to crown "the most serene Archduke Joseph, as their *hereditary* lord and king." It was not in the power of the Hungarians to disregard this summons. The troops of the emperor occupied all the fortified places of Hungary and Transylvania, and the scaffold at Epéries remained standing even to the day of the coronation. Yet, with all this, the diet did not yield without a remonstrance. In their reply to the king's demand, they first set forth the grievances of the nation, and demanded the withdrawal of the foreign troops. They then expressed their willingness to elect the Archduke Joseph according to the ancient forms, but declined to acknowledge him as their hereditary king. The court now made use of every art to win the diet to consent. Every thing was promised. The patriotic members were bribed with assurances of the speedy redress of the grievances of the nation; the selfish, with the promise of office and emolument for themselves. But there were among them still men who were not to be blinded by falsehood, and who were unassailable by motives of fear or interest. Among the most distinguished and the most

influential was the Count Drascowich, who held the office of *Judex Curie*, Grand Judge of the kingdom. This nobleman fell suddenly dead on quitting a banquet where he had just received a letter from the hands of a messenger from the king. The servants of Austria saw in his death the just judgment of Heaven on the head of the opposer of the will of royalty. The Hungarians gave it another interpretation.

The diet at length succumbed to the wishes of the king. But his triumph was only partial. The states yielded their consent only on conditions from which they firmly refused to depart. They stipulated, first, that in case of the failure of male heirs of the house of Hapsburg, the Hungarian nation should recover its rights over the crown, and the kingdom should become once more elective. The second condition was, that the king should still be obliged to take the oath to maintain the constitution, and that the people of Hungary "should preserve, under the hereditary monarchy, all the privileges, immunities, rights, customs, and liberties, which they had enjoyed under the elective monarchy." The emperor assented to these stipulations, requiring only the exception from the chapter of their privileges of the thirty-first article of the Golden Bull, which gave to the nobles the right of armed resistance, without incurring the penalties of treason, in case of an open attack on their liberties by the king. This article was rescinded. On the 9th of December, 1687, the ceremony of the coronation took place. Thus did the crown of Hungary become hereditary in the House of Hapsburg.

Charles III., the successor of Joseph, had no son. By the terms of the act of the diet of Presburg, of 1687, the crown must therefore become, at his death, once more elective. This prince had reigned with somewhat more moderation than his predecessors. He had, indeed, like them, infringed the laws and trifled with the interests of Hungary, but his government had been less insupportably cruel than theirs. This comparative clemency of the reigning prince, and yet more, the dread of the civil wars which would result from a contested succession, induced the Hungarian nation to give their consent to the Pragmatic Sanction, by which the right of succession was assured to the daughters of Charles and their descend-

ants. By the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, the succession was to be transmitted *in the order of primogeniture*, and without division of the kingdom. It was accepted by the Hungarians only on the same conditions that were attached to the act of 1687. The sacred crown of Hungary was not to be carried out of the kingdom, and no prince was to assume it until he had taken the oath to observe and maintain the laws, customs, privileges, &c., of the kingdom. This instrument was guaranteed by all the principal powers of Europe. Hungary alone was faithful to the engagement. We need not dwell here on that celebrated scene, better known than any other passage in Hungarian history, where, in the place of labored harangues, the flash of sabres, and the emphatic words, "*Vitam et sanguinem*,"\* answered the appeal of the betrayed and deserted queen.

Maria Theresia was the first of her house who can be said to have ascended the Hungarian throne by the free choice of the nation. In her reign, for the first time since the accession of the House of Austria, a sentiment of loyalty to their sovereign sprang up in the breasts of the Hungarian people. They entertained for their queen that affection which generous minds feel towards those whom they have benefited. Maria Theresia was not insensible to the devotion of her people. But the gratitude of the woman could not overcome the selfishness of the despot. She expressed her sense of her obligations to the Hungarians in every way in which she could do so without any sacrifice of her convenience, or of the schemes of absolute dominion never lost sight of by any sovereign of the Austrian dynasty. She pursued these schemes with a prudence unknown to her predecessors. She avoided giving any violent shock to the national feeling of the Magyars by a direct attack upon their institutions; she won them by fair words and lavish encomiums, which a generous and confiding people, unused to even so much consideration for their rights as they received from her, accepted as if they had been substantial benefits. Even in the promotion of measures really advantageous to the kingdom, Maria Theresia took care to bring herself a step

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\* "For," says the Hungarian historian, Fessler, "the highest enthusiasm is only strong in deeds, not rich in words."



nearer to the accomplishment of her designs. She put forth decrees of her own authority, without the concurrence of the diet; as, for example, those regulating the urbarial relations, which the nobles, in consideration of their manifest justice and expediency, accepted, notwithstanding the illegal manner of their promulgation.

Joseph II., the son and successor of Maria Theresia, was a man of more activity of intellect and greater individuality of character than often fall to the lot of princes in modern times. He possessed, together with these qualities, an obstinate and imperious temper. He had been carefully educated by a Hungarian tutor, a man of extensive learning and enlightened views, and had thus acquired certain philanthropic and liberal ideas, which, engrafted on his original disposition, and forced to reconcile themselves with his schemes of usurpation, made him a strange compound of tyrant and reformer. From the commencement of his reign, he declared his intention of governing by his own absolute authority. He disdained to receive the crown from the Hungarian nation, and refused to take the oath of fidelity to the laws. His reign was one continued contest with the Hungarian people. He decreed the entire subversion of their ancient constitution and laws, which he would replace by model institutions of his own. He gave the Hungarians three years in which to learn the German language, at the expiration of which time, no man could hold an office or serve his country in any capacity who had not made himself master of that tongue. The Hungarians resisted, by petitions, by remonstrances, and by the refusal of subsidies. At length they spoke a language to which he was forced to listen. The contest ended, as all former contests of this sort had ended, in the defeat of the usurper. Joseph was forced to cancel the work of his whole reign. He revoked all his decrees, and declared that the kingdom was to be regarded, in respect to its political institutions, as standing in the same position as when he began his reign. He announced his intention of assembling the diet. He promised to submit to the ceremony of coronation, and to take the oath of allegiance to the Hungarian constitution. He restored the regalia of Hungary to the charge of the nation. But he was not destined to wear these emblems of royalty by

their gift. On the day when the sacred crown of St. Stephen was received at Buda, in the midst of universal acclamations and the roar of cannon, the monarch lay dead in his palace at Vienna.

Leopold, the brother of Joseph, warned by the example of his predecessor, began his reign with voluntary assurances to the Hungarian people of his earnest intention to govern according to the laws. He immediately convened the diet, the first which had been called for twenty-five years. He was solemnly crowned according to the ancient customs, and took the oath to maintain the constitution. But this was not deemed by the nation a sufficient guarantee for the safety of their institutions. The diet, accordingly, passed a number of decrees, defining the powers and duties of the king, and the rights of the nation. These decrees contained nothing new. All the articles already made part of the law of the kingdom. But the diet deemed it essential, in view of the danger which the liberties of Hungary had so recently incurred, that these statutes should be once more solemnly confirmed by the diet, and receive the royal sanction. Of these acts we will cite some of the most important:—

“ Articles 2 and 3. Within six months after the death of the king, his successor shall be crowned at Presburg, and shall take the oath to observe the laws, liberties, and privileges of the kingdom.”

“ Art. 10. Hungary is a free and independent kingdom, in no way subordinate to any other people or kingdom, and is to be governed by its lawfully crowned king, not according to the customs of the other hereditary dominions, but according to its own laws, rights, and customs.”

“ Art. 12. The right of making, repealing, and interpreting the laws belongs to the lawfully crowned king, and to the states of the realm in the diet assembled, conjointly; and this right cannot be exercised except in the diet of the nation. The king shall never attempt to govern by edicts or patents, which, moreover, it shall not be lawful for any authorities to receive, except where such patents are merely designed for the more effectual publication of ordinances legally enacted.”

“ Art. 19. The impost shall never be levied by the king, but freely voted by the diet.”

It was likewise decreed, that the diet was for the future to be assembled every three years, and oftener, if

the public welfare demanded it. The right of free discussion was likewise asserted. The sacred crown of the kingdom was to be kept in the castle of Buda, and never to be taken thence without the consent of the diet.

Thus, in 1790, the fundamental laws of the kingdom of Hungary were solemnly reënacted by the diet, and confirmed by the king.

But the diet of 1790 did not confine its labors to the confirmation of the ancient laws, or the defence of nationality. From this period we are to behold the Hungarian nation under a new aspect. Hitherto we have seen the nobility of the country successfully contending for the preservation of their chartered rights and privileges against the usurpations of Austria. We are now to see them engaging with equal energy and resolution in a yet nobler contest. The attack which Joseph II. had made on the constitution of Hungary had, in the course of the discussions which it excited, turned the attention of the nation back upon the earlier periods of their history, and roused inquiry into the original nature and design of their institutions. In this investigation it was impossible for the Hungarians not to become aware that these institutions had not only been tampered with and defaced by Austrian policy, but that many abuses had been suffered to creep into them, with the connivance of the nation itself, whether from the example of neighbouring countries, or the exigencies of barbarous times. They perceived, moreover, that many customs which, in their origin, had been reasonable and convenient, were now wholly unsuited to the needs of the age, and were inconsistent with the prosperity and advancement of the nation. They became sensible, above all, that the position in which the privileged classes stood with regard to the great body of the people was an unjust one, and wholly at variance with those principles of liberty and universal equality which lay at the foundation of their political constitution. With a people possessed of so high a sense of honor as the Magyars, to perceive this injustice was to resolve to repair it. Of this liberal movement in Hungary, whose first public demonstration was made in the diet of 1790, De Gerando thus speaks:—

“From this time they [the patriots of Hungary] declared

that, in a modern state, liberty ought to be the portion, not of a few, but of all. They asserted that the old word *privileges* ought to be abolished, to be replaced by a word applicable to all, — *rights*. This comprehension of their epoch led them to accomplish an unexampled act, to give to the world the new spectacle which now meets our eyes ; — an aristocracy demolishing, of its own accord, stone by stone, the aristocratic edifice ; a nobility, under the eyes of an inert government, taking the initiative in pronouncing the word of civil equality, and pursuing its task with order and perseverance, in spite of all obstacles." — *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie*, p. 96.

The conduct of the Hungarian reformers is rendered yet more worthy of admiration by the fact, that no discontent on the part of the peasants themselves had called the attention of the nobles to the question of their wrongs. The reformers of Hungary were led by their own sense of justice, without any external impulse, to undertake the work of the emancipation and elevation of the people. But, while it was conceded by all that a change must take place in the relations between the people and their manorial lords, the manner in which this change was to be effected was matter for grave consideration. The most ardent reformers proposed the immediate abolition of the urbarial dues, without compensation to the proprietor, declaring it to be a simple reparation of an ancient injustice. Others were of opinion that such an act would be inconsistent with the rights of property, since the dues paid by the peasant were simply a form of rent for the use of the land. The subject was submitted to a committee, who were instructed to report upon it at the next assembly of the diet. Other committees were appointed to report on the reform of the administration, on the education of the people, on the liberty of the press, and on the national grievances.

The same diet passed many laws renewing and confirming the ancient laws, which established entire freedom of religious faith.

Leopold, on closing the diet, renewed his assurances to the nation, of his intention to govern according to the constitution. He did not live long enough either to give proof of his sincerity, or to disappoint the expectations of the nation. He died in February, 1792, and was followed to the tomb by the deep regrets of his people.

The moderation which he had shown in his short reign had done much to appease the minds of his Hungarian subjects, and they were prepared to receive his son and successor with very different feelings from those with which they had looked forward to his own accession to the throne. The first acts of the young prince seemed to justify their confidence. He convened the diet at Buda within sixteen days after his father's death, and offered the assembled states the assurance of his intention to respect their institutions and laws.

"I will myself," said he, "be the most diligent guardian of the constitution. Rest assured that my will shall always be subjected to the law, and that, in all my aims, I will be guided only by justice, honor, and confidence in the Hungarian people." \*

The royal propositions addressed to the diet confirmed the favorable impressions with which the nation already regarded their young king. The first two articles interpreted the diploma of the coronation in a manner favorable to the constitution. The king then called the attention of the diet to the subjects left undecided at their last meeting, and concluded with a request for subsidies and the augmentation of the army. The diet, eager to express its confidence in the sovereign, immediately voted the increase of the army, and a subsidy of four millions, to be paid by the nobles. This done, they were proceeding to transact the business of the nation, when the king suddenly dissolved the diet. The most important affairs, and among them the contemplated reform, were left uncompleted. He did not fail, however, to renew his promises of governing according to the constitution:—

"I go from you richer than I came among you; but not by reason of the subsidies I have received from you. These belong to the state, not to me. That which I call my own, that in the possession of which I place my happiness, is your affection. The kingdom I have received by inheritance, but this love and mutual confidence is my own work and yours. I will never cease from my sincere and zealous exertions for the good of our common fatherland. . . . Bear to your fellow-citizens the solemn assurance that, always mindful of my pledged faith, I will be the true guardian and fulfiller of the laws." †

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\* Fessler, *Die Geschichten der Ungern*, 10ter Bd., S. 658.

† *Ibid.*, 10ter Bd., S. 660.

The diet was summoned again in November, 1796. The expenses of the war with France forced the king to ask his Hungarian subjects for supplies. On this occasion he dispensed with all circumlocution. The royal propositions simply contained a demand for troops and money. In addition to the subsidies which had been voted at the last diet, the Hungarians had testified their affection for their young king by large voluntary offerings. The sum of the contributions in money and produce, which had in this way been furnished to the king since the last assembly of the diet, amounted to more than fourteen millions of gulden.

The diet of 1796 again acceded to the demands of the king. They granted him large supplies in money, and fifty thousand recruits for the army, on the condition that these should be incorporated only into Hungarian regiments, and should be commanded by Hungarian officers. The diet had trusted that, when they had fulfilled the wishes of the king, he would show himself ready to listen to the "representations" of the nation. These expectations were disappointed. The diet was dissolved before any thing had been done for the interests of the country. It was summoned again in 1802. Peace had been declared; the hopes of the nation revived. The king, in his opening speech, informed the diet that, peace being established, he was now ready to advise with them on matters touching the public welfare. He expressed his sense of the generosity of the Hungarian nation, and assured them that the recollection of their devotion would never be extinguished in his heart. "And now," said he, "that peace is concluded, I wish to bestow my cares on this country, which, by its extent, its resources, and the noble character of the people, is the chief bulwark of the empire." This was the preface to a declaration that the royal treasury was empty, and that it concerned the Hungarian honor that the crown should not be left without defence. "Peace," said he, "can be maintained only by a state of preparation for war." The demands of the king were again granted, but no longer in the same spirit of affection and loyalty as formerly. Distrust began to take possession of the nation, as they saw their grievances unattended to, and the most important reforms delayed. A number of measures which had been discussed and ac-

cepted by the diet were prevented from passing into law, for want of the royal sanction. The diet separated with a feeling of deep dissatisfaction. The same scenes were repeated in the diets of 1805 and 1807. The confidence of the Hungarians in their king was shaken, but appeals to Hungarian honor and loyalty had not yet lost their effect upon them. They again voted the required supplies, again presented their grievances, and again saw the consideration of them deferred.

But though the Hungarians had so little reason to place confidence in their king, their loyalty was still capable of standing a severe proof. Napoleon, who was aware that the war against France was very unpopular in Hungary, and that great dissatisfaction prevailed in regard to the Austrian policy, addressed a proclamation to the Hungarian nation (May, 1809). He offered to establish them as an independent kingdom, if they would withdraw their allegiance from the emperor of Austria, and assist the French in the overthrow of that empire. But the high sense of honor of the Hungarians shrank from what had the appearance of treason. It was not in the season of danger that they would desert their king. The proposals of Napoleon were rejected.

The return of peace, in 1815, left the Hungarians at leisure to devote themselves to the internal improvement of their country, and to prosecute the reforms begun in 1790, of which the enlightened portion of the nation felt more and more the necessity. The Hungarians had now reason to expect some proof, on the part of their king, of that affection and gratitude, of whose expression he had been so lavish in the season of danger. But the return of peace gave the Austrian cabinet, likewise, opportunity to unfold its plans. Francis, now feeling himself firmly seated on his imperial throne, resolved thenceforth to reign in Hungary without the assistance of the diet. The convention of this assembly having been delayed beyond the prescribed time, the counties addressed letters to the king, representing the urgent wants of the nation, and declaring that the public welfare absolutely demanded the convocation of the national assembly. These letters remained unanswered. The circulars which the *congregations*, or county assemblies, addressed to each other were seized and suppressed. While affairs

were in this position, the empire was threatened with new disturbances on the side of Italy. It was necessary to strengthen the army and replenish the treasury. As formerly, it is in Hungary that these supplies are to be sought, but it is not, as formerly, by the free gift of the people that they are to be furnished. The emperor, by the advice of his cabinet, resolved to levy the required supplies by his own absolute authority. There were not wanting in the royal council men who had courage and firmness enough to oppose the opinion of the majority and the wishes of the king. Németh, who held the office of *Director causarum regalium* in Hungary, expressed himself with true Magyar frankness. He declared in the royal presence, that the king would violate the constitution of Hungary and his own royal oath, if he suffered himself to be led by his Austrian counsellors to these rash and illegal measures. "Do you forget," exclaimed the king, "that I am emperor and king, and that your head is at my disposal?" "I know it well," replied the Hungarian, "but the liberty of my country and the honor of my king are dearer to me than my life." The counsel of injustice and aggression prevailed. The levying of recruits was ordered, and the increase of the impost to four millions of florins. Hungary did not submit quietly to this invasion of her rights. The counties refused compliance. Imperial commissioners were then appointed, who were to carry into effect the royal commands. It was in vain. The news spread rapidly through the country, and everywhere excited the most lively indignation. All possible embarrassments were thrown in the way of the commissioners. They could with great difficulty obtain horses for their journeys. At their approach, the public functionaries laid down their offices and disappeared. This passive opposition was encountered everywhere. In some counties it took a yet more decided character. In the end, Francis was forced to yield, as Joseph had been; he had outraged the feelings of his subjects to no purpose. However reluctantly, he found himself constrained to convene the diet in 1825.

At the opening of the diet Francis endeavoured, by a conciliatory speech, to appease the resentments of the assembly. But the members were not satisfied. They re-



quired the names of the traitors who had misled the king by their counsels. One of the magnates, being prosecuted for the freedom of his expressions, all the deputies supported him, and declared that he had expressed the sentiments of all. The prosecution was withdrawn. The deputies then addressed to the king a representation of the grievances of the nation. To the long list of ancient griefs were now added the recent attempt to levy money without the consent of the diet, and the acts of violence committed by the royal commissioners. Francis, in his reply, began with reproving the deputies for bringing forward their own grievances, before considering the royal proposition on the subject of the impost. He declared that he would protect the faithful subjects who had executed his will. At the same time, he expressed regret for what had occurred, but justified it by the plea of necessity. In conclusion, he left the question of the impost to the decision of the diet. This body, before acceding to his demands, required and obtained of the king a renewed confirmation of the fundamental laws of the kingdom. He bound himself never more to raise money without the concurrence of the diet, and engaged to convoke this assembly every three years. On their part, the states voted to raise the amount of the impost to four millions.

The national assembly, dissolved in 1827, was to be convoked anew in 1830. This was not done without great reluctance on the part of the Austrian cabinet, which perceived with apprehension the effect that the events which took place in France in July of that year had produced on the Hungarians. But it was necessary to raise subsidies; and it was no time to revolt the minds of the people, at the moment when the country was resounding with enthusiastic expressions of its sympathy with the triumph, in a neighbouring state, of the cause of constitutional rights over despotism. The diet was therefore convened. But the king, at the same time, gave notice that, after a short session devoted to the consideration of the most urgent affairs, it would be dissolved, to be convened again the following year. The diet met on the 11th of September. The king required the raising of recruits, and, the late events having somewhat lessened his confidence in the success of arbitrary measures, he accompanied his demand with all those flattering expres-

sions which the Austrian kings of Hungary were accustomed to bestow so liberally on their subjects as often as they stood in need of them, and which had but too much effect on a people highly sensitive on the point of national honor, and devotedly loyal, whenever their duty to their country did not come in collision with their deference for their king. The diet acceded to the royal demands. It voted the recruits, with the usual stipulation, that they should be placed in Hungarian regiments, and should be commanded by Hungarian officers. The king replied evasively, that the Hungarians should be placed in these regiments, in preference to any other inhabitants of the empire. The diet refused to vote for the raising of the recruits without some more positive assurance. The emperor had recourse to the Palatine, and desired him to use his personal influence to overcome the resistance of the diet.

The Archduke Joseph, called to the dignity of Palatine in 1796, at the age of twenty, had filled his difficult post of mediator between the king and the people with great discretion. If he had been the independent king of Hungary, the nation might have found in him one of the wisest and most patriotic of its princes, and, under the auspices of an administration, prudent, and, at the same time, liberal, might have followed, with sure steps, the path of political reform, and have taken, once more, a high place among the powers of Europe. As it was, placed as mediator between a people jealous of its liberties, and a sovereign watchful for an occasion to subvert them, — a sovereign to whom he owed, at the same time, the respect of a subject and the affection of a brother, — Joseph was forced to guide himself by a system of compromises, and, not unfrequently, to play on the generous feelings which he knew so well how to excite. The Hungarians, on their part, knew, or believed, that the regard which the Archduke Joseph had displayed for their interests had lessened his favor with the imperial court. He had, then, suffered for them. They repaid him with an enthusiastic affection, and the Palatine not seldom won from their gratitude concessions which he would in vain have expected from their compliance. On the present occasion, called upon by the court for aid in an attempted encroachment on the rights of Hungary, he

felt that it was on this attachment for his person that he could alone rely for success. He addressed the diet in a speech skilfully framed, which concluded with these words:—"Let, then, the states, in remembrance of thirty-five years of services, of efforts consecrated to this kingdom, which I proudly regard as my country, and in consideration of my position as mediator between the king and the nation,—let the states, I say, consent to show me some manifestation of their gratitude, by withdrawing their motion." These words did not fail of their intended effect. The recruits were voted; the condition was withdrawn. In three days, the king dissolved the diet.

But the nation was no longer to be trifled with. The necessity for reform was, every day, more strongly and more extensively felt. The interval between the dissolution of the diet of 1830 and the assembling of that of 1832, was not lost by the patriots of Hungary. They employed it in determining on the measures of reform to be introduced at the next diet, and in concerting their plan of action. The condition of the peasantry was felt to be the subject which most urgently demanded attention. One of the most zealous advocates of the cause of the people was found in Count Széchényi, one of the large landed proprietors of the kingdom. He prepared the way for the reception of the question of the emancipation of the peasantry, by a series of works, which had a great effect in enlightening the public mind.

The Austrian cabinet, in the mean time, had not been idle. Having been reluctantly compelled to convene the diet, it took its own measures to put a check on the designs of the liberal party. It gave orders to its agents to leave no arts unemployed, and to spare no expense, to defeat the election of the liberal candidates.\* These efforts were vain. The spirit of liberty and the virtue of the people resisted all attempts. The chamber of deputies was almost wholly composed of liberal members.

The Austrian cabinet, too prudent to enter into open contest with a movement which was evidently becoming national, affected to adopt the views of the liberal party, hoping, by an apparent and partial acquiescence, to allay

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\* See De Gerando, *De l'Esprit Public*, p. 174, for the account of the elections in the county of Bars.

the excitement of the public mind, and to restrain and direct a movement which it could not suppress. The royal propositions, therefore, embodied some of the principal measures of reform projected by the liberals. Among the most important of the subjects to which the attention of the diet was called, were the creation of the urbarial code, delayed since 1790, the reform of the judiciary, and a more equitable division of the imposts.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm for liberty which pervaded the Hungarian people, and the generous ardor with which her enlightened patriots approached the work of reform, it is not to be supposed that measures, involving important changes in the constitution of the country, were passed without encountering opposition. This opposition sprang from two very different sources. It arose, on the one hand, from the conservative spirit of the elder magnates, old Magyar patriots, who regarded the institutions of their country with a superstitious affection, and in whose eyes it was a sacrilege to lay a finger on one stone of this venerable edifice. The organ of this party, composed of men who had been the patriots of twenty years before, and to whom it is impossible to refuse our respect, was Dessewffy. "In my youth," cried the venerable noble, "I defended my country against the usurpations of Austria; in my old age, I will defend her against the ingratitude of her sons." The other and more dangerous source of opposition which the plans of the reform party encountered, arose from the influence of the Austrian cabinet. This government, true to its constant principle, *Divide et impera*, while it gave apparent countenance to one party, lent its real support to the other. It was not ill pleased to see these impracticable Hungarian magnates engaged in a contest for their institutions with their own countrymen, and those forces divided which had hitherto been concentrated in the defence of Hungarian nationality against Austrian encroachment. Thus, while affecting to take the initiative in the reforms contemplated by the liberal members of the diet, the Austrian government opposed the success of these measures with all the weight of its influence. It was no longer as in those times when the monarchs found their interest in raising the condition of the common people. In this nineteenth century, it is not the

king who shields his prerogatives against the encroachments of an ambitious nobility; it is king and aristocracy who tremble together, before the advance of a new power, which threatens them both with extinction.

But the cause of liberty was not without its advocates in the upper house. The younger magnates,\* with the exception of those who held places under the government, shared warmly in the liberal spirit of the time, and, with the generous ardor of youth, were ready to make any sacrifice which the welfare of their country demanded. At their head was the noble Széchenyi, who supported the cause of freedom and justice with the double power of eloquence and reason. It was he who gave the first blow to the peculiar privileges of the aristocratic class. He brought forward a project for a suspension bridge between Pest and Buda. He proposed that all who passed this bridge, whether peasant or noble, should be subjected to the toll. This question assumed importance from the principle involved in it. The exemption from all public charges was one of the most cherished privileges of the nobles. It was a question in which their pride was more concerned than their pecuniary interest. Széchenyi knew how to combat the pride of the Magyars by calling on their generosity.

"Do you call it a privilege," said he, "to be debarred from contributing to the advancement of your country? Is it a privilege to be obliged to devote your wealth only to your own selfish

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\* The diet of Hungary is composed of two chambers, or "tables," as they are there called.

At the first table sit the dignitaries of the church and the state, and the titled nobility, or magnates. This table is presided over by the Palatine.

The second table is composed of the deputies of the counties. Each county sends two deputies. The royal cities, and certain chapters and privileged districts, send also their deputies to the diet. These, however, before the extension of representation in 1848, had but one collective vote. Croatia sent three deputies to the diet, one of which sat in the upper and two in the lower house. The chamber of magnates did not form a part of the ancient constitution of Hungary. Before the accession of the Archdukes of Austria, the diets were held in the open air, and all the noble inhabitants of the country had a right to be present at them, and take part in the deliberations. The foreign government found its account in raising up a class whose interests were separated from those of the main body of the nation. The "second table," or chamber of deputies, is still called, by distinction, "the States." The initiative belongs to the king and the second table of the diet. The deputies are bound to vote according to the instructions of their constituents, and can be recalled if they fail to satisfy them.

gratification, while your country languishes in perpetual poverty? Will you build houses, and plant trees, and lay out walks through your grounds, while the country has neither roads, nor public buildings, nor navigation, nor commerce? After all, what is the question before you? Are you called to sacrifice your constitution to a foreign power? No; it is yourselves who are to pronounce the decision. The right to give ourselves laws, the right to restrain our own liberties, is not that, in itself, the highest liberty!"

The measure was carried. The diet then proceeded to pass several other laws, which touched yet more nearly the prerogatives of the aristocracy. The constitutional right of the noble to be exempted from arrest, except on a charge of high treason, was abolished. The judicial power was taken from the lord of the manor. The peasant received the right of instituting a suit against a noble, and even against his own manorial lord. It was especially to the improvement of the peasantry that the diet of 1832-36 devoted its energies. The right of free migration, which had been repeatedly adjudged to the peasant by former diets, and had as often fallen into disuse, was confirmed. The amount of land which he had a right to hold for his own use was increased; the vexatious exactions, known by the name of the little tithes, abolished; and the *robot*, or soccage labor, reduced to fifty-two days in the year. The most important measure was that which decreed to the peasant the right of redeeming the *tized* (tithes) and *robot* (*corvées* or soccage-work), by means of contracts passed between him and the manorial proprietor, and of thus becoming the owner of the soil he tilled.\* In addition to these important measures, the diet of 1832 passed several bills for internal improvements. This diet was not, however, content with providing only for the material wants of the country. The friends of reform had long been desirous of establishing a system of public instruction. They had repeatedly called the attention of the government to this subject, but always without effect. The representations offered by the present diet were not more successful. The education of the people was too

\* Many proprietors had already made contracts of this kind with their peasants, though the only security for their fulfilment was the good faith of the parties.

dangerous a power to be trusted in the hands of reformers; and the Austrian cabinet, emboldened by the support of the conservative party in the upper house, felt itself strong enough to venture on open acts of opposition to the views of the liberal party. This conduct of the government called forth the liveliest indignation in the chamber of deputies.

"The government," said Bezerédy, "sins against its own conscience in refusing to permit us to secure instruction to our children and our fellow-countrymen. But patience has its limits. Let the government look to its acts. Its conduct forces the nation to rely on itself. I call upon you, then, I call upon the whole nation, to unite in paying to our country this most necessary duty; to unite in fulfilling a sublime, a holy work, that of elevating the people."

"Let us thank the government," said Deák, "let us thank the government. There are among us those who cherish, if not a full confidence, at least a hope, that the government is not hostile to the welfare of our country. But all the answers of the court have been calculated to dispel these illusions. Let us, then, thank the government, for illusion is the worst of evils. We ask of the government neither money nor counsel; we make no attempt on the royal prerogative; we simply ask to be allowed to frame a law for the moral and material development of the people. And the government interferes to prevent us. But what will it gain by this interference? In more than one heart will be planted the bitter conviction, that the Austrian government dreads the prosperity of Hungary, and labors to repress it. False calculations! Can there be a more short-sighted policy than to excite in us such bitter feelings, at the very moment of the dissolution of the diet, that we may communicate to our constituents these feelings, which will, in three years, again animate the representatives of the country? It is not necessary to be a prophet, to predict that this policy of the government will favor the development of the national faculties more than all polytechnic institutions."

The diet separated in May, 1836. The result of its labors fell short of the wishes and plans of the reformers, yet they must be regarded as having gained a signal victory. This victory was not achieved without cost. Every triumph of truth and justice has had its martyrs.

It was during the sitting of the diet of 1832-36, that the name of Kossuth was heard for the first time. He attended the diet as scribe for some of the deputies. He

had learned the art of short-hand writing, in order the better to qualify himself for making reports of the discussions in the diet. These reports he lithographed and circulated as a newspaper. The government declared the publication of the proceedings of the diet in this way to be illegal.\* Kossuth then organized a society of young men, composed chiefly of the scribes who attended the deputies; these copied the journal by hand, and it was then transmitted to the subscribers through the post, in the form of a letter. These letters were seized in the post-office, and destroyed. This infringement of their rights only served to rouse the indignation of the people, and to give celebrity to the journal. The papers were thenceforth carried by the county messengers, and delivered at the doors of the subscribers. After the closing of the diet, Kossuth continued to edit his journal, giving, in the place of the deliberations of the diet, the discussions in the county assemblies. This journal being interdicted by the government, Kossuth made application to the county of Pest, and was formally authorized to continue it.

The censorship of the press has never existed by law in Hungary, but, since the awakening of liberal ideas in that country, the Austrian government has exercised a censorship of the most formidable kind. It could not attack the publisher or author by process of law; but by a sudden act of arbitrary power, it cut off from the world the utterer of dangerous doctrines, and smothered his voice in the silence of the dungeon. Since the beginning of the present century, not less than forty Hungarian patriots had met this fate. It was thus that Kossuth was now dealt with. He was seized in the middle of the night, and consigned to a dungeon in Buda. The government arrested, at the same time, the leaders of a debating society, formed by some young men, who met for the purpose of political and literary discussions.

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\* It was of great importance to the government to prevent the publication of the debates in the diet. Every art was put in practice by the Austrian cabinet, to deceive the people in regard to the views of the opposition party. Emissaries were employed to diffuse among the peasantry an impression that the nobles were unfriendly to their interests, and prevented the benefits which their "good father, the emperor," wished to bestow on them. Nothing could tend more effectually to disabuse them, than giving publicity to the proceedings of the diet.



Among these was Lovassy, a young man of brilliant talents and an ardent patriot. When the amnesty of 1840 restored him to liberty, he was no longer to be recognized; the horrors of the dungeon had deprived him of reason.

Another victim of the vengeance of the government was the Baron Wesselényi. This nobleman was born of a family which had already made sacrifices to liberty. His ancestor, the Palatine, had defended the liberties of Hungary against the encroachments of Leopold, and would have lost his life on the scaffold, if he had not found refuge in Transylvania. The father of Wesselényi had sustained in his castle, for a whole day, the attack of a regiment of dragoons sent against him by Joseph II. His mother was a noble woman, who early impressed on his mind the principles of justice and benevolence. Wesselényi had long been an object of fear to the Austrian government. He possessed large estates both in Hungary and Transylvania; this gave him a right to sit in the diet of both kingdoms.

The Transylvanians, not less attached to their liberties than the Hungarians, had seen them even more boldly infringed. The constitution of that kingdom requires that the king shall summon the diet every year. During the war with Napoleon, its convention had been suspended, and, after the return of peace, the Austrian cabinet still continued to govern the kingdom as a province of the empire. The dissatisfaction of the people was great. They watched with deep interest the movements of the patriots in the sister kingdom. They had seen these succeed in forcing from the government the restoration of their political rights, after a suspension of thirteen years. The news of the revolution of July, in Paris, which seemed at that time an event full of good augury for all who were engaged, whether openly or silently, in a struggle for their rights, spread rapidly through the country, and added to the popular excitement. It was then that Wesselényi appeared on the scene. He was a man peculiarly fitted to guide and control a popular movement. He possessed a vigorous intellect, improved by the highest degree of cultivation, invincible firmness, and a disinterestedness which his enemies have never impugned. He was not less endowed with all those qualities which possess a peculiar influ-

ence over the popular mind. To the prestige of high birth, he added the advantages of wealth, an imposing person, and a captivating eloquence. He possessed Herculean strength, — a gift held in high respect by a simple and martial people, — and an intrepid, almost reckless courage, which shrank from no form of danger, now leading him to brave the vengeance of a despotic government, now to put off alone at midnight in a frail boat, to save from the waters of the Danube the victims of an inundation.\* Wesselényi might as easily have roused the Szeklers and Magyars of Transylvania to armed insurrection, as to a constitutional vindication of their rights. But while he called them to action, he restrained their enthusiasm within the bounds of law. He passed rapidly through the country, haranguing the congregations. He turned the excitement and unfixed purposes of the people to a single point. He brought the different counties into communication with each other, and led them to combine to demand the restoration of their political rights. The people rose at his summons, and the counties unanimously demanded of the king the convocation of the diet. The government did not venture to refuse the demand. The convocation of the diet was proclaimed. Wesselényi had gained a victory over the Austrian cabinet; but one which they would not fail to make him expiate. With his ardent and fearless temper, he was not long in offering them an occasion. During the diet of 1832–36, at the time when the government was endeavouring, through its emissaries, to misrepresent the views of the liberal party, and to excite the jealousies and prejudices of the nobles in opposition to reform, Wesselényi, in the county meeting of Szathmár, detailed and explained the measures which were contemplated by the reform party. In the course of his speech, he spoke bitterly of the injustice which the people suffered from the privileges of the aristocracy, and the check which the prosperity of the nation received from the policy of the government.

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\* During the terrible inundation which took place on the breaking up of the ice in the Danube, in 1838, it is said that Wesselényi saved the lives of not less than two hundred persons. He remained on the river for several days and nights, in an open boat, in continual danger from the masses of ice which were floating down the river.

Some of his expressions were pronounced to be treasonable, and he was condemned to three years' imprisonment. It was immediately after his noble exertions during the inundation, and while his name was on all lips, that this decree was carried into execution. Three years' imprisonment in an Austrian dungeon is a sentence whose terrors, in this country, cannot be easily comprehended. On a vigorous frame and energetic temperament, like Wesselényi's, the damp and squalor of the dungeon, the privation of light and air, seem to act even more powerfully than on frailer and more elastic constitutions. In a year and a half, their work was done on Wesselényi. The government had no longer any thing to apprehend from him. Blind and decrepit, he was permitted to leave his dungeon, on parole, to repair to Gräfenberg. He was finally released by the amnesty of 1840.

"It is with a noble serenity," says De Gerando, "that Wesselényi has borne the persecutions which have followed him. Proscribed for many years, broken by moral and physical pain, he has been able at length to return to his country, and it is to her that, prematurely old through suffering, he consecrates his last wishes and his last thoughts." \*

The diet was again convened in 1839. The Austrian cabinet had returned to its old policy. The royal propositions contained no allusion to the topics which chiefly occupied the public mind. The royal speech at the opening of the diet concluded with these words:—

"As we have no greater desire than to testify to you, by our entire confidence, a love equal to that of our ancestors of glorious memory, so, likewise, we do not doubt, in any manner, of the zeal of our faithful states, nor of their eagerness to show themselves the worthy sons of those who have assured to the Hungarians the reputation of a generous nation. Among the subjects of which we shall treat with you, there is one which has its guarantee in the noble Hungarian character, since it tends to maintain the army in a condition worthy of its honor and glory."

This prefaced, after the ancient fashion of the Austrian kings of Hungary, a demand for subsidies.

The first of the royal propositions demanded the reinforcement of the army; the second, supplies for its support. The only point affecting the interests of the coun-

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\* *La Transylvanie.*

try, to which it called the attention of the diet, was the regulation of the course of the Danube.

The liberal party did not, however, lose ground in the diet of 1839. Some new advantages were acquired for the peasant, and the privileges of the nobles were still further retrenched. The diet was dissolved on the 3d of May, 1840. The government, convinced by the result of this diet, of the strength of the liberal party, returned once more into the path of concession. At the closing of the diet, an amnesty for political offences was proclaimed. The prosecutions were stopped, and the prisoners set at liberty. Among these was Kossuth. He left his dungeon with his bodily frame wasted and enfeebled, but with his mental faculties unimpaired and his energy unsubdued. He was released in May, 1840. On the 12th of July, of the same year, appeared the first number of the *Pesti Hirlap*. It was published by the bookseller Heckenast. The name of the editor was concealed. Never, since the rise of periodical literature, did journalist exercise such a power as that swayed by the unknown editor of the *Pesti Hirlap*. He attacked wrong and injustice in whatever quarter they showed themselves. He not only maintained a contest with the government for the constitutional liberties of the kingdom, but brought to light all malpractices which took place in the administration of public affairs throughout the country. Abuses to which the diet had in vain attempted to bring a remedy, fell before the attacks of the *Pesti Hirlap*. The minute knowledge which the editor displayed of the affairs of every part of the kingdom, — the vigilance from which it seemed that nothing could be hid, — above all, his rigorous justice, — inspired both admiration and fear, and gave a force to his judgments which nothing could withstand. In six months after its first publication, this journal numbered eleven thousand subscribers. These were of all classes and of all races. It was sought with equal eagerness by the Slaves and the Germans, as by the Magyars.

But with the increased diffusion of liberal opinions, the opposition to them strengthened, and was gradually assuming a more selfish character. It became apparent that the advocates of reform would not be content with merely removing the most flagrant abuses. When the

untitled nobility had laid down all the privileges which separated them from the common people, it was not to be supposed that the nation would see with indifference the enormous influence exerted in the state by a few families.\* Already some of the liberal party had recalled the fact that the chamber of magnates was an innovation introduced under the Austrian administration, and there were many indications that the titled aristocracy would be called on to make some sacrifices in their turn. Experience has shown, again and again, that men who are capable, individually, of making the greatest sacrifices, become selfish and tenacious as members of an order. The interests of the magnates of Hungary, and those of the emperor of Austria, became every day more closely intertwined. There were still, however, among them, noble examples of patriotism and disinterestedness. Széchényi was still true to the principles of his youth. The name of Batthyányi has been already consecrated by martyrdom.

The diet was again convened for 1843. The Austrian cabinet had now abandoned the idea of intimidation, and returned to the line of policy it had adopted in 1832. The royal propositions called the attention of the diet to some of the principal measures of reform demanded by the liberal party. The charge of defeating them was left to the upper house. The two parties in the state, that adverse and that favorable to reform, were already known by the names of the government party and the opposition. Among the opponents of reform were found all who held offices by the appointment of the crown, and likewise — with regret it must be spoken — the dignitaries of the Church, who gave their influence and their votes constantly on the side of the Austrian government. Meanwhile, the same means were put in requisition, as in the case of the former diet, to defeat the election of the liberal candidates. Money was not spared. All the influence of the government and of the conservative magnates was called into exercise. But without effect. The voice of the nation pronounced itself, with decision, for the liberal side. The party of reform had, as before, a very large majority in the lower house. New victories

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\* Every member of a magnate family, after he has attained the age of twenty-four, has a right to a seat at the first table of the diet. — De Gerando.

were obtained for the cause of freedom. The most important measure which was passed during this session of the diet was that which gave the peasant the right to become the possessor of landed property, without restriction. The law of 1836 had given him the power of acquiring the property of the land which he held as tenant, by means of contracts between himself and the manorial lord. The act of 1843 permitted him to become the owner, by purchase, of noble property, as if himself noble. The advocates of this bill took the ground, that, by their ancient constitution, the peasant possessed this right, and that it was but a revival and confirmation of a law already existing, though long unrecognized. While this question was under debate, one of the members proposed, as an amendment, that this right should be extended only to such peasants as understood the Hungarian language; but he was instantly reminded by his colleagues, that "the law gave all the inhabitants of Hungary the title of Hungarians, and that all, having equally shed their blood for the defence of the country, had a right to share in the same advantages." The act was passed without any condition. It was likewise carried in the upper house, where it owed its success chiefly to the exertions of Count Széchényi.

Another very important measure, which likewise originated at the second table, was carried during the diet of 1843. This was a law by which all public functions were rendered accessible to the non-nobles.

The liberal party could not, however, yet succeed in obtaining the passage of a law for the equal distribution of the taxes. It was in vain that Széchényi exerted all his eloquence. This victory was still delayed. But, in the mean time, in anticipation of the law, great numbers of the liberal party caused themselves to be inscribed on the list of those subject to taxation. "There is not a county," says De Gerando, "in which the liberals have not, in crowds, given this proof of their patriotism." \*

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\* Bezerédy was one of the first to set this honorable example. The following letter, addressed to him by the peasants of the village of Bitske, in the county of Fejér, dated April 5, 1845, will give an idea of the character of the Hungarian peasantry, and the feeling which subsists between them and the nobles. In this county, the great majority of the inhabitants are of the Magyar race.

"The patriotic act by which, faithful to holy and eternal justice, you

The chamber of deputies attempted several other measures of reform, which were lost through the opposition of the upper house. Among these were, the abolition of the *aviticitas*, and the introduction of trial by jury. The states likewise passed some decrees favorable to Hungarian commerce;\* these having, with some difficulty, passed the upper house, were by the government "deferred to the next diet," — a common mode, with the Austrian cabinet, of disposing of measures to which it does not venture to give a direct veto.

The liberal members of the diet had not succeeded in carrying all their measures, but, during the short time they had been in session, they had rendered great service to the country, and they were confident of obtaining yet greater victories at the next convention of the national assembly, which was to take place in 1847.

The government, in 1845, finding all its attempts to arrest the progress of the liberal party unsuccessful, resolved to renew the attempt which had been made in the time of Joseph, and attack the liberty of Hungary in its very stronghold, — the municipal governments. Hungary has been, from the earliest times, divided into counties, each of which possesses an independent administration; so that the kingdom may be said to be composed of a number of small states, united by a federal compact, and represented, by their deputies, in the general diet of the nation. Each of these counties is presided over by a *Föispán*, or supreme count, who is usually one of the large landed proprietors of the county. Under him is an *Alispán* (Viscount), on whom the principal business of the county devolves. The salaries of these officers are, on the true republican principle, very moderate. The honor of serving the country is regarded as suffi-

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have been the first to renounce the right of exemption from taxation, — this act, truly worthy of a noble, has already, to the honor of our aristocracy be it said, found many imitators. Those who have followed your example have made the most worthy recognition of your action. We also, who believe that, in taking part in our burdens, you have not lowered yourself to our level, but have raised us to yourselves, all regard it as a sacred duty to express to you our ardent gratitude for this noble sacrifice, which opens a new era to our country. May God grant, for the glory of the country and for our happiness, that your life may be long, and that your spirit may inspire the whole world."

\* Very severe restrictions were imposed by Austria on Hungarian commerce.

cient recompense. The law provides, that, in case of neglect of duty on the part of the Főispán, the king may, *at the instance of the county*, oblige him to resign his office into the hands of an administrator, to be named by the king. The government made the absence of some of these magistrates from the counties over which they presided the pretext for a general displacement. This was done without the consent of the counties, and even in cases where the Főispán had resigned his other offices for the purpose of devoting himself to the affairs of his county. The new administrators brought with them a complete set of under officers, and, instead of receiving the moderate stipend awarded by the county to its chief magistrate, had very large salaries from the Austrian government. It was the intention of the cabinet, by this illegal measure, to overrule the elections, as it had already done in Croatia.\* The appointment of these administrators excited an indignation, which their conduct did not tend to allay. It was in

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\* Kossuth, in March, 1845, soon after this arbitrary act of government was carried into effect, addressed the county of Pest in a speech in which he pointed out all the dangers to the country which were involved in this measure, and all the evils which must result, and which actually did afterwards result, from it. We have not room for this speech. We give the opening and closing passages.

"Although the future of our country appears to me covered by a dark veil, I cannot deny that the hope of a better destiny has sometimes beamed before my eyes. One of these moments of illusion presented itself when the government seemed ready to unite in our views, and to walk with us on the path of progress which had been smoothed by our efforts; when it seemed to offer us its assistance in repairing the faults of our fathers, and raising the people from their sad condition. We were then ready to banish the remembrance of three centuries of sorrow, and to give ourselves to the labors which were to replace this mournful but sacred struggle in which we had been engaged for the defence of our rights and our liberties. Alas! the illusion quickly vanished, and we found ourselves still alone on the path of progress. One step more and the struggle recommenced. So be it then; those who were ready to reconcile themselves with power will again defend their rights as men and citizens. . . . .

"It has been said, — what has not been said to justify the government? — that order rendered these illegal measures necessary. Order! I do not know a word of which despotism has made a more insolent abuse. It is in the name of order that Nicholas has effaced Poland from the rank of nations, and that King Ernest has annihilated the constitution of Hanover. It was in the name of order that Philip II. made a cemetery of Belgium. This order, thanks be to God, Hungary does not know, nor does she desire to know it. Hungary is governed only by laws, and, if order requires a change in the government, the nation must assemble and assent to the change. Any measure which is arbitrarily imposed is not order, but illegality, despotism, that is to say, disorder."



vain, however, that the counties presented remonstrances to the king against the maladministration of these functionaries. All complaints were disregarded, and this new encroachment on their rights was added to the list of grievances for whose redress the nation was to combat at the next meeting of the diet.

In June, 1847, the opposition party issued a programme of the measures which they intended to advocate at the next meeting of the diet. They begin with declaring that, in giving their opposition or their support, they shall have regard, not to persons, but to acts; that they shall disapprove of those acts of the government only which are, in their form or their essence, illegal, or which are calculated to affect injuriously the interests of the country. They proceed to recount some of the most serious of the long-neglected grievances of the nation:—

“Our heavy grievances, so many times exposed, after a long course of years, in which we have asked, urged, waited, have remained even to this day without a remedy. They have become the more bitter, because our legitimate complaints, so often heard, have never produced any result. It is for this reason that confidence and hope begin to fail.

“In the mass of our grievances there are some on which the opinion of the whole nation is unanimous, including the men who are now members of the Hungarian government. Nevertheless, the government does not seek to remedy the evil; we cannot see, on their part, any intention of relieving it. . . . In addition to our complaints of long standing, we find new grievances in recent acts of the government. We have no need to relate them in full; the public consultations of the counties, their representations and their circulars, have already fully exposed and registered them. . . . In this alarming situation of our country, we must strive to increase and strengthen the legal guarantees of our constitutional existence. We regard the responsibility of the government as one of these guarantees. This belongs to the very nature of constitutional government, and will form the best defence of the Hungarian government against the pernicious influence of foreign elements.

“Among the constitutional guarantees we count publicity. This we will maintain, with all our force, in regard to every branch of public life. We regard as a constitutional guarantee, and as a necessary means to our future national development, the liberty of the press, limited by suitable laws. We shall therefore insist upon the abolition of the censorship, which has been introduced contrary to law.

"We regard it as legal, equitable, and as important for the increase of the national strength and the security of our independence, that Transylvania and Hungary should be fully and legally united; that the two nations may be restored to each other, and the claims of kindred and the long-expressed wishes of both countries satisfied.

"But we shall not regard our mission as accomplished when we have fortified the guarantees of our constitutional existence. We believe ourselves called to labor continually for the accomplishment of all just reforms. We therefore resolutely declare, that we shall remain, for the future, on the ground on which the history of the last years has made the name of opposition synonymous with that of reform. . . . .

"In conformity with all that precedes, while we regard it as our indispensable duty to guard the right of the initiative, we also hold it our duty openly and clearly to point out the principal questions whose prompt solution we believe necessary for the good of the country: —

"1. The equal distribution of the public burdens. We regard it as our principal duty to lighten the burdens of the people, who have hitherto been alone subjected to taxation. We wish in this respect, also, to strengthen our constitutional guarantees. We desire that the diet should decide as to the disposition of the impost.

"2. Participation of the non-nobles, of the inhabitants of the royal cities, and of the free districts, in legislative and municipal rights.\*

"3. Equality before the law.

"4. The abolition of the urbarial dues, with indemnity to the landed proprietors. We think it desirable that steps should be taken to render the redemption of these universal, through the assistance of the state.

"5. Security given to credit and property by the abolition of the *aviticilas*.

"We shall labor strenuously to call into life all that can tend to the material and intellectual development of the country. We shall endeavour to give to popular education, that powerful engine of national development, such a direction as shall form able and patriotic citizens, that the people may, by this means, likewise attain to personal independence. . . . .

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\* It has been said, among other things, by those writers who support the Austrian views, that the abolition of the disabilities of the unprivileged class, decreed by the diet in 1848, was a measure of policy intended to secure the coöperation of the people in a projected revolution. This programme, published eight months before the revolution in Paris, which gave occasion to that at Vienna, offers a sufficient answer to this assertion.

"While laboring for the accomplishment of these ends, we shall never forget the relations which, by the terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, exist between Hungary and the hereditary states of Austria. But at the same time, we shall hold fast to the tenth article of 1790, by which the royal word, sanctified by an oath, guaranteed to our nation that Hungary is a free country, independent in its whole system of legislation and of administration, and that it is not subordinate to any other country."

The events which took place in France and Austria in the spring of 1848 gave to the cause of liberal principles a speedier triumph than its advocates had anticipated for it. Ferdinand, in the midst of a crumbling empire, was in no condition to refuse the demands of his people. Immediately after the revolution of the 13th of March in Vienna, the opposition party in Hungary issued a proclamation, headed, "*Mit kivan a magyar nemzet?*" — "What asks the Magyar nation?"

This manifesto sets forth twelve points of reform: —

"1. We ask freedom of the press, and the abolition of the censorship.

"2. A responsible ministry at Buda.

"3. Annual diet at Pest.

"4. Equality before the law, both as regards religious and civil rights.

"5. A national guard.

"6. An equal distribution of the public burdens.

"7. Abolition of the urbarial relations.

"8. Trial by jury.

"9. Representation on the principle of equality.

"10. A national bank.

"11. The army shall be required to take the oath to the constitution; the Magyar troops shall not be taken out of the country; the foreign troops shall be withdrawn.

"12. Union with Transylvania." \*

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\* Before the union of Transylvania with Hungary, there were some important differences in the political constitution of the two countries. In Transylvania a distinction of races was recognized. In the Transylvanian diet, the Magyars, the Szeklers, and the Saxons were represented as distinct nationalities, by their respective deputies. The Wallachian inhabitants of the country were not represented in the diet as a distinct race; they were counted as Magyars. A Wallachian noble might be elected to the diet, but he sat there as a Magyar. Among the Szeklers, a race closely kindred to the Magyars, the distinction between noble and non-noble has never been introduced. They have preserved their ancient institutions in greater purity than the Magyars. By the union of Transylvania with Hungary, all political distinctions founded on difference of race were

To these articles, at the suggestion of Vahot, was added, the release of prisoners confined for political offences.\*

It is to be observed that these demands for equality before the law, and an equal distribution of the taxes, were not made by those who suffered by the existing injustice,—until these reforms were carried, these had no voice in any public matter,—but by the very persons whose privileges were to be abrogated.

These measures of reform were rapidly passed by the diet. A deputation of Hungarian nobles then proceeded to Vienna, to lay them before the king, and obtain his sanction.

On the 19th of March, placards, affixed to the walls of Pest, announced to the people that the royal assent to their demands had been obtained. A copy of a letter was given, addressed by the Palatine to Count Batthyányi, empowering him to form the long-desired Hungarian ministry. This announcement seemed to give the final pledge of the reality and permanence of their newly gained freedom. The people were satisfied. They had never had any other desire than to live quietly under just and equal laws. They believed their end accomplished. A partaker in the scenes of the 15th to the 19th of March, writing while the hopes of the people were still fresh, and before they had even a foreboding of the terrible disenchantment which was to follow, speaks thus:—

“That which in Italy has cost streams of blood, that to which, in France, hundreds and hundreds of men fell as sin-offerings, that which Germany must buy with blood, and again blood, — that have we Hungarians, who have been decried, through all Europe, as a seditious, lawless, turbulent people, gained without

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abolished; the same system of representation was established in Transylvania as in Hungary; all the inhabitants, without distinction of race, were admitted to the right of suffrage, the possession of a very small amount of yearly income being the only qualification required.

“We have state prisoners,” says Birágyi, “who, victims of an arbitrary act of power, have been pining for years in horrible dungeons. It would have been shameful to have forgotten them in the list of the national demands.” — *Pesti Forradalom*, Pest, 1848.

“An inconsiderate word, or a single passage in a perhaps prudently written book, torn out of its connection, and invested with an arbitrary meaning, was all that was needed to stamp a man as a political criminal. This was the easiest means of putting out of the way men of distinguished abilities, who might have been able to further the welfare of their country.” — Berff, *Ein Blatt Volksgeschichte*, Pest, 1848.

any disturbance of the public order. Our victory was no victory of force, but a victory of right, — a victory of intelligence. Our revolution was a revolution against disorder, to obtain the highest good of a free people, — order.”\*

Another eyewitness thus describes the effect produced on the people of Pest by the announcement of the royal assent: —

“It would be impossible to describe the joy which everywhere manifested itself. With deeply penetrated, devout hearts, we hastened to the church, to give thanks to the Omnipotent for this speedy bloodless accomplishment of our transformation. The church, when we entered, was filled with people, the sight of whose deep, enthusiastic devotion elevated the heart with a sublime feeling. When we left the church, I felt as if newly born, newly baptized.”†

But this apparent triumph of their rights did but hasten the crisis which Austria had been for years preparing for the Hungarian nation.‡ While they were returning thanks to God for their freedom, redeemed without blood, Jellachich was receiving his orders from the Austrian cabinet.

On the 24th of March, only five days after the date of the letter to Count Batthyányi, which had excited so much joy and gratitude among the people, the Palatine Stephen, son of the old, beloved Palatine Joseph, and who was himself possessed of the affection and confidence of the Hungarian people, addressed to the emperor

\* Berffi, Der 15 März, 1848, in Pest. *Ein Blatt Volksgeschichte*.

† *Pesti Forradalom. Irta Birdanyi Akos. Pesten, 1848.*

‡ Our limits will not allow us, at the present time, to enter into the history of the intrigues and illegal proceedings of Austria in the southern provinces of Hungary, and more especially in Croatia, for many years before the breaking out of hostilities. The citizens of this latter kingdom were, in many places, debarred from the exercise of their political rights. They were attacked and driven from the place of elections by the members of the Illyrian faction, furnished with arms from the public arsenals. It was in vain they appealed to the king. Their remonstrances were unheard. During the sitting of the Hungarian diet of 1843-44, the district of Turopolya, in Croatia, addressed a petition to that assembly on this subject. The county of Zágráb, the largest county in Croatia, likewise addressed to the county of Pest in Hungary, February 20, 1846, a very earnest letter, relating the acts of illegality and violence which had been committed in that county, with the connivance and assistance of the authorities, and calling on the Hungarians, in the name of the ancient ties which bound the two countries, to join with them in earnestly petitioning the king for the redress of this injustice, their own appeals having been wholly without effect.

a letter, in which he set forth the "three measures" through which "alone" he "hoped to accomplish any thing in Hungary."

The first measure was to withdraw all the military force from the country, and to "abandon it to entire devastation," (*dieses der gänzlichen Verwüstung zu überlassen*), to "pillage and fire," while the government was to look passively on. The second measure was to make an attempt upon Count Batthyányi, the President of the Hungarian ministry, and, through his means, "to save all that is to be saved." The third measure was to recall the Palatine, and to send a royal commissioner, invested with extraordinary powers, with a considerable armed force, to Presburg, who should repair to Pest, after the dissolution of the diet, and there carry on the government "with a strong hand, in such a manner as circumstances may require." \* The Austrian cabinet adopted each of these measures in turn. The first was already in progress of preparation. Until their plans were matured for carrying the third into execution, it was necessary still to temporize. The good faith of the Hungarian ministry was not to be tampered with, but their credulity might be practised upon. They were, for a time, not less deceived than the rest of the nation.

On the 11th of April, Ferdinand gave in person, at Presburg, his solemn sanction to the laws which had been promulgated in March. On the 10th of the following month, he issued a proclamation, addressed to the rebellious Croats and Servians, in which Jellachich was denounced as a traitor, and deprived of his banishment, and all his military employments. In this proclamation, Ferdinand himself exposes the futility of the accusations which had been brought against the Hungarians as oppressors of the other races. He upbraids the rebels with their treason, in the following terms:—

"We have been deceived in you,—in you, Croats and Slavonians, who, for eight hundred years, under the same crown,

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\* The young prince confesses to some scruples with regard to the first project. He suggests, that it might "perhaps" not be thought "suitable" for a government to abandon its subjects, "a portion of whom, at least, are well disposed, to all the horrors of an insurrection." It is probable that these plans did not originate with the Palatine, but were dictated to him at Vienna.

sharing the destinies of Hungary, *have owed to this bond the constitutional freedom which you alone, among all Slavonian people, have been through a course of centuries in a condition to retain.*

"We find ourselves deceived in you, — you, who have not only always shared equally in all the rights and privileges of the Hungarian constitution, but also, by the favor of our illustrious ancestors, in reward of your spotless fidelity, have been invested with greater privileges than any other subjects of our sacred Hungarian crown.

"We have been deceived in you to whom the last diet of Hungary and its dependent states granted, agreeably to our royal will, a brotherly share in all the benefits of constitutional freedom, and equality before the law. The right of constitutional representation has, with you, as in Hungary, been extended to the people, so that not only the nobility, but also the other inhabitants, and the frontier regiments, through their deputies, may take part, as well in the general legislation as also in your municipal assemblies, and thus you yourselves, through your own immediate action, can forward your own prosperity. Hitherto the noble has had little share in the public burdens; henceforward the uniform distribution of the same among all the inhabitants, without distinction of class, is established by law, and thereby an oppressive burden has been taken from your shoulders.

"Your nationality and municipal rights, in regard to which an attempt has been made, by malicious, false reports, to inspire you with apprehensions, are not in any way threatened; on the contrary, they have been extended and strengthened, secured against all attacks; for *the use of your mother tongue has not only been secured to you by law in your schools and churches, for all future time, but has also been introduced into your public assemblies, in place of the Latin, hitherto in use.*

"Calumniators have endeavoured to persuade you that the Hungarian nation wishes to suppress your language, or to hinder its further development. *We ourselves assure you these reports are entirely false.*

"For eight hundred years have you been united with Hungary; during all this time, the legislature has acted with a regard to your nationality; how could you, then, believe that this same legislature would now show itself hostile to your mother tongue, which it has protected for eight hundred years? . . . .

"The law is holy, and must be holy. *We have sworn by the living God, that we will preserve the integrity of our Hungarian crown, that we will maintain and obey the constitution and the laws, and cause others to obey them.*"

This proclamation had the effect of confirming the

Hungarians in their false security. It had no other effect. Jellachich continued to raise troops, and complete his preparations for the invasion of Hungary. The other agents of Austria in Southern Hungary incited the peasants with the hope of the rich plunder of the Hungarian towns and villages. The work of devastation began immediately after the promulgation of this edict.

On the opening of the diet, on the 5th of July, the Palatine, in the name of the king, expressed his reprobation of the rebels in Croatia and Slavonia, who, as he said, had even dared to use the royal name, and to resist the laws under the pretext that they were not the free expression of the royal will. He assured them that it was his Majesty's desire that the representatives of the nation should consider it their first duty to take the necessary measures for restoring the tranquillity of the country, for preserving the integrity of the Hungarian kingdom, and for maintaining the sacred inviolability of the law. With this view, he recommended them to bestow their earliest attention *on the defence of the country and the state of the finances*. He declared that the king regarded with signal displeasure the audacious conduct of those who had ventured to assert that any act of disobedience to the law could be pleasing to his Majesty.

In the mean time, the southern provinces of Hungary were already a prey to fire and massacre,\* while the Austrian generals looked quietly on. It was not until the 11th of July, that the nation was roused to a sense of its danger, and, on the motion of Kossuth, ordered a levy of men to defend the country against invasion.

In August, the Austrian cabinet threw off the mask; the imperial troops began to march towards Zágráb, and to place themselves under the command of Jellachich. In their reply to the remonstrances of the Hungarian diet, the ministry at Vienna now spoke openly of the Croatian and Servian rebels as the brothers in arms of the imperial army.

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\*An attempt was likewise made, by the emissaries from Vienna, to excite an insurrection in the North of Hungary, among the Slovacs; but with little success. A band of marauders was, by the aid of money from Vienna, got together, who committed some depredations in the county of Trencsén; but they were speedily suppressed. A company of three hundred of the Presburg National Guard was sufficient for this purpose.



On the 4th of September, the emperor addressed a letter to the same Jellachich whom, not two months before, he had denounced as a traitor, in which he speaks of the "*indubitable proofs of fidelity and attachment which the Freiherr von Jellachich has repeatedly displayed since he has been named Ban of Croatia.*"

The Hungarians made yet one more attempt to avoid an open collision with the Austrian government. On the 9th of September, a deputation of one hundred and sixty Hungarians, at whose head was Pazmandy, the president of the chamber of deputies, repaired to Vienna, to entreat the emperor of Austria to show himself the king of Hungary, and "to contribute to the rescue of the fatherland by throwing the weight of his royal authority into the scale." The king drew from his pocket a written paper, and read them, in an indifferent voice, a cold and evasive answer.

The deputation returned to Pest, to announce to the Hungarian people, that they were to rely only on themselves. On the same day, Jellachich, at the head of the imperial forces, passed the Drave.

It was thus that the war between Hungary and Austria began. From this period, the eyes of the world have been turned upon Hungary. Our readers have yet fresh in their recollection the scenes of this war, in which the Hungarians extorted admiration even from their enemies. It is not our intention to retrace them here. We have designed only, in this rapid sketch, to place in a condensed form before those of our readers who had not, previous to the breaking out of the late contest, directed their attention towards Hungary, such a statement of the antecedent relations of that country with Austria as shall enable them to form an equitable judgment of the events of which they have been witness, and of those which the next decade is to develop.

M. L. P.

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## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Philo: an Evangeliad.* By the Author of "Margaret; a Tale of the Real and Ideal." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 244.

THIS is a remarkable book, and like its predecessor, "Margaret," bears upon its pages strong marks of an original, liberal, independent, and progressive mind. "Margaret" was a Yankee novel; "Philo" is a Yankee poem. It is a valuable history of our times,—a graphic and faithful record of the various and grave questions that now interest and agitate the New England mind. A second time has our author essayed to give the peculiarities of New England a distinct and permanent place in American literature. For this alone—had he no other merit—we should owe him much; but the book itself possesses no common value. Its spirit is catholic and manly, and commands our entire admiration. With characteristic boldness, and singular force, Mr. Judd utters his honest protest against the social, religious, and political vices that seem so deeply inwrought with our existing institutions; but in his severest censure of these sins, he mingles no word of calumny or sarcasm against individuals or classes. He never descends low enough to take up these unholy weapons, the use of which too often condemns at once our reformers and their cause. His kindly sympathies are not confined to a single class of sufferers, nor his friendly hand extended alone to those who, occupying his point of vision, see with him the golden side of the shield. His broad philanthropy makes no exception, but generously takes in Calhoun along with the negro slave and Garrison. Where too many of us are trained to think naught but purest evil can exist, he, with wise magnanimity, seeks and discovers good. He sees love, in the widest sense, to be the motive and the spirit of all true reform, and so he styles his book "Philo."

We cannot forbear to notice some felicitous and striking passages of local truth and interest, which must give a thrill of pleasure to all who know and love the scenery and the life of Maine. Some lines are redolent of her very soil, while they bring before us her majestic forests, either standing in their native grandeur, or felled by the aggressive axe of the adventurer, and sent floating down to the populous mart on the bosom of her noble rivers.

Mr. Judd's truth and accuracy in the delineation of character

indicate observation close and discriminating, combined with great reflective energy. His men and women, standing apart, as individuals, or as representatives of classes, are real and lifelike; though their manifestations are less of the feverish, factitious turbulence of the outward, than of the graver and deeper workings of the inner world.

Our author builds up no high, mysterious wall of separation between men and angels; by exalting and purifying the former, and humanizing the latter, he brings them on to the same plane, where they hold earnest and natural communings. Gabriel and Philo are affectionate and sympathizing friends.

The Pastor, the Poet, and the Skeptic are all drawn by a master's hand. The death scene is as full of Christian truth and beauty, as of human hope and tenderness. The court scene of the world is admirable. The visit to the forest lodge of the sturdy woodman, whose "axe snapped keenly through the frozen umbrage," makes a charming picture; and here our deepest heart is touched by the simple and exquisite expression that is given to the profound affinity that exists between nature and religion. But we have not space to point out all that we have found in this book of beauty and of power. It must be read carefully and candidly, to be appreciated or understood. It is worthy of great praise; yet we feel that it is open to some severity of criticism. We are never quite sure that Mr. Judd's fine thoughts will be presented to us in an attractive garb. In his happier moments, no element of grace or taste seems wanting to his nice and forcible expression, while at other times every element of both seems to have forsaken him, and his form of speech becomes strange, awkward, quite incomprehensible, and almost intolerable; still, if this uncouth dialect be truly idiomatic, we can school our sensitive ears to bear an occasional twinge, and thank Mr. Judd heartily for his books, for we cannot afford to lose his thoughts. This volume contains many passages of pure poetry, but more of profound thought and generous sentiment. It is so fresh and racy, that it often sparkles like the purest spring water, welling up to the sunlight from beneath the rock. It is so bold and free, that the soul within us is uplifted by communion with a spirit that walks erect. It is so pure and healthful, that we feel a moral strength in reading it, akin to our physical exhilaration when breathing the open, untainted air of the mountains. In a word, it is thoroughly humane, and so eminently, and in the best sense, Christian.

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*The Birds of Aristophanes. With Notes, and a Metrical Table.*  
By C. C. FELTON, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Har-

vard College, Cambridge, Mass. Cambridge : John Bartlett.  
1849. 12mo. pp. xv. and 228.

THE comedies of Aristophanes are of great historical importance, as revealing Athenian life in a manner and degree alike peculiar, by travestyng the principal characters and exposing the abuses and the corruptions of the time. They are entertaining, as being informed and adorned with all that a wit the most brilliant and genial, and a fancy the most luxuriant, could bestow. They were composed, for the most part, in the purest Attic, and as the theme varies show in turn all the power, grace, and delicacy of that most highly wrought form of the Greek language.

In the play before us, and in his excellent edition of the *Clouds*, Professor Felton has given the text entire, instead of omitting, as some editors from the worthiest motives have done, such passages as offend against moral purity and taste. But—to his honor be it recorded—neither on the former occasion nor on the present does he incline or attempt to make an excuse for the coarseness and obscenity which here and there degrade and defile the otherwise charming pages of the *Coryphæus* of the Attic dramatists, though he justly intimates that a comparison in this particular of Greek comedy with English is strangely in favor of the writer of the pagan age. We wish it had not been too much to expect that a mind like that of Aristophanes—by nature so comprehensive and subtle, disciplined and furnished by a culture so various and exquisite—should be

“a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and true  
Alone are mirrored.”

Would, indeed, we could find some such plausible explanation of the appearance of these intruders into goodly company, as that which the poet Wordsworth gives of the existence of the gross scenes and passages in our own great Shakspeare; but the costume in Aristophanes, befitting forms wellnigh divine, too plainly attest at whose bidding they came.

The commentary on this play is written with a grace almost Athenian, and while it contains much that is pleasing and attractive, as well as explanatory, it is highly critical withal. The grave learning which the editor brings us here is borne with his characteristic ease. We are gratified to see the *Scholia* so largely adduced in the discussion of the difficult passages. The labors of the veteran Bothe are often used, but with that discrimination which his views, sometimes singularly happy and well weighed, at other times very hasty and injudicious, render necessary. To elucidate or settle some of the obscure and doubtful points in the ornithology of the piece, the editor has received the

aid of the distinguished Agassiz, and has consulted the work of Von der Mühle. The coincidences between the facts stated by Von der Mühle and the allusions of Aristophanes are the more remarkable, as they were not sought after by the author with a view to confirm or even to illustrate any Greek classic.

We have detected but few typographical errors, and many thanks are due to the publisher for the very handsome form in which he has put forth the work.

*The Oration of Æschines against Ctesiphon. With Notes.*

By J. T. CHAMPLIN, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College, Me. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1850. 12mo. pp. xii. and 182.

IN two previous volumes, prepared on a plan similar to that of the present, Professor Champlin gave to the public several of the orations of Demosthenes, comprising the Oration on the Crown, and, of the Political Orations, Olynthiac I., II., and III., Philip-  
pic I., On the Chersonesus, and For the Liberty of the Rhodians. Though these works have neither received any elaborate review, nor elicited any distinguished praise, yet they have been in a good degree useful, especially as suggesting and encouraging a more general study of Demosthenes, and as making the labors of able critics, such as Vömel, Sauppe, and Dipen, somewhat accessible to our students. We have diligently examined many of the notes of the volume now under our notice, and though, as a whole, the commentary is far superior to that on the Oration on the Crown, yet in some instances there is an inexactness of statement, an infelicity of explanation, which ought not to mar annotation on these matchless discourses. Believing, as we do, that these instruments of education should be models of excellence in all respects, we cannot forbear adverting to the diction of the notes, which too often presents a contrast to the pure and elevated style of the text. We find some inconsistency in the editor's manner of writing Greek names in English. On p. 130 *Κερσοβλέπτης* is given by *Kersobleptes*, but on p. 141 *Cirrha* occurs after *Κύρραϊον*; on p. 147 we have *Chæronœia* from *Χαίρωνεια*, while on the following page *Cadmea* represents *Καδμεία*. A few notes here added will exemplify the faults to which we have above referred. P. 115, "*ἤδη, now at length*." And thus, generally, *ἤδη* is *now*, in some way out of season, i. e. too early or too late, like the Latin *jam*." P. 129, "*Τὰ δὲ μετὰ ταῦτα*. Literally, *the after these things*." P. 147, "*ἐφ' ἡμῶν, in our age*. Literally, *upon us*, while we say, *under one*." On p. 115 we find, "*ἐνὶ [ρίσος ἀρχοῦτος]*, *under, or, more strictly, upon*. It denotes time,

or a course of events, as *dependent upon* some person (literally, during the course of events *dependent upon* what archon)." In the former case *ἐν* could not be rendered *under*, and though it may thus be translated in the latter case, yet the idea of subordination in that and kindred instances lies in the context, and is not inherent in the preposition, as the editor's analysis implies. P. 156, "[οἱ] παράλοι" is explained to mean, "ambassadors conveyed in a *πάραλος*, or sacred galley"; as if the Athenians had a class of ships called *αἱ παράλοι*.

Among the verbal mistakes, we notice on p. 132, *συνείπον*; and on p. 140 *Ἰλιάδος*, and the same incorrect form is given in the text on p. 37. The book, however, is printed in a careful manner, and presents an attractive and beautiful appearance.

*The Works of Horace, with English Notes, a Life of Horace, and an Explanation of the Metres.* By EDWARD MOORE, M. A. Cambridge: Published by John Bartlett, Bookseller to the University. 1850. 12mo. pp. 459.

WE welcome Mr. Moore's new edition of Horace, and would welcome every edition which can tend to promote the study of this finished and elegant poet; being unwilling to assent to a remark of the editor, which we read with great surprise, that, "as a lyric poet, Horace does not rank very high." We know of no lyric poetry in modern literature more exquisitely tender, more enlivening, or more lofty, than is to be found among the Odes of Horace.

This edition is handsomely printed at the University Press, and its character may be inferred from the Preface:—

"Although the editor is well aware that there are several editions of Horace which are highly and deservedly esteemed, he yet believes that many teachers have felt the want which he has himself experienced, and which he has here endeavoured to supply, that, namely, of an edition of this valuable author, which should be better adapted to the requirements of students; which should explain all real difficulties clearly and concisely, and yet call upon the student for research and perseverance; which should, in a word, incite him to study, and not relieve him from the necessity of it. If the editor has succeeded in this, his principal object, he will be amply satisfied with the result of his labors, and will consider it of comparatively small importance if, according to the judgment of abler scholars, he has in some instances failed to elucidate the author's real meaning."

Mr. Moore has departed from the usual policy of school-book editors, in publishing the complete works of his author. Some of the Odes and Epodes might, in our opinion, have been advantageously omitted. Pieces too gross to allow notes explanatory

of the text, or to be recited in the school-room, seem ill-advised in an educational work, no matter how beautiful or harmonious they may be. We would never advocate or defend any tampering with the text, but individual Odes may always be omitted without harm to the remainder.

The notes are copious, and appear to have been prepared with great care. A Life of Horace and a Table of Metres are prefixed.

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*Studies in Christian Biography, or Hours with Theologians and Reformers.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Minister of the Church of the Messiah in New York. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis. 1850. 12mo.

THIS is the work of an accomplished scholar. The general reader will hardly appreciate the amount of learning and labor, of dry theological research and extended literary culture, which is condensed in this volume; and still less, how much of all these were required as a general preparation for writing it. Without giving a formal history of Christianity, it is probably, within certain limits, the most impressive and instructive mode of presenting its history to the popular mind. In the Christian Church there have arisen, from time to time, great men, who were not only the best exponents of the age in which they lived, but the ones who did most towards giving direction to theological thought and devotional forms and ecclesiastical discipline in succeeding ages. In reading their lives, we are placed at the centres of movement. In understanding their minds and characters, we have a key to the intellectual and moral history of the Church. To understand the true spirit of any age, we go, not to the ignorant and apathetic, but to those who embodied in themselves, in the highest degree, its characteristic spirit. Mr. Osgood has not treated of all the great names in Christian history, but still it is a grand procession which moves before us through his pages. Augustine, Chrysostom, Jerome, Calvin, Teresa, Socinus, Grotius, George Fox, Swedenborg, Wesley, Edwards, Howard,—these are the persons of whose characters and works and times he gives account. They were not only marked and influential in their own day, but their influence survives in the intellectual and moral convictions and habits of Christendom. As we read of these “representative men,” we travel back through the past, not painfully, step by step, through the valleys, but from hill-top to hill-top, while we are able, from the high summit to which we are raised, to have a vision of the whole region round about.

Such works as this of Mr. Osgood by no means supersede the want of more elaborate histories ; but for those who have little leisure for reading, they sum up the results of history in the most interesting and useful way, while, at the same time, those familiar with the annals of the Church find in such accounts of its leading men those general points discussed in which their knowledge of particular facts leads them to take the greatest interest.

Mr. Osgood takes for the motto of his title-page the words of Paul, "Diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." In reading the volume, we are struck with the slight degree in which Christian controversies have to do with the essentials of religion. The idea of goodness is substantially the same in all sects. Had Augustine, or Teresa, or Wesley, or Edwards, while their characters remained the same, exchanged opinions with each other, they would have been the ornaments of the body which they joined, as they had been of that which they left, and as they are now, when the controversies of their day have subsided, the ornaments of the Christian Church. This does not show that truth is unimportant, but it goes far to show that those truths which have most to do with the formation of character are, in a great degree, received by all sects, and that religious controversies, for the most part, relate to secondary and unimportant questions. One advantage of such a volume as this is, that, in showing the unity of spirit between those differing most widely in speculation, it inculcates the duty and reasonableness among Christians of mutual toleration and respect.

In expressing our gratification with this work, we will add the hope that Mr. Osgood may find time, amidst other duties, to give to the world, in a still fuller and more elaborate form, the results of his studies in Christian history.

We hardly need to inform our readers that most of the contents of this volume will be familiar to them, as having appeared in previous years in our own pages.

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*The Life and Religion of Mohammed, as contained in the Sheeâh Traditions of the HYÂT-UL-KULOOB. Translated from the Persian.* By Rev. JAMES L. MERRICK. Boston : Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 484.

THIS volume contains, in a condensed form, a translation of the second of a set of three volumes, which together constitute the traditionary authority of Mohammed and his religion for the Sheeâhs. This large sect of the followers of the "Prophet" is composed chiefly of Persians, while the rival sect of the Sunnee embraces Arabs, Turks, and Tartars. The translator, having



been for eleven years a missionary in Persia, should be well qualified for the literary task which he has here performed, so that we can read his pages with confidence. His volume is all the more likely to find readers, because of the recent publication of Irving's *Life of Mohammed*. Very different, however, are the contents and the style of the two works. In that before us all the wonders, myths, and false miracles which superstition and credulity have gathered about the author of Islamism are related with confident assurance. Doubtless, we have in this volume the very best account of the life and religion of Mohammed, as he and it are regarded by his own followers, that has ever been given in any European language. Some rich beauties of thought and diction will be found in these pages. The descriptions of Mohammed's battles are drawn with spirit, and much interesting matter is offered to the reader.

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*The Annual of Scientific Discovery ; or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements, &c., &c.* Edited by DAVID A. WELLS and GEORGE BLISS, Jr. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1850. 12mo. pp. 392.

THIS is a work which is sure to be popular and valued, where its existence is known. Science gathers every year materials enough to fill a volume like this with information, intelligible even to unscientific readers. Works of the same character have for some years past been published in Great Britain and on the Continent. We have looked over this first American work of the kind with great interest, and would commend it for the evident faithfulness and industry of which it gives proof, as well as for the great value of its information.

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*The Optimist.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 274.

FOUNDED on the better one of the two significations of the philosophical term "Optimism," this delightful and healthful volume of essays seeks to draw the means of good from the common and familiar experiences of life. It is written in the best spirit of cheerfulness and wisdom. It is equally suited for perusal in the leisure hours of healthful occupation, and in the chamber of retirement under pain or trial.

*The Angel World, and other Poems.* By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 16mo. pp. 114.

THOUGH some hard words, with occasional infelicities of expression, and some more eccentric utterances of strange thoughts, are found in this volume, as in the previous poem of the same author, we find in this a purer fancy and a more devout tone. We like some of the single poems better than any portion of that which fills more than two thirds of the volume. Passages of occasional pathos and tenderness, and brilliant flashes of aspiring faith and feeling, appear on many pages.

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*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, by THOMAS CARLYLE. No. 1. *The Present Time*. No. 2. *Model Prisons*. No. 3. *Downing Street*. No. 4. *The New Downing Street*. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

CARLYLE has managed, for more than fifteen years, to maintain a position in literature and in philosophy inexplicable to most persons. His jargon of language, his commonplaces raised on the stilts of extravagant or ludicrous phrases, and his somewhat promiscuous assaults upon all shams and pretences and conventional notions, gave to him a notoriety and an influence which he never would have attained had he kept to the use of English, and qualified his ridicule and bitterness by taking counsel from common sense and truth. Nothing is easier than to enter into a general crusade of fault-finding against all the institutions of society, and against the measures which from time to time give promise of advancing social and political interests. The epithet which, of all others, is most deserved by Carlyle, is that of "the fault-finder." We confess, however, that he does not invent his materials. These four *Latter-Day Pamphlets* are filled with sarcasms, flings, and abuse of somebody, or of every body. Yet they also contain pure wit, and a measure of reason. He is now taken most hardly to task by the philanthropists, among whom he once had his chief admirers, for his severe assaults upon "the rose-water" benevolence of the age. The second pamphlet is the most extravagant of the series thus far.

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*Schiller's Song of the Bell. A new Translation.* By W. H. FURNES. *With Poems and Ballads from Goethe, Schiller, and others.* By F. H. HEDGE. Philadelphia: Hazard & Mitchell. 12mo. pp. 48.

THE "Song of the Bell" has been repeatedly rendered in English, by different hands, with very different success. Of the various translations known to us, this of Dr. Furness is, in all respects, the most complete. Its fidelity is remarkable, and has been achieved with no sacrifice of the English idiom. Of course, in a good lyric poem, — and in proportion to its goodness, — there is something which must evaporate in any translation. The form may be preserved, the precise meaning may be given, the "*ipsissima verba*," may be rendered by their logical equivalents in another tongue ; but the subtle and undefinable aroma which consists in the associations rather than the meanings connected with the chosen words of the original, and which constitutes the true charm of a lyric, is not transferable. That no study can embalm, and no language reproduce. The best poetical versions we have seen bear but the same relation to their originals that flowers preserved in a *hortus siccus* bear to the same flowers on their native stalks. Form, color, texture, are there ; but the odor has fled.

Dr. F. has done all that translation can do in overcoming this difficulty. As far as was possible, he has preserved the spirit as well as the form of this wonderful poem, in whose service the arts of music and design have loved to minister. We regard it as the most successful solution hitherto of a very difficult task.

Of the other pieces in this volume, the greater part have been favorably known to the public in other connections.

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*Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man.* By THOMAS REID, D. D., F. R. S. E. *Abridged. With Notes and Illustrations from Sir William Hamilton and others.* Edited by JAMES WALKER, D. D., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. Cambridge : John Bartlett. 1850. 12mo. pp. 462.

THE plan and arrangement of Dr. Walker's edition of this work, whose reputation is well established, are such as to adapt it to the use of students. The omission of some passages, containing repetitions or digressions not important to the arguments treated, has allowed the editor space to introduce the annotations of Sir William Hamilton, with other illustrative and explanatory matter, besides his own not infrequent, but always valuable notes, which are enriched by a most extensive study of his subject. The work in this shape looks far more inviting, and will, no doubt, be vastly more intelligible and interesting to the students for whom it was prepared, as well as to other readers.

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"Our Help is in God." This is the title of a discourse delivered before his society by the Rev. Dr. Gannett, on February 24th. (Crosby & Nichols, 8vo, pp. 20.) Some of the newspaper criticisms of the discourse have illustrated the truth and importance of the earnest and faithful counsels which it teaches. It recommends supplication for Divine aid, reliance, and devotion, as helps for our country under the agitations which, through the whole season, have made such exciting scenes in Congress. "How will prayer help the matter?" asks one editor. The wise and true answer which the discourse gives, by anticipation of such questions, is, prayer will benefit our rulers and help us to choose wise rulers, while it is in other ways the appointed means for securing national blessings.

Two Discourses preached in the Twelfth Congregational Church, on Sunday, February 10, commemorate the completion of twenty-five years of ministerial service there, by the Rev. Dr. Barrett. (Tuttle & Dennett, 8vo, pp. 40.) For one so devoted, and wise, and quietly faithful in his office, we should have looked for a peaceful and successful ministry, and for just such an account of it as is given, with equal heartiness, modesty, and humility, in this pamphlet. Dr. Barrett's society was the first in this city which, from its very formation, and in the erection of its place of worship, recognized the distinguishing doctrine of Unitarian Christianity. The society prospered from its commencement, and is prosperous now. Hundreds of families have gone from it from time to time, on account of a change of abode from city to country, and still the society fills its pews, and has always been among the first to respond to every benevolent appeal. May another quarter of a century pass as peacefully and as prosperously over the union of pastor and people.

"Farewell." This Apostolic title is borne by a sermon preached on Sunday, March 10, to the First Church, by the Rev. Dr. Frothingham. On that day he closed his pastoral relation, which had continued for thirty-five years. We cannot chronicle the fact without sadness, for we are pained by the rupture of old associations, and most pained by the rupture of those associations which are most cherished and pleasant. Loss of bodily health, which we hope is but temporary, has led Dr. Frothingham to this step. In a subdued tone, and in a succession of tender words, which intimate feelings and thoughts beyond what are expressed, and with a delicate reserve touching all the incidents and particulars of a long and faithful ministry, this discourse is unlike all others for similar occasions which we have seen. We do not miss in it the statistics and details which are usual, for it is constructed after another model. It is suggestive of the most sacred truths and relations; it raises the veil

which covers past memories and the secrets of the heart only for an instant, and leaves to sympathizing readers, as on its delivery it left to sympathizing hearers, to imagine what more might have been said. We rejoice to know that the sundering of this pastoral relation is to break no professional or fraternal tie, but that the late pastor of the First Church is to be still a brother of his brethren.

"The Union of the Human Race," is the title of a lecture delivered before the Quincy Lyceum, February 7, by the Rev. Wm. P. Lunt. (Boston, Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, 8vo, pp. 38.) It is not often that the publication of a lyceum lecture receives the compliment which was bestowed on this, in a request for its publication; but we can easily discover the reason of it in this case. Mr. Lunt, in a finished style of pure classical English, aided by the wealth of much reading and thought, treats his large subject with skill, and draws out of it many instructive points. To the facts of history are applied the lessons of philosophy. He indicates the agencies which tend to unite the human race, and specifies the opposing influences with which they have had to contend. Some fine paragraphs near the close present the powerful workings of the Christian religion as the chief means of harmonizing all differences, and bringing all people into concord and unity.

"Report to the Corporation of Brown University on Changes in the System of Collegiate Education; read March 28, 1850." (Providence, G. H. Whitney, 8vo, pp. 76.) This document is from the pen of President Wayland, as chairman of a committee on the subject of proposed alterations in the course of studies in Brown University. The Report embraces an examination of the system of university education in Great Britain, — from which all save one of our own colleges have copied their systems, — a view of the progress and present state of such education in this country, a statement of the present condition of Brown University, and of the measures proposed for enlarging its usefulness, with a criticism on the subject of collegiate degrees. There is much valuable matter embraced in the Report, on many incidental topics, but its main object is to suggest a plan to relieve Brown University of its present embarrassments, and to extend its usefulness. Two methods are mentioned. The one, which would leave the system of instruction now pursued there as it is at this time, requires the raising of a considerable sum of money. The other method, which the Report regards as preferable, is such an alteration of the course of study, and of the qualifications for a degree, as will draw to it a much larger number of students.

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James Munroe & Co. have published, in four pretty cloth-covered volumes, "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Only," "Old Joliffe," and "A Sequel to Old Joliffe," by the same author. These genial little stories have been received with equal favor by children and their parents. They are among the few unexceptionable books whose sentiments, morals, and diction adapt them to their purpose, and convey the best lessons in an attractive form.

Crosby & Nichols have republished, from the London edition, an English translation of a Danish drama, entitled *King René's Daughter*. The interest of this simple tale gathers about a singular, yet not impossible, picture of the fancy, portrayed as an incident of real experience. A child, born blind, is so educated as to be ignorant of her deprivation. The method and effect of this delicate training, with a beautiful delineation of the experiences attending the gift of sight, constitute the drapery of the story.

The same publishers have issued second editions of *Furness's Prayers*, *Mountford's Euthanasia*, and *Bartol's Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life*, with an Introduction not given in the previous edition.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields have published, in a most beautiful style of art, a new edition of the *Liturgy* used in King's Chapel, in this city. The same publishers have issued, in a shape uniform with their many volumes of poetry, the complete poetical works of Professor Longfellow. Two volumes embrace what has been previously published in six. In their present form they will tempt, perhaps, some new readers, and will serve as a more becoming gift to a large variety of persons. The publishers will soon issue an elegantly illustrated edition of *Evangeline*.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. have published, thus far, fourteen numbers of their splendid octavo edition of *Shakspeare*. The engravings of the heroines of each play continue to be finely executed, and the type and paper used in the work are of the very best character. The notes and illustrations which are introduced are selected most judiciously from the whole mass of such materials which has been accumulated by the commentators. The same publishers have issued the third volume of their library edition of *Milman's Gibbon*. We cannot but commend the style in which this firm issues the occasional pamphlets which now constitute so large a portion of the reading of many persons around us. In this fine style, with bold type, white paper, and open lines, they have published *Lamartine on "Atheism among the People,"* (12mo, pp. 72,) a brilliant, but somewhat rhetorical essay,—and a pamphlet entitled "*The Origin of the Material Universe; with a Description of the Manner of the Formation of the Earth, and Events connected therewith,*"

from its Existence in a Fluid State to the Time of the Mosaical Narrative" (12mo, pp. 84). As this account, however, is not written by an eyewitness of the occurrences which it describes, it must, of course, be read with some allowances. These attempts, of which there have been several of late, from Laplace downwards, are more or less ingenious essays on chemistry, which undertake to account for the creation of every thing, something being given as the material to start with.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, have at length issued an edition of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, in two very neat volumes. This work, which was recently commended in our pages, ought to find a multitude, not of readers merely, but of students, — for it needs and deserves study. — Mr. Melville's new book, from the same publishers, "*White-Jacket: or, The World in a Man-of-War*," though not the most brilliant, is by far the most instructive and valuable of his writings. It describes the whole organization of the interior life of a ship of war, its discipline, incidents, catastrophes, ennui, and excitements, and certainly, to a landsman, seems to be fair and impartial in its moralizings. As to its seamanship, its technology, and its professional merits, we pass no opinion. We have read it with great delight, and, if we are not mistaken, have received from it much information, and many good impressions.

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## INTELLIGENCE.

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### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Ordination and Installation.* — Mr. FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS, of Brighton, was ordained, on February 27, Pastor of the First Church and Society in North Andover. Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. Livermore of East Boston; Selections from Scripture by Rev. W. R. Alger of Roxbury; Sermon by Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Ordination by Rev. F. A. Whitney of Brighton; Charge by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Fellowship of the Churches by Rev. O. B. Frothingham of Salem; Concluding Prayer by Rev. N. Hall of Rochester.

Rev. F. H. HEDGE, late of Bangor, was installed, on March 27, as Pastor of the Westminister Congregational Church in Providence, R. I. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. C. H. Brigham of Taunton; Prayer of Installation by Rev. S. K. Lothrop of Boston; Fellowship of the Churches by Rev. E. B. Hall of Providence; Sermon by Rev. G. W. Burnap of Baltimore; Address to the Society by the late Pastor, Rev. S. Osgood of New York; Concluding Prayer by Rev. C. T. Brooks of Newport, R. I.

# INDEX.

## A.

- Africa, Central, Researches in, 338.  
 Alford, Henry, Lyrics by, 47-50.  
 Almanac, American, for 1850, noticed, 174.  
 Animals, a Scientific View of their Geographical Distribution, 181-204.  
 Annual of Scientific Discovery, by D. A. Wells, and G. Bliss, noticed, 506.  
 Anthon, Dr. C., his Edition of Riddle's Lexicon, and his Ancient and Mediæval Geography, noticed, 174.  
 Art, American, and Art Unions, article upon, 205-223.  
 Austria and Hungary, their relations, article upon, 444-498.

## B.

- Bailey's Angel World, 507.  
 Ball, Rev. G. S., installed at Upton, 337.  
 Barling, John, his Review of Trinitarianism, noticed, 172.  
 Barrett, Dr. S., his Quarter of a Century Sermon, noticed, 509.  
 Bartol, Rev. C. A., his Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life, reviewed, 110-121.  
 Beard, Rev. J. R., his Illustrations of the Divine in Christianity, and his Library of Christian Literature, noticed, 329.  
 Bennett, W. C., Lyrics by, 50-52.  
 Bible, Characteristics of, 391.  
 Bible, Figurative Language of, 390-411.  
 Bible, Historical Geography of, by Rev. Lyman Coleman, noticed, 170.  
 Boernerianus, The Codex, 39.  
 Boston Book, The, noticed, 171.  
 Boston, History of the Siege of, by R. Frothingham, Jr., noticed, 337.  
 Bowen, Francis, his Lowell Lectures, reviewed, 88-110.  
 Brenton, James J., his Voices from the Press, noticed, 327.  
 Bridge, W. F., Ordination of, 179.  
 British, The, in India, 1-26.  
 Browning, Robert, his Poems, reviewed, 361-372.  
 Brownson, O. A., his Argument for the Roman Church examined, 227

- 247—his changes of opinion, 229-233.  
 Brown University, Report upon, 510.  
 Bull, The Golden, 457.

## C.

- Calderon, 152.  
 Campbell, Lord, his Lives of the Chief Justices, noticed, 325.  
 Carlyle, Thomas, on Negro Slavery, 339—his Latter-Day Pamphlets, 507.  
 Carpenter, Rev. R. L., his Discourses and Devotional Services, noticed, 330.  
 Century, The Nineteenth, article on, 373-390.  
 Chalmers, Dr., Biography of, 334.  
 Chapin, Rev. E. H., his Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, noticed, 328.  
 Cheever, Rev. H. T., his Whale and his Captors, noticed, 175.  
 Christ, The Life of, 395.  
 Christianity, Influence of, in Science and History, 85.  
 Cid, The, 129.  
 Classes, The Middle, in Great Britain and France, article on, 266-282.  
 Clergymen, Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute, 334.  
 Coleman, Rev. Lyman, his Historical Geography of the Bible, noticed, 170.  
 College, Harvard, Overseers of, 338.  
 Congregationalism in New York, 287.  
 Corporations, mercantile, 281.  
 Cosmos, by Alex. Von Humboldt, reviewed, 53-88—Translations of, 86-88—American Edition of, 512.  
 Crosby, Alpheus, his Second Advent, reviewed, 302-309.  
 Cunningham, Allan, Lyrics by, 43-45.  
 Cunningham, J. D., his History of the Sikhs, 1.

## D.

- Dana, R. H., his Poems and Prose Writings, reviewed, 247-265—his mind, 249—as a controversialist, 251—as a poet, 253-257—his Idle Man, 257—on the old



- writers, 260 - 263 — his genius, 265.
- Deane, Rev. Samuel, of Portland, Me., his Journal, noticed, 173.
- Dedication, 337.
- Duxbury, Winsor's History of, 173.
- E.
- East India Company, Origin, Growth, and Influence of, 15 - 21.
- Ecclesiastical History, Modern, article on, 411 - 433.
- Emerson, R. W., his Representative Men, reviewed, 314 - 318.
- Ephesus, Paul at, 434 - 441.
- F.
- Faith, a moral act, 239.
- Farley, Rev. F. A., his Dedication Sermon at Bridgeport, Ct., noticed, 331.
- Felt, Rev. J. B., his Annals of Salem, noticed, 173.
- Feyjóo, Father, 159.
- Figurative Language of the Scriptures, article on, 390 - 411.
- Frederic the Great, 413.
- Frothingham, Dr. N. L., his Farewell Sermon, noticed, 509.
- Frothingham, Richard, Jr., his History of the Siege of Boston, and of the Battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, noticed, 327.
- Furness's Schiller's Song of the Bell, 507.
- G.
- Gannett, Dr. E. S., Sermon by, noticed, 509.
- Garcilasso de la Vega, 141.
- Gieseler, Dr. John C. L., his Compendium of Ecclesiastical History, noticed, 172.
- Giles, Rev. Henry, his Lectures and Essays, noticed, 328.
- Gillies's History of Greece, 295.
- God, the Goodness of, 95.
- Goethe, 425.
- Goldsmith's History of Greece, 294.
- Greece, Histories of, their Authors and Merits, 293 - 299.
- Greenwood, Grace, her Greenwood Leaves, 177.
- Grote, George, his History of Greece, reviewed, 292 - 301.
- H.
- Hagenbach, Dr. K. R., his Church History of the 18th and 19th Centuries, reviewed, 411 - 433.
- Hale, David, Memoir and Writings of, reviewed, 282 - 291 — the family of, 283 — his early life, 284 — editorial principles, 285.
- Hall, Mrs. L. J., her Verse and Prose, noticed, 175.
- Hedge, Rev. F. H., Installation of, at Providence, R. I., 512.
- Herder, 423.
- Hervey, Thomas K., Lyrics by, 41 - 43.
- Hindoo Religion, The, 13.
- History, Modern Ecclesiastical, article on, 411 - 433.
- Hitchcock, Pres., his Lectures on the Phenomena of the Four Seasons, reviewed, 302 - 311.
- Holmes, Dr. O. W., his Poems, noticed, 176.
- Humboldt, Alex. Von, his Cosmos, reviewed, 53 - 88.
- Hume's History of England, new Editions of, 331.
- Hungary and Austria, their relations, article on, 444 - 498.
- Hungarians, their early condition, 451 — nobles and peasants, 453 — kings, 459.
- I.
- India, The British Empire in, its Conquests, Military Influence, and Prospects, article on, 1 - 26.
- Installations, 337, 512.
- Irish Colleges, The, 179.
- Isla, Padre, his Friar Gerund, 161.
- Italy, The Genius of, by Rev. R. Turnbull, noticed, 169.
- J.
- James, G. P. R., his Dark Scenes in History, noticed, 326.
- Jesuitism, by Isaac Taylor, noticed, 319 - 323.
- Jesuits, Mornings with the, 341.
- Jewish Newspaper in New York, 340.
- Jones, Wm., on the Figurative Language of the Scriptures, reviewed, 390 - 411.
- Jovellanos, 163.
- K.
- Kendall, Rev. Dr., of Plymouth, his Semi-Centennial Celebration, 336.
- Kip, Rev. Dr., his Early Conflicts of Christianity, noticed, 326.

## L.

- Lawence, Archbishop, his criticisms, controverted, 36 - 39.  
 Leverrier and Prof. Peirce, on the Planet Neptune, 65 - 71.  
 Livermore, Rev. A. A., his Prize Essay on the War with Mexico, noticed, 323, 324.  
 Longfellow, Prof. H. W., Poems by, noticed, 177, 511.  
 Lope de Vega, 149.  
 Loring, Rev. Bailey, 337.  
 Loyola and Jesuitism, by I. Taylor, noticed, 319 - 323.  
 Lunt, Rev. W. P., his Lecture before the Quincy Lyceum, noticed, 510.

## M.

- Magyars, the Ancient, 455.  
 Mann, Hon. H., his Thoughts for a Young Man, 331.  
 Manrique, Coplas de, 139.  
 Melville's White-Jacket, 512.  
 Merrick, Rev. James L., his Translation of Life and Religion of Mohammed, 505.  
 Mexico, The War with, the Prize Essay of the American Peace Society, by Rev. A. A. Livermore, 323, 324.  
 Middleton, H. J., on the Government and Currency, 328.  
 Miriam, by Mrs. L. J. Hall, 175.  
 Missions, Domestic, in England, 178.  
 Mitford, his History of Greece, 295.  
 Mohammed, Life and Religion of, 505.  
 Moorish Ballads, 133.  
 Mountford, Rev. W., his Martyria and Euthanasia, 330.  
 Muzzey, Rev. A. B., his Christian Parent, 325.

## N.

- Neander, Dr., his General History of the Christian Religion and Church, Vol. III., 175.  
 Neptune, The Planet, Controversy on, 65 - 71.

## O.

- Optimist, The, by H. T. Tuckerman, 506.  
 Ordinations, 179, 337, 512.

## P.

- Parker, Rev. Theodore, his Oration before the Onondaga Institute, 330.

Paul at Ephesus, article on, 434 - 441.

Peace Movement, The, 377.

Peirce, Prof., and Leverrier, on the Planet Neptune, 65 - 71.

Pendulum, Importance of the, 81.

Philosophy and Pietism, 415.

Philosophy and Religion, their Relations, 97 - 110.

Pietism and Philosophy, 415.

Pius IX., his Encyclical Letter, 335.

Poetry, 224 - 227.

Porter, J. S., his Principles of Textual Criticism, reviewed, 26 - 40.

Preaching, Remarks on, 119, 120.

Progress, Human, 387.

Protestantism and Romanism, questions between them, 341 - 361.

## Q.

Quixote, Don, 147.

## R.

Reflections, 441 - 444.

Reforms in the Nineteenth Century, 373 - 390.

Reid's Intellectual Powers, 508.

Religion and Philosophy, their relations, 97 - 110.

Representative Men, by R. W. Emerson, 314 - 318.

Resurrection, the Doctrine of, 302 - 314.

Rogers, R. P., his Ordination at Canton, 337.

Roman Church, Mr. Brownson's Argument for, examined, 227 - 247.

Romanism and Protestantism, 341 - 361 - the questions between them,

347 - Roman martyrs and missions, 345 - Infallibility, 351 - Conversions, 357 - Doctrines of, 359.

Rome, Affairs of, 335.

## S.

Saintes, Amand, his History of Rationalism in Germany, noticed, 329.

Salem, Annals of, by J. B. Felt, 173.

Saxe, J. G., Poems by, 177.

Schiller, 425.

Schleiermacher, 427.

Schumann, A., his Introduction to the Books of the Old and New Testaments, 329.

Scriptures, Figurative Language in the, 390 - 411.

Semler, J. S., 419.

Seymour, Rev. M. H., his Mornings with the Jesuits, 341.

- Shippen, Rush R., his ordination, 179.  
 Sikhs, Commonwealth of the, 3.  
 Smith, Rev. T., of Portland, Me., his Journal, 173.  
 Socialism, the error of, 277, 376.  
 Society, the reorganization of, 273.  
 Southey, Robert, Biography of, 333.  
 Spanish Literature, History of, by G. Ticknor, reviewed, 121-168 — early writers on, 123 — Spanish character, 125 — Ballads, 131-134 — Chronicles, 135 — Drama, 136, 151 — Novels, 143 — Theatre, 145 — Lyrics, 155.  
 Sprague, Charles, his Poems, 177.  
 Stolberg, Translation from, 225.  
 Swain, Charles, Lyrics by, 46-47.  
 Swan, Joshua A., his ordination, 337.  
 Symbols in Scripture, 390-411.
- T.
- Taylor, Isaac, his Loyola and Jesuitism, 319-323.  
 Thirlwall, Bishop, his History of Greece, 297.  
 Ticknor, George, his History of Spanish Literature, reviewed, 121-168.  
 Timothy, First Epistle to, iii. 16, note on, 20, 30, 35.
- Tuckerman, H. T., his Optimist, 506.  
 Turnbull, Rev. R., his Genius of Italy, 169.  
 Trinitarianism, Barling on, 172.
- U.
- Unitarian Association, the American, 178, 336.  
 Unitarian Association, New York, 336.  
 Unitarian Biographies, by Rev. W. Ware, 334.  
 Unitarian Congregational Register, for 1850, 176.  
 University Hall, London, 179.
- V.
- Voltaire, 417.
- W.
- Ware, Rev. Wm., his Unitarian Biographies, 334.  
 Whittier, John G., his Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, 324.  
 Williams, F. C., his ordination, 512.  
 Willis, Wm., his History of Portland, Me., 173.  
 Winsor, Justin, his History of Duxbury, 173.  
 Word of God, The, 399.

# ERRATA.

- On page 224, second line from bottom, for "wherein," read "where in."  
 " " 226, line 6, for "sun," read "suns."  
 " " " " 12 should end with an interrogation mark (?).

28









JUN 5 - 1952

